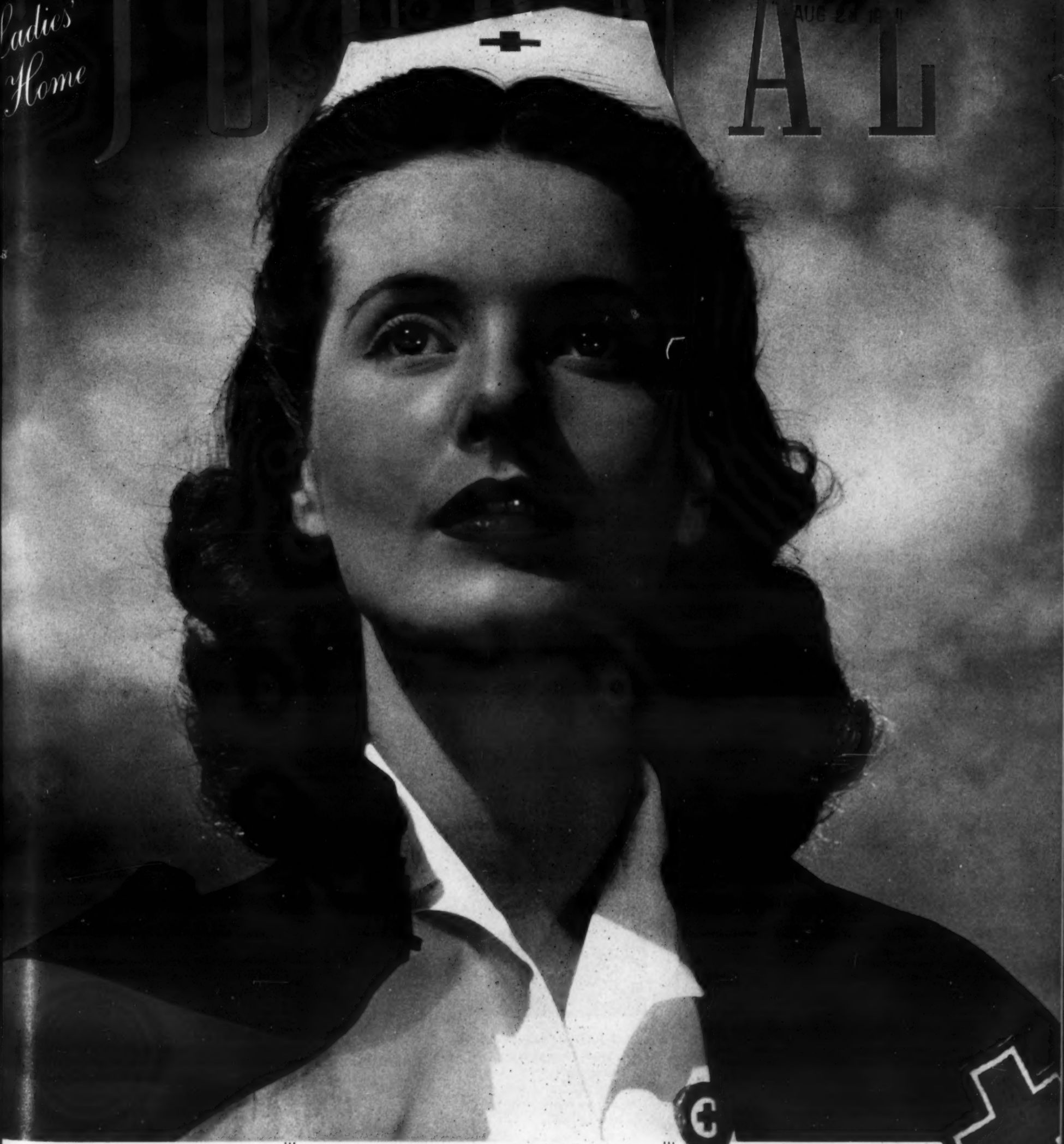


The Magazine Women Believe In

Ladies' Home

JOURNAL

AUG 24 1911



*Do You
Have Headaches?*

BY HELEN FURNAS

Emily's So Happy
COMPLETE NOVEL

By Margaret Culkin Banning

Stories and Features by

FAITH BALDWIN • GRETTA PALMER
GLADYS TABER • AGNES RUMSEY
ELEANOR ROOSEVELT



"I'll say they're bargains!"

If you've a nose for value, follow it straight to the August and September sales of Cannon towels! You'll say they're beauties the second those fresh, radiant colors greet your eye . . . the moment those charming patterns spur your imagination to whole new bathroom vistas!

Feel the luxury of their fluffy, thick loops . . . business-like driers with a baby's touch. Explore the *underlying strength* of a Cannon towel. Its sturdy weave and strong selvage forecast endless happy launderings . . . and promise long-lived service for mere pennies per year!

So if you've a head for figures, you'll buy up Cannon towels in stacks when they're August and September *super-bargains!* . . .

Cannon Mills, Inc., New York City.



"And you can match 'em up!" Yes, handsome Cannon designs come in matching bath towels, face towels, wash cloths, tufted bath mats . . . even lid covers. Thrifty thought, match up several sets like this textured rose group at August and September savings!



Cannon Towels

CANNON TOWELS • CANNON SHEETS • CANNON HOSIERY

Q. Will Pierrot love me?

A. You're very pretty.

Q. But will Pierrot love me?

A. We truthfully can't say—until you smile.



Q. Tell me! How can a girl help her smile?

A. Start with Ipana and Massage today.

A PIERRETTE costume—powder and beauty patch and alluring ruff—how it sets the stage for romance.

But no costume, however fascinating, can help a dull, dreary, distressing smile. Gone is romance, if a girl's smile has lost its sparkle, if it shows tragic evidence of "pink tooth brush" neglected.

Never ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

"Pink tooth brush" may not be serious. But when you see it—*see your dentist*. Probably he'll say your gums need extra work because today's soft, creamy foods have

robbed them of vigorous chewing. And, like many dentists, he may suggest "daily stimulation with Ipana and massage."

Ipana is especially designed to do two things—to keep teeth sparkingly bright and, with massage, to help firm your gums. Every time you brush your teeth massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. That pleasant "tang" tells you circulation is speeding up in the gum tissues, helping gums to a healthier firmness.

Teeth gain sparkle, smiles are brighter when gums are firmer, healthier. Do the sensible, practical thing—get Ipana today.



IPANA TOOTH PASTE



“... and put the cat out every night
and remember what I said about the sink!”

Skyridge

*Dear Jane:
I've just wound the clock, put the cat out
and I think I've done everything on the list you left
— including washing the dishes and cleaning
the sink with Bon Ami.
Believe it or not, I'm not a bad housekeeper
if I do say it myself. And any time you want
to trade "jobs" just say so!!!
and Nancy phoned to home..*

Why Jane said “Nothing but Bon Ami”

First, because she's proud of the shiny brightness of her sink after years of use! She's always cleaned it with Bon Ami and she doesn't want to dull or scratch its gleaming surface with a cleanser that's gritty and harsh.

Second, because safe and scratchless as it is, Bon Ami is speedy, too! Cleans fast enough to satisfy even a housekeeping husband!



Bon Ami

“hasn't scratched yet!”

Our Readers Write Us

Pardon Our French, Please

Cohasset, Massachusetts.

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Gould: From the moment I saw Norman Rockwell's illustration for Let Nothing You Dismay I knew that I had to save that story for a time when I could read it with leisurely enjoyment. I've just finished it and it was as delightful as I expected. At its end I laughed heartily but with tears in my eyes.

Whoever Augusta Tucker may be, she certainly has learned to portray most truly the depths of human nature and to write with a feeling and warmth and wholesomeness that take us back to the good old days before the world went mad.

Sincerely,
MILDRED C. TOWLE.

Towanda, Pennsylvania.

Dear Editors: As soon as I saw Norman Rockwell's painting of Margareta sitting so stiff and prim on that Victorian sofa, I fell completely in love with her. After reading the story, while cussing isn't exactly pleasing in a little girl, I feel that she was justified in expressing her feelings exactly as she did and I agree with Mr. Adams that the reward could be nothing else but the coveted bicycle.

Sincerely,
JEANNE SHAY.

P. S. I have a boy nearly ten and a little girl six and a half, and so far I have not had cussing trouble; but should it come, it will always be a reminder of Gret.

Augusta Tucker, one-time secretary to Ogden Nash, Baltimore's lyricist, who has done more than anyone in Maryland to improve the breed of thoroughbred poetry, learned to write the hard way—by waiting until she was pretty sure before she chanced a rejection slip. Result, she garnered few, if any.

Seldom do editors think swearing justified. All agreed, however, that Margareta had been unduly provoked.
ED.

That Freedom Shall Not Perish

Gary, Indiana.

Dear Editors: After reading the article, That Freedom Shall Not Perish, by Beatrice Blackmar Gould, I would like to give it my highest praise, although I am just an average American housewife and mother of three children. I believe we mothers hold key positions in the service to our country.

MRS. VANCE M. HALTERMAN.

For the many letters received commending Mrs. Gould's editorial, our thanks. Many called it the best expression yet made of women's position in this warring world.
ED.

Foolishness in the Home

Cincinnati, Ohio.

Dear Mr. Lorimer: I'm enclosing samples from our latest hobby, table-top photography, because I think they might amuse you too. All subjects come out of the kitchen and anyone can do it even with a Brownie.

We borrowed additional eggs from the lady next door to fill out the audience and, as you might guess, the wildly enthusiastic egg in the baldheaded row is cracked.

The seductive eyelashes on the grapefruit "skirt" are pieces of comb taped on. "Squirt" has nut-meat eyebrows and his

tie is the cup handle. There's a reason his girl friend's lips look red as cherries!

The "frying eggs" are using a quarter covered with tin foil and their fire is burned matches. We did another of "roasting wienies" with firelight the only illumination, but we didn't give it enough outside to show them up.

See the egg in the last row of the "burlesque" scene? He's pretty bored. Wouldn't clap for anything. Is above whistling. In fact, he's a hard-boiled egg!

Sincerely,
DORELLE MARKLEY HEISEL.

Young People's Fun

Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Dear Editor: This is an answer to the letter of David Rundle, who asked about "soft-drink cocktail bars" for high-school youths.

There is such a place. On the outskirts of Milwaukee, easily reached by bus, streetcar or auto, stands the Club Sahara, a large rambling building that was once a famous night club. It is now owned by a wealthy man who delights in providing a clean, wholesome atmosphere in which young people may enjoy themselves.

On Fridays and Saturdays the building rings with laughter, song and music from eight P.M. to one-thirty A.M. For twenty cents one may dance all evening. Sandwiches, plate lunches, ice cream and soft drinks are sold at very low prices. Three other nights during the week there is music until eleven o'clock at the same price, and on one night there is no charge.

No liquor is permitted in the building. Floor shows are frequently put on by local talent. Any type of dress is in order at this night club, from sports wear to lovely formals.

The life of the kitchen centers around an outstanding personality—a fine Christian woman who, though childless, has taken all the young people under her wing. They come to her with their joys and sorrows, their heartaches and triumphs; she untangles their love affairs and with unflinching good humor smooths out their tantrums and petty quarrels. On the pay roll she is the "cook," but to the young people she is "Mom."

The Club Sahara is unique but not impossible for communities which care about the morals of their young people to duplicate. The writer hopes that someday we may also have a bowling alley added to our club.

Awaken, you American fathers and mothers! Let us have more liquorless night clubs. It pays large dividends in character.

Sincerely,
MOTHER OF THREE.

Habibullah Prophecies

Rudgwick, England.

My dear Bruce: I knew an Indian poet once, who was a prophet without being aware of it. He was also a sanitary inspector. His was the unlovely task of going round the coolie barracks of an Eastern rice company, retrieving dead rats from under houses, and remonstrating with simple souls for depositing this and that where it should not be, trying to restrain the too too ready spitter who had never heard of sanitation and thought it merely funny.

Wearing khaki and a little round hat like a raised Astrachan pie, the poet went his rounds diligently. His muse blossomed on the garbage heap indeed, but in the East orchids have been found there before now.
(Continued on Page 58)

Wake your skin to New Loveliness with Camay — Go on the "MILD-SOAP" DIET!



This lovely bride is Mrs. John B. LaPointe of Waterbury, Conn. "I can't tell you how much Camay's 'Mild-Soap' Diet has done for my skin," says Mrs. LaPointe, whose lovely complexion surely makes her an expert. "It's worked wonders. Whenever I see a lovely woman whose skin looks cloudy, I can hardly help telling her about it."

Even many girls with sensitive skin can profit by this exciting beauty idea — based on the advice of skin specialists, praised by lovely brides!

YOU CAN BE lovelier! You can help your skin—help it to a new beauty, to a cleaner, fresher, more natural loveliness by changing to a "Mild-Soap" Diet.

So many women cloud the beauty of their skin through improper cleansing. And so many women use a soap not as mild as a beauty soap should be.

"My beauty care," says Mrs. LaPointe, "is Camay—and the Camay 'Mild-Soap' Diet." Mrs. LaPointe is so right. Skin specialists themselves advise a regular cleansing routine with a fine mild soap. And Camay is milder—milder by actual test than 10 other popular beauty soaps.

Put your skin, too, on a
"Mild-Soap" Diet!

Change today to the regular routine of a
"Mild-Soap" Diet. Twice every day—for 30

days—give your skin Camay's gentle care. But be constant—don't miss a single day. For it's the regular cleansing—the day to day care—that reveals the full benefit of Camay's greater mildness.

Follow the advice of this charming bride. Get 3 cakes of this milder Camay today. Start with the Camay "Mild-Soap" Diet tonight. Notice how stimulated—how much fresher your skin feels even after one treatment. And in a few short weeks you may reasonably hope to see a cleaner, more appealing skin—a lovelier you.



Trade-Mark
Reg. U. S.
Pat. Off.

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

✓ Camay is milder by actual recorded test — in tests against ten other popular beauty soaps Camay was milder than any of them!

Go on the
CAMAY
"MILD-
SOAP"
DIET!



Work Camay's milder lather over your skin, paying special attention to nose, base of the nostrils and chin. Rinse and then thirty seconds of cold splashing.



Then, while you sleep, the tiny pore openings are free to function for natural beauty. In the morning—one more quick session with this milder Camay.



Portrait.

Banana burlesque.

Skirt and Squirt.

Frying eggs.

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYERS' LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month



The greatest star of the screen!

The dog days are over and the lion days are here, say we immodestly.

★ ★ ★ ★

Your favorite theatre-owner—we prefer to think he is the one who shows M-G-M pictures—can give you the complete tip-off on the goodies in store.

★ ★ ★ ★

It is our policy to show M-G-M films to your f.t.o. well in advance so that he can—as we say—book them with discrimination.

★ ★ ★ ★

In passing we might remark that an exhibitor books a film whereas a producer films a book.

★ ★ ★ ★

And one of the books that has been really well-filmed is Stevenson's "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde".

★ ★ ★ ★

As soon as your favorite theatre-owner saw the picture he called up the laurel-maker and had four sets made.

★ ★ ★ ★

One for Spencer Tracy, one for Ingrid Bergman, one for Lana Turner and one for Victor (GWTW) Fleming, director.



★ ★ ★ ★

Spencer Tracy is known in Hollywood as the actors' actor. That is, all experts not only admire his personality but bow low to his technique.

★ ★ ★ ★

His Dr. Jekyll is only rivalled by his Mr. Hyde. His is the most sincere of all two-faced performances.

★ ★ ★ ★



In boisterous vein there comes "Lady Be Good", based on an original story by Jack McGowan. Starring Eleanor Powell, Ann Sothorn, and Robert Young.

Plus values: Lionel Barrymore, John Carroll, Red Skelton, Virginia O'Brien.

★ ★ ★ ★

"Lady Be Good" is a rare entertainment. We'll take your word for it.

★ ★ ★ ★

Particularly great in music, including the famed score of George and Ira Gershwin. With added fillips by Jerome Kern, Oscar Hammerstein, Roger Edens and Arthur Freed. Ascap's own.

★ ★ ★ ★

And great in comedy is the screen play by Jack McGowan, Kay Van Ripper and John McClain.

★ ★ ★ ★

Presented by the Maestro of Movies.

—Leo



Advertisement for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures

Journal

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AGNES RUMSEY handles a typewriter, a tiller and a hammer with equal dexterity. Married to Jack Goodman, the writer, she dotes on unspoiled children, small sailboats and their English bulldog, a slipper chewer named George. The sailing season over, she insists she would rather shingle roofs or build bookcases than anything else in the world.



ROBERT G. HARRIS, who illustrates Emily's So Happy, has covered the U. S. saddle of a bucking motorcycle. Can't eat lamb, after visiting a Montana sheep ranch—but his favorite dishes are barbecued chicken (incidentally, a JOURNAL recipe) and coffee ice cream. Spends his spare time corraling flying hours for his license.



GRETTA PALMER would rather be tossed to the lions than bored for half an hour. As a result, she has covered a good deal of New York's metropolitan territory to become an authority on Ming vases, rare postage stamps, contract bridge and matinee idols; and she would rather have men take off their hats for her in elevators than have the vote!



*I like a pretty shoe
that makes my foot look smaller*



FRANCINE... debonair suede sandal... dainty open toe... dashing Continental heel. In brown or black with faille accents.

*I like a sturdy shoe
that walks miles a day*



WILDWOOD... care-free suede tie... casual Cuban heel. In Rico brown or black with clever calf trim.

*I like Vitality shoes
for every occasion*



JANET... jaunty elasticized calf slip-on... unique vamp trim... petite open toe... gay Continental heel. In antiqued Kona Red, black calf piping.



IMOGENE... flattering elasticized step-in... pert Stroller heel. In black or brown suede, black gabardine or crushed kid. Smart contrasting trim.

Vitality Shoes Have Everything!



GLORIA... saucy suede pump... chic square-cut heel... perky accents in new Golden Tobacco calf. Also in black suede with calf.

Vitality SHOES ^{6 25} _{DEPT. WEST '625}

Complete Range of Sizes and Widths.
Vitality Open Road Shoes, for Outdoor and Campus Wear, \$5.00, \$5.50 and \$6.00

VITALITY SHOE COMPANY, Division of International Shoe Co., ST. LOUIS, MO.

Ladies' Home

Journal

Bruce Gould and Beatrice
Blackman Gould • EDITORS

For This We Give Thanks

A DISTINGUISHED middle-aged man we know recently returned after some months' absence to the home of his boyhood. As he sat down to lunch with his parents—alone, for all the other children were of course now grown and gone—his mother reminded him gently:

"You know, son, we give thanks in this house."

As the simple, familiar words were spoken, words so familiar that he had almost ceased, as a child, to hear them, this man tells us he felt in a clear flash of emotion all the significance those grave words had had in forming his life. The stability and security of a family gathered together three times a day. The simple gratitude of his parents in giving thanks to some outside power, some force beyond their control, which had once again granted to this family the blessing of sufficient food, of safety, of being together in a difficult world. All these things, this grown man now felt, had so contributed to the forming of his character that he could not imagine what he would have been without them.

For the family dining table is the true heart of the home. There the children's talk is spontaneous, yet under parental ear and guidance. There is the best place for children's social training (those small graces which delicately define one's true upbringing), for much of their cultural training. And, above all, for that gentle, imperceptible guidance by the mother (with father, a little godlike, at the head of the table) in shaping attitudes, points of view, beliefs and principles which add up in the long run to character.

So strongly did he feel this, he tells us, that he questioned whether he was doing the right thing in bringing up his own children without some similar brief ceremony of gratitude and thanksgiving at the family table. Like so many of his worldly friends, he had feared this ceremony would seem too naïve in a sophisticated world. He has decided, now, that his dining table should be something his children, too, should remember—that the talk there, the attitudes expressed, the moral tone, the good feeling should in later years be unconsciously remembered by his children as a center of family goodness and stability.



"Now pay attention to me when I'm instructing you in table manners and stop watching your father!"

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WOMEN AND ARMY MORALE

By Dorothy Thompson

THERE is something very important that American women can do for what is called the "morale of the armed forces."

Hundreds of thousands of American boys are in training camps for draftees. America is not, by nature, a soldierly country, and our youth has never been trained to take military service for granted. Most of our young men are not accustomed to rising at dawn, or to engaging in hard, grueling physical labor—things which, in an Army camp, they must do. Many of them have been moved to unfamiliar parts of the country, where the physical conditions are strange to them. Boys from Maine are in Georgia, and Southern boys are in the North.

As a people we are accustomed to free criticism, and "free criticism" often takes the form of grousing. For some boys the change is physically for the better. Thousands of American young men in Army camps are being fed better than they ever were in their lives. For others, this change is hard to bear. They enjoyed better food at home, and certainly infinitely easier living conditions. On the morale of these young men the future of this country depends, in time of war. If they are discontented, undisciplined and sore—if they feel themselves to be the nation's stepchildren—it can go badly for America.

Nazi youth have been systematically indoctrinated, and filled with fanatic zeal for their cause. From the time they were nine or ten years old they have been told day in and day out that the future of Germany depended upon them. The youth of Germany have been exalted as the most precious part of the nation.

Our youth have been trained to pursue happiness—personal, individual happiness. It is true, but it is not obvious to the average young man, that there is no happiness for the individual except in a free and happy country. Democracy neither promotes fanaticism nor fosters indoctrination. It encourages an open mind, and it hopes for self-discipline and spontaneous patriotism. It does not always get it; it is not easy for so individualistic a country as ours to get that collective and unified will that the dictatorships call forth by a combination of training, threat and seduction.

The problem of army morale in a democracy is, therefore, more complicated than the problem of morale under a popular despotism, built up on a Youth Movement. The maintenance of morale in a democracy, however, has one thing in common with the maintenance of morale under the Nazis. The young men who are charged with the defense of the nation must feel that their sacrifices are warranted, and that their activities are admired. Above all, they must remain an integral part of the democracy which they are training to defend, and not be dropped out of life into barracks.

Now, actually, the American mind tends to despise the profession of soldiering. There is a popular myth that soldiers are a tough lot, and somewhat beneath the level of the run of the population. Nothing, of course, is more untrue. The Army in training represents a cross section of American youth, from the son of the college professor to the son of the grocer, the sharecropper or the industrial worker. As physical types, they represent the best that America has; they have been selected from the mass for their health, good teeth, sound limbs, strong shoulders, clear eyes. They are not the worst of American youth; they are the best.

WHAT women can do is to make these young men conscious of the devotion and admiration which they deserve to have from the rest of the population. This means, first of all, breaking down all barriers that are raised against them in communities where they are encamped. There are actually hotels and restaurants in this country that refuse entrance to privates of the American Army. Such places should be reprimanded and boycotted by American women. It is an outrageous practice.

Opportunities should be opened for young men on leave to stay at pleasant homes and meet members of the family. Y. M. C. A. and Salvation Army hostels for boys on leave are fine, but they are not enough. They, too, tend to keep the Army isolated from civilian life. They do not adequately answer the homesickness of the boy removed from his family and friends, with very little pocket money.

Women in towns and cities near Army camps, through their churches and their clubs, could canvass the whole community to find week-end hostesses for men in training. They could, and should, organize parties and dances. They could, and should, make known to the boys in the camps what the recreation facilities of the town or city are, and supplement those already existing.

You, perhaps, have a son in a camp so far away that he can never come home week ends, but only for protracted leaves. There stands his room, and there is his vacant place at the table. But perhaps quite near you is another camp, and in it there is certainly some boy who would like that bed and that place at the table now and then.

If you have young children, teach them to look up to these young men in uniforms. Big boys greatly enjoy the admiration of little boys.

The American uniform ought to be a special mark of honor—a sign of physical fitness and clean character. It will become so to the extent that the whole population so regards it. Young men, as a whole, respond to what is expected of them.

American women can make the Army either the most loved of professions or the most despised. It is up to them.

A SPECIALTY AT THE *Old Chase House*

...TINY PANCAKES, STRAWBERRY HARD SAUCE, AND

SWIFT'S PREMIUM BACON



From Duncan Hines' "ADVENTURES IN GOOD EATING"

...the famous directory of fine eating places along the highways of America

WEST-HARWICH-BY-THE-SEA, MASS. The Old Chase House Route 28—On Cape Cod—83 Mi. from Boston. June 14 to Sept. 14. More than 230 years old, this lovely house with vast fireplaces and fine old paneling and furniture, opens its doors to overnight guests and those in search of delicious food.

"SWEET SMOKE TASTE!" That's the reason why Swift's Premium Bacon is served at the famous Old Chase House . . . the reason you'll prefer it for your family and guests.

No other bacon has this special, captivating flavor. And, in an All-America poll on "What's the best bacon?" no other brand got even half as many votes.

Sugar-cured Swift's secret way and specially smoked in ovens, Swift's Premium Bacon is marvelously mild and delicate. Yet it's zesty, rich in flavor "come on."

At your house, why not always enjoy the bacon America likes best? Ask for Swift's Premium Bacon.

The bacon America votes best!

In a nation-wide poll made by the Psychological Corporation, thousands of women were asked "What's the best bacon?" Swift's Premium got more votes than the next seven brands combined!

"Sweet Smoke Taste" from Swift's secret Sugar Cure and special Smoking in Ovens

OLD CHASE HOUSE PANCAKES AND BACON. Place Swift's Premium Bacon on rack in shallow pan; bake in moderately hot oven (425° F.) 10-12 minutes, or until brown. No turning is necessary. Arrange on a hot platter with tiny pancakes (about the size of a dollar). Accompany with Strawberry Hard Sauce. To make the hard sauce, cream together until smooth ¼ c. butter and 1 c. confectioner's sugar and add 1 c. sliced strawberries, fresh or frozen. (Any kind of berry, or oranges, may be used instead of strawberries.)



SAY SWIFT'S PREMIUM FOR THE FINEST MEATS:

*Bacon · Ham · Beef · Lamb · Poultry
Veal · Frankfurts · Table-Ready Meats*

REMEMBER, THE MEAT MAKES THE MEAL

Manners

Hot-Dog



As pretty a pair of picnic hounds as you'll see in a month of wienie roasts.

FIRST the lettuce and tomato. Poise your tongue to catch the dressing drools. Wade in, baby. Wrap yourself around that grub. Wide-open spaces call for hot-dog manners.

But you can't be a picnic hound always. Maybe life holds something more for you. A meal or three indoors, propped up at the table with the family, with company, or dining out with any lad who's asked you. Then you have to know more about breaking bread than just catching the crumbs. More than not to swozzle your soup, or talk with your mouth full of stewed tomatoes. More than lolling languidly or pecking nonchalantly at the vittils before you. Like it or not, there are more rules in the dining room than on a tennis court. They make the difference between cannibals and civilians.

The Right Angle. Assuming that food is fun, and you'd rather chew than swallow it in pills, let's first tackle your tackle. Do you assume the Drooping Lily pose, one elbow bent at forty degrees to teeter your wobbly head? Do you Lame Duck—tuck one leg under you, the better to near your plate? Or do you Gazelle—wedged straight, back-to-back with your chair?

The Chinese derrick their rice bowls, the better to chopstick with speed. But we must hoist food from the table to our greedy maws. The idea's for the fork to do the work; you just sit back and shovel it in—but delicately. If what you're eating drips, lean forward as a whole. Don't slump to scoop. Reclining while dining's the way of the Romans. And look what happened to them!

Then there's the little matter of tools. Fingers used to be enough—but no longer. If setting the table's a slapdash business at your house, look up the rules and insist on rightness. Home's a good place for practice. And you never can tell when you're going to be faced somewhere with a formidable array of cutlery. It doesn't matter whether your family belongs to the help-yourself

or the eat-what's-served-you school. Neatness and dispatch are right. Untidiness and carelessness are wrong.

"Gimme the butter" puts you in the "throw me a pickle" class. If the butter reposes at the far end of the table, and you want some butter, catch the nearest's eye between bites and ask quietly will he pass the butter please.

Perhaps you're a quick-sprint eater. Food vanishes like coal down a chute. Everybody else chews every mouthful ninety-nine times. Which leaves you finished before they've started. Go in for the slow-it-down method of breaking each bread crumb fifteen ways, or the type B style—where you keep eating and eating and eating. But try to come out even with everybody.

And maybe you just don't like cauliflower. Well, you don't have to eat it. Just don't take any, with a quiet "No, thank you." Or do take a teensy bit and leave it on your plate. But don't make an issue of it. How you like cauliflower is no one else's business!

Extracurricular Activities. Fun's fun and all that, but roughhouse is not part of the business at hand. Skip the hopping plates and glasses that leak unless it's a paper-hats-and-snapping-mottos party. That tiny beetle in the bottom of Aunt Susie's teacup may glee you, and give her apoplexy!

Being called to the phone during dinner may make you feel popular, but it breaks up the meal. You know how you jaw and jaw when Tillie calls you. Without being rude, you can inform her or Johnnie that you're surrounded by mashed potatoes and a family discussion, and could you call back when you're through? Bobbing up and down, pushing away chairs and plopping them back again against the family board gives everybody indigestion. Let your phone calls wait.

Your precious mail can wait too. That smug smile of pleasure on your face will inspire the

THE SUB-DEB

By Elizabeth Woodward

royal razz. There you sit with the family as audience, giving yourself blithely away. Special letters should be read in private.

If Fido's a sweet animal who sits quietly in the corner and never nudges for a morsel, let him stay in the dining room during meals—if you must. Otherwise, rous mit 'im. Exile for him—and for you, too, if you toss bits.

The Main Course. Dinner's the one time of day when you can count on seeing the whole tribe assembled. You can carry your grails and woans to the table. Blast your family with your blues or tantrums. Squabble childishly with your kid brother. Or chatter away selfishly about your personal concerns. You can pan the food, or scream for more and bury your head in the eats, with no thought for conversation. Or you can make it an occasion.

It's a good time to get current events aired, family concerns discussed, dad's opinion asked and little Junior's achievements applauded. It's a good time for launching ideas, for good humor, jokes and merriment. It's no time for arguments, for finding fault, for hurt feelings. What's your contribution?

F. H. B. Those initials whispered fiercely by mother meant that there weren't quite enough peas for everybody to dip in lavishly, and for the family to hold back and let the guests eat. It may hold for food, but it doesn't hold for round-table behavior. Family Hold Forth is my motto. And hold forth correctly and pleasantly. Then when the guest is yours, you need not be embarrassed by your or your family's hot-dog manners. You'll feel completely comfortable when you entertain your friends at home, or when you're eating out. And not only at picnics!



Can you spot at least five big boners they're pulling?

FUN OUTDOORS

PICNICS, horseplay, lawn parties, dances. On water, on foot, on the pavement. Here are bright ideas to keep you and your crowd the center of summer fun. Send three cents in stamps or coins to the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and ask for booklet No. 1515, FUN OUTDOORS. You'll have it!

It's annoying when folks just drop in . . . *but*

infectious dandruff

is more annoying still!



Get after it with LISTERINE at the first sign of trouble

WHAT makes the infectious type of dandruff so annoying, so distressing, are those troublesome flakes on collar or dress . . . and the scalp irritation and itching . . . that so often accompany the condition.

If you're troubled in this way, look out—you may have this common form of dandruff, so act now before it gets worse.

Has Helped Thousands

Start right in with Listerine Antiseptic and massage. This is the medical treatment that has shown such amazing results in a substantial majority of clinical test cases . . . the treatment that has also helped thousands of other people.

You, too, may find it as helpful as it is delightful. Listerine is so easy, so simple to use, and so stimulating! You simply douse it on the scalp morning and night and follow with vigorous and persistent massage.

Thousands of users have marvelled at how flakes and scales begin to disappear, how much cleaner and healthier their scalps appear. And remember:

Kills "Bottle Bacillus"

Listerine Antiseptic kills millions of germs on scalp and hair, including *Pityrosporum Ovale*, the strange "Bottle Bacillus" recognized by outstanding dandruff specialists as a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

This germ-killing action, we believe, helps to explain why, in a series of tests, 76% of dandruff sufferers showed either complete disappearance of or marked improvement in the symptoms of dandruff within a month.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.

THE TREATMENT

MEN: Douse full strength Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp morning and night.

WOMEN: Part the hair at various places, and apply Listerine Antiseptic right along the part with a medicine dropper, to avoid wetting the hair excessively.

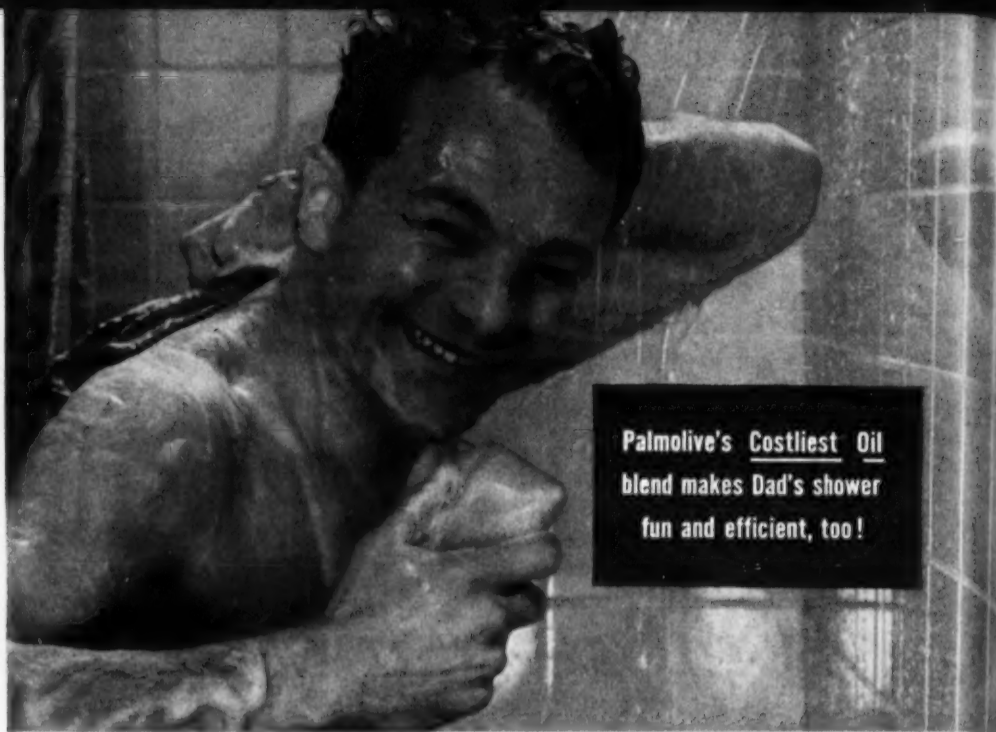
Always follow with vigorous and persistent massage with fingers or a good hairbrush. Continue the treatment so long as dandruff is in evidence. And even though you're free from dandruff, enjoy a Listerine Antiseptic massage once a week to guard against infection. Listerine is the same antiseptic that has been famous for more than 50 years as a mouth wash and gargle.



Listerine — the delightful treatment



Mother knows what
Palmolive's Costliest Oil
blend means to skin care!



Palmolive's Costliest Oil
blend makes Dad's shower
fun and efficient, too!



"WHAT
ABOUT
ME?"
I'M THE ONE THAT
STARTED THIS FAMILY
ON PALMOLIVE!"



Jane says: "Palmolive's
Costliest Oil blend for that
schoolgirl complexion!"

No wonder the family
all take to **PALMOLIVE!**
It's made with Olive and
Palm oils alone... the
Costliest Oil blend
used for any leading soap

Wise mothers know the choice of a
soap for baby is one of the most serious
decisions they must make. It must be
gentle soap, but must be effective,
too. So millions of mothers follow Dr.
Dafoe's example, and choose Palmolive.

And since Palmolive is right for
baby's tender skin, Mother chooses it
for her own, remembering that olive

oil has been a cherished beauty aid
since Cleopatra's day.

Dad cheers for Palmolive, too. He
likes the thick, quick-cleansing lather,
the way it gets you feeling *really clean*.

And Baby's big sister is a Palmolive
rooter. It helps her skin stay smooth,
unblemished, radiantly aglow.

Yes, Palmolive is right for every type
of skin, dry or oily, coarse or fine, young
or old. Palmolive is made with olive
and palm oils, costliest oil blend used
for any leading soap. These vegetable oils
(no animal fats) are the only oils used
in Palmolive's making—and this is true
of no other leading soap.

Will anything less than Palmolive's
care do for you and your family?



Look for the **NATURAL OLIVE COLOR!**
It comes from olive and palm oils—nothing else.

IT'S NEW! **MAN-SIZE,
BATH-SIZE PALMOLIVE!**
Extra-big, longer-lasting
for your tub and shower.
The whole family cheers
for it! Economical, too.



TRY PALMOLIVE... NOW!

DR. DAFOE: "Palmolive is still the only soap allowed the Quins."

MOTHER: "Then it's the only soap for my baby!"

THE FAMILY: "This is the soap for us, too!"

WHY MOTHER
CHOOSE
PALMOLIVE

In those first crucial hours and
days following their premature
birth the Dionne Quins were
bathed in olive oil. Then, when



it came time for soap-and-water, Dr.
Dafoe wisely chose Palmolive, the soap
made with olive and palm oils. These five
famous young ladies have never used any



other soap but Palmolive. Mothers,
learning the convincing fact of Dr.
Dafoe's soap-choice, chose Palmolive
for their precious little ones, too. The



petal-like skins of millions of
babies are today entrusted to
Palmolive's care. What's more,
millions of families, Mother, Dad



and the youngsters, have followed
Baby's lead... made Palmolive
their choice, too. Have *you* at your
house discovered Palmolive?



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Journal About Town

Fifty Years Ago in the Journal

EVEN fifty years ago it was a troubled world: in September, 1891, Norway was agitating for freedom from Sweden's rule; there was famine in Russia, yellow fever in Rio de Janeiro, floods in Spain and anti-American riots in China. Canada's latest census disappointed her with a population still under five million; and the poet laureate of England was operating a milk route in the Isle of Wight, with milk cans marked "Alfred, Lord Tennyson"!



"I do not blame any woman," an editorial in the *JOURNAL* of September, 1891, began, "for refusing to dress three times a day when she is in the country. Let me assure you, my dear woman, no one

whose acquaintance is worth having will think one iota less of you if you were to dress only twice."

The book column reviewed a book by a new writer—Richard Harding Davis—"who brings to his work qualities which should insure him a welcome," while recommended reading for hardy Victorian fourth-graders included *Ivanhoe*, *Idylls of the King*, and *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. "Only the best is good enough for children."

Suggestion from etiquette editor to J. J. C.: "Will you let me give you a word of advice? Do not refer to your men friends as 'gents.'"

Fashion for the girl who rides! "True 'style' in anything demands appropriateness. To this end, discard your



corsets, or if you have become a slave to this pernicious habit, at least leave off the ordinary instrument of torture and get a pair of riding corsets, which are short, easy, flexible, and without the front steel or buckle, which in case of a fall may become a very serious danger."

"Marguerite: Do not regret that you blush when you are spoken to. Girls of seventeen are not supposed to be as perfectly at ease among strangers as are older women."

"Oranges are tests of good breeding," said Aunt Patience. "I have seen a lady 'drink'—as she called it—an orange in the most graceful way. It was simply the refinement of the children's method of sucking the orange."



Americans all—and proud of it.

Gossip about people you know, editors you like and what goes on in New York.

WE KEEP hearing so much about Americanization in the schools here in New York—a city in which more nationalities are concentrated than throughout the country at large—that when we get a picture like this at the top of the page we can't help talking about it. It began last May, when **Mayor LaGuardia** sponsored the I Am an American Day program. Superintendent of Schools **Harold Campbell** tells us that children came to class dressed in the costumes of their native lands—or their parents' native lands—not so much to identify the nationalities from which they were derived as to emphasize their allegiance to America. As if to say, "Here we are now—Czechs, Italians, Scandinavians, Dutch, Polish, Chinese—knowing the words and music of The Star-Spangled Banner, only wanting to show how we can be Americans." So when, a while back, one of us from the Editorial Workshop happened in upon Public School 29 and saw all these kids, singing one of their weekly programs of patriotic songs, we couldn't help being moved. We could see they came from all over the globe, but they looked, and sounded, mighty American to us.

man might prefer the forthright beauty as it was portrayed on the cover to that which Hollywood apparently thinks the Navy will fall for.

Dawn Crowell, who does the Sub-Deb fashions, went over to the Ambassador the other day to see them demonstrate what they call the most revolutionary change in dressmaking technique since the sewing machine and the paper pattern—a dress form molded right on the human figure. Dawn says they warm up a pot of rubber and wax, apply this right on



Dawn and the new dress form.

you, over your slip, let it harden, slit up one side to remove it, reinforce it, mount it on an adjustable stand—and there you have yourself, as you are, ready for your dressmaking.

The *JOURNAL*'s mother-and-daughter covers have brought us mother-and-



A cover idea for Al Parker.



Beauty à la Journal, Hollywood.

Kay Aldrich, who posed for our June bride cover, sent the *Goulds* her picture, holding the cover, as you can see. "I'm in a picture called *Navy Blues*, with **Ann Sheridan** and **Jack Oakie**—but I haven't given up hope of getting a man." Mr. G. wrote back with considerable candor, pointing out how much a

daughter pictures from all over the country. From Hollywood, Florida, for instance, we get this one of **Helen Thompson Fuller**, summer hostess and archery expert, and her likewise expert daughter, **Penelope**.

The Finnish consul here called up to ask that *Journal* readers sending food to Finland, in response to a plea in July's letter column, hold everything. No ships can get through.

Mary Cookman, who flies more than anyone else on the magazine, unless you consider our contributor, **Eleanor Roosevelt**, has been so impressed at LaGuardia Field by the crowds of spectators that line the long observation platform, that she asked **Major Hazlett**—the man who runs the airport—about them. Last Labor Day, the major said, there were 22,000 spectators (at ten cents apiece); but any good Sunday will bring out 10,000. "It's partly the planes, of course," he said, "but it's mostly the celebrities they like to see." **Jean Crawford**, Mary learned, is a big drawing card for the crowds, but not so big as **Ambassador Winant**, landing from a Pan-American Clipper.



Working girls—1941.

A brochure from one of the big model agencies confirms **Wilhela Cashman's** observation that the slimmer, taller female form is again at its peak, after fifteen years: busts and hips 34, height from five-six to five-eleven, just like **Betsy Marden** and **Bea Blaxstone**, top-notch models on their way to work, unposed.

*The Journal has the largest net paid circulation of any magazine in the world.**

*Among magazines periodically submitting Audit Bureau of Circulation reports.

CHANGE NOTHING BUT YOUR SHORTENING... DISCOVER CRISCO CAKES ARE LIGHTER!



Why no shortening but "SURE-MIX" CRISCO can give you such light cakes...

Ever dream you'd get *lighter* cakes just by changing your shortening? Well, just try this delicious Ribbon Cake or one of your favorite recipes and use New "Sure-Mix" Crisco. No matter what kind of shortening you're using now, you'll see a thrilling difference!

Yes—what a surprise New Crisco will give you! Your cakes will bake up *lighter*—with a fluffier, smoother texture than ever before! Why, they just melt in your mouth—they taste divine!

Crisco is a new and different kind of shortening... It's made by an exclusive process... we don't know of any other home shortening that has it. This new "Sure-Mix" Crisco has an extra capacity to combine both the liquid and dry cake in-

gredients—batters mix up smoother—hold together beautifully.

Thousands of cakes baked in Crisco kitchens showed that Crisco cakes were consistently up to 15% higher and lighter than cakes baked with any other shortening.

So won't you hurry up and bake your family a lighter Crisco cake? They'll love it. Crisco will give you tender, flaky pies and crisp, digestible fried foods, too!

NEW "SURE-MIX"
CRISCO
DELICIOUS PIES, FRIED FOODS, TOO

**SMOOTHER TEXTURE
—DELICIOUS!**

"The cakes I make with 'Sure-Mix' Crisco get plenty of compliments. They're higher—have such fine texture."

Mrs. Everett R. Feeney,
Providence, R. I.

**LIGHTER CAKES
WITH CRISCO!**

"When I tried 'Sure-Mix' Crisco my cakes turned out much lighter than with my usual shortening."

Mrs. Elsie C. Watson,
Akron, Ohio



3 layers! 3 colors! 3 flavors! It's RIBBON CAKE!

$\frac{3}{4}$ cup Crisco • 2 cups sugar • $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons salt • 3 cups sifted cake flour
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoons baking powder • $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups water • 4 egg whites

Blend Crisco, sugar and salt. Sift flour with baking powder. Add flour mixture alternately with water. Fold in beaten egg whites. Divide batter into three parts.

For Dark Layer, add: $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon, $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon nutmeg, $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon cloves, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon soda, 2 tablespoons cocoa stirred with 2 tablespoons water. For Pink Layer, add: 3 to 4 drops red coloring, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla. For White Layer, add: $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon almond extract. Bake in "Criscoed" 9-inch

layer pans in moderate oven (300° F.) 25 to 35 minutes. Cool. Put together with—

WHITE ICING: Boil $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups granulated sugar, 3 tablespoons white corn syrup, 1 cup water to 238° F. or until syrup spins a thread. Pour slowly over 3 stiffly beaten egg whites, beating constantly. Add $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons vanilla; beat to spreading consistency. Ice cake.

All Measurements Level

TRADEMARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. - PROCTER & GAMBLE

Brand New! Thrillingly Different!
**IMPROVED DRENE SHAMPOO
NOW LEAVES YOUR HAIR FAR
SMOOTHER, SILKIER, EASIER
TO MANAGE**

Now... See how your hair behaves right after washing... and extra highlights sparkle, too!

Yes—Special Drene Shampoo has been magically improved by the addition of a recently perfected hair conditioner. So now improved Drene leaves your hair far silkier than ever before! Easier to comb and arrange! Infinitely more manageable, right after a shampoo... so hair behaves, lies smoothly.

Yet—this improved shampoo retains all of Drene's other thrilling beauty-advantages! It super-cleanses... completely and gently removing all dirt and ugly loose dandruff. And, equally important, tests in our laboratories prove hair shampooed with Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre and color-brilliance than when washed with even the finest soaps. That's because Drene's patented cleansing agent does not combine with minerals in water (as all soaps do) to form a beauty-dulling film that dims natural highlights and color.

No other shampoo today can work all of Special Drene's beauty wonders! Ask for Special Drene in the blue and yellow package, at any cosmetic counter... or ask your beauty operator to use it. You'll thrill to its beauty-magic!



**SPECIAL DRENE
now contains
HAIR CONDITIONER**

Same Familiar Blue
and Yellow Package



MY HAIR FEELS FAR SMOOTHER, SILKIER, SOFTER!
MY HAIR BEHAVES, IS EASY TO COMB AND ARRANGE!
ACTUALLY AS MUCH AS 33% MORE LUSTRE IN MY HAIR!

Procter & Gamble
Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Emily's so happy

The Journal's Complete-in-one-Issue Novel

BY MARGARET CULKIN BANNING

"DID you see the look in Emily's eyes?" asked Mrs. Lenox. "When Peter was putting the ring on her finger she looked up at him and you could see that nothing else in the world mattered. She must have said something to him then, too, for I saw her lips move. Did you notice that, Anne?"

Anne, who had been one of the bridesmaids and very close to Emily at that altar, said, "Yes, I did, Mrs. Lenox."

"She probably couldn't wait to tell him how happy she was," said Emily's mother. "Did you ever see anyone more in love than she is?"

"I don't think I ever have," answered Anne.

All the guests who had been at the wedding breakfast had left by this time. Even the attendants and ushers had gone. Mr. Lenox himself, who had to consider his blood pressure, had gone upstairs to take a rest, and the servants were clearing tables and stacking up the hired chairs. Anne was ready to leave, too, but every time she tried to say good-by Mrs. Lenox detained her.

"Don't go just yet, Anne, dear," she insisted. "Please don't hurry. I haven't had a chance for even a word with you!"

Anne really didn't have to hurry. She had the whole afternoon off. And Mrs. Lenox had been so cordial and friendly to her through all the wedding events that she didn't want to be ungracious. She knew that she had been given special and careful handling by Mrs. Lenox. For although Anne knew Emily so well, this was not Anne's usual environment. She was "this lovely girl, Anne Morland, who roomed with Emily at the university." Anne could still hear Mrs. Lenox introducing her like that, countless times, perhaps explaining her.

"What a dreadful mess it is!" exclaimed Mrs. Lenox, but she spoke cheerfully, as if she rather liked it. "Let's go and see the presents, shall we?"

She gathered up a quantity of gray chiffon which would be described in the metropolitan newspapers next day as what the bride's mother wore, holding it carefully so that it would

"Darling," he said, his voice stumbling. Emily thought, "He's never had a home or enough love or anybody really close to him. He's going to have them now—tomorrow, tonight, all the time."

Can a wife love her husband and leave him too?

be out of harm's way as she walked along the terrace. For a moment she looked back at the scene of the breakfast, which had been served under a marquee set up in the garden.

Everything had been right about it, in spite of the way the place looked now. The garden, in which only white flowers were allowed to bloom, had been fragrant with great white peonies and phlox and lilies. The table with the huge, half-demolished bride's cake now stood like a pretty ruin in front of the delicate spray of the fountain. The lawn was trampled with cordial footprints, and here and there a flower, a handkerchief or a napkin lay lost or abandoned.

Nothing seemed to be in order, but Mrs. Lenox knew better. This was just as it should be, confusion and all. It was the successful end of planning, the result of skill and effort, and she knew just how much had gone into the scene and the occasion. Much of it was her own skill and competence. For although they lived well and had this delightful house, there was no great fortune in the Lenox family. As she often admitted, with the deprecation that was sure to bring down a compliment, Mrs. Lenox had to do a great many things herself. She had planned these white flower borders and gone over every detail of the food with the caterer. As for Emily's trousseau, it looked as if it had cost twice what it really had.

THE wedding presents were beautiful too. That also was the result of her good management. For the shops had been told what Emily wanted and needed, so they could make suggestions. People always liked to know what a girl wanted, and of course Emily never would tell anyone when she was asked. She hardly knew what she wanted.

"I haven't had a chance even to look at the things which came in yesterday," Mrs. Lenox told Anne. "Did I dream or was I actually told that there is a complete dinner service of Wedgwood as well as all that Spode? Honestly, I don't know how Emily can use so many lovely things."

"She'll have a time getting them into one small apartment," said Anne.

"I doubt if they take an apartment after all. I think that by the time they get back from their trip, the house will be finished."

"The house?" Anne's voice was completely surprised.

"Why, haven't you heard what Peter's father did for them? I suppose Emily was so excited she forgot to tell you. It was a surprise last night, though of course I'd known before. Yes, Colonel Rhodes is giving them a house. It's a perfectly adorable place and practically new, for it was built only last year for some charming people, who've had to move away. The house will need just a little remodeling and going over, and then it will be perfect for those children. I think Emily can even use some of the curtains."

"She didn't say anything to me about it at all," said Anne. There was a note of dismay in her voice, but apparently Mrs. Lenox didn't hear it. She went on pleasantly:

"Emily will adore having a home of her own. It's always best for young people to get a sense of home from the start, I think. That's what I told Colonel Rhodes."

She was leading the way through the house, and Anne Morland followed. As they passed a mirror Anne looked at herself and then reached up to lift from her hair the bandeau of flowers that was set across it. It was part of her bridesmaid's costume and had been much admired, but Anne shook her head a little, as if she were relieved to be rid of the decoration. Without it she was rather handsomer. Her hair was the color of a pale lemon and grew straight and smooth and did not seem accustomed to a hat. Her face was smooth, too, and rather round. If it had not been for the intensity and thoughtfulness of her eyes, Anne would have looked like a sturdy peasant girl. As so many people had said today, she was such a contrast to Emily, whose dark beauty was so delicate and almost overbred.

"Did you ever see so much loot?" laughed Mrs. Lenox without contempt as they went into the room where the presents were on display. "But I'm sure that everything is going to fit in beautifully. She can use that lovely water color between the two long windows of her living room. I'd like you to see her house."

Anne did not answer, and suddenly Mrs. Lenox seemed to want a reply. She put down the piece of sil-

ver she had picked up and said, with a tone in which there was just a hint of challenge:

"It will be wonderful for Emily to have a house of her own, won't it?"

"It will take a lot of time," said Anne, as if the remark were dragged out of her.

Mrs. Lenox laughed. "Yes, homes do," she said. "But there isn't a much better way for a bride to spend her time."

"Then I suppose that she doesn't mean to go back to her job?"

"Oh, I don't believe Peter would want her to do that. I think he's going to want Emily all to himself for a while."

It's just as well to say that right out, thought Mrs. Lenox, and I hope this girl understands what I mean. She's always been disturbing to Emily, throwing her off the track, putting ideas into her head. The less Emily sees of her, the better. Even last night at the bridal dinner this girl had to start all that war talk and get people arguing and upset and depressed. Of course she's probably had no home training.

She wished Anne would argue now. She wished that she wouldn't stand there looking at the gleaming, flashing presents as if they weren't there, or as if they didn't matter anyway. An annoyance which had been pricking Mrs. Lenox for days, whenever this girl came around, began to sting. The day had been a perfection and a triumph for Emily's mother, or would have been except for the resistance she felt in Anne now, and had felt under the surface all along. It was due to ignorance. It was nothing but jealousy. Again she told herself that. But when she spoke her voice was as sweetly disarming as before. It was the voice that baffled Anne. She had seen it get its own way so often in these last days, with guests, with servants, with Emily too.

Mrs. Lenox said, "Of course, when a girl marries, her point of view changes on so many things."

"Why does it?" Anne couldn't help asking that.

"You'll know someday when it seems to you that to make one man happy is the only important thing in the world."

"But it isn't," said Anne. "How could it be?" She wished she hadn't said it. She'd tried not to. It wasn't going to do any good.

Mrs. Lenox smiled. "Emily thinks it is."

"Right now, perhaps—but Emily's interested in so many things, and she can be so competent. She can do something very worth while. Of course I want her to be happy and married and I know she adores Peter, but that's not all she ought to do with her life." Anne turned impetuously as she finished, and the flower bandeau caught on a glass goblet and sent it shivering to the floor. "Oh, I'm sorry. I'm terribly sorry!"

"It doesn't matter," said Mrs. Lenox. "What was it?" Her eyebrows went up a little as she saw. "Oh, too bad—it was one of the pieces of glass that the engraver signed. It's the maid's fault. They shouldn't have been so close to the edge. Don't give it a thought."

Anne backed away from the laden tables and Mrs. Lenox did not object. *That's the first thing to be broken,*

The Greatest Romance Since "Rebecca"

The author of Rebecca—that most absorbing, romantic best seller in years—has just finished her first novel since. Rushed to the United States by Clipper plane, Frenchman's Creek, by Daphne DuMaurier, will begin as a serial in the Journal next month. Gladys Taber's serial, The Heart Has April Too, previously announced, will instead appear in January. This change is made because the Editors of the Journal (who also published Rebecca) believe that, beyond all doubt, the romantic sensation of the year will be Frenchman's Creek . . . beginning

. . . in the October Journal

she thought. *And this clumsy girl would be the one to do it. She really wants to make trouble.* And all at once Mrs. Lenox wanted to punish Anne somehow, not just for the broken piece of glass, but for spoiling things, for not agreeing and joining the general satisfaction.

"I wonder if you understand Emily," she said to Anne. "I think I'll tell you something. This is just between us, of course, and I know you'll keep it that way. But perhaps you should know. Emily was very much attracted to Peter from the start, and I'm sure he was to her. And when nothing came of it for a while, I think Emily was most unhappy. Perhaps you noticed that yourself."

"I know she was."

"Well, one day I had a talk with Emily and I explained to her that she was not only dividing her interests—this was when she was secretary of that foreign-policy group and giving it so much time, and of course it's a very fine thing —" She paused on the admission, but Anne said nothing. "And so I told Emily quite frankly that she was scaring Peter away, that a man wanted to feel that the girl he married was a woman, and that she needed to prove that to him by being more feminine and more dependent."

"So that was why she gave the work up in January?"

Mrs. Lenox laughed, sharing her joke. "It may be even why she and Peter are happily married today. You know, my dear, when you get a little older you'll realize that you don't want to put every theory you hold into practice. Now I've always believed in woman suffrage and feminism and all that. Up to a point. But, as I told Emily, if she wants to be happy she must hold Peter with her charm, not drive him away with competition. It's a very unwise thing for a woman to let a man feel that she competes with him. I told her that."

"I hope she's going to be happy," said Anne, without argument.

"She couldn't be happier! You just said you'd never seen a person who was more in love. And she has everything to make her happy." Her eyes swept the room again. "We're getting much too serious, Anne," she exclaimed lightly. "Here's something I haven't seen. Look, it's a little glass radio—I wonder if it works."

SHE turned a tiny knob and instantly a voice, deep and serious, came out of the little mirrored box: "The world is awaiting news of the terms which will be given to France —" Anne Morland took an involuntary step toward the radio.

"Just more war news," said Mrs. Lenox, snapping the knob back toward silence. "I can't bear to listen to it. It's altogether too depressing! I wonder where Emily and Peter are now. They've been on their way for more than two hours."

"Am I driving too fast?" asked Peter.

"Are you? You should know. It's a long time since I've seen any definite scenery, but the color effects are nice," said Emily.

He slowed down to seventy. "I guess you must have married a reckless driver."

"Well, I'm married, anyway. You can't get out of it even if they arrest you."

"Get out of it," he muttered at her. He slowed from seventy to zero and took his hands off the wheel to turn her face to his. "Now what do you think?"

"I think you're a bad example to other tourists," said Emily breathlessly. "No, Pete, stop! I think you're a wonderful example."

"That's the way to speak to your husband. Always admiringly." He started the car off again. "Happy?"

"Yes, sort of pleased."

"Then tell me about it. Don't sit there thinking secretly."


"It wasn't thinking," said Emily. "It didn't get as far as that."

"I suppose you were just brooding over all that glassware," said Peter. "Counting the knives and forks. I never knew before I saw that layout to what lengths extortion could go. Why do you girls want all that junk?"

"For our men. So we can make nice homey effects and change the plates often."

"It was pretty decent of father to come across with a homestead."

(Continued on Page 107)



*"This is really degrading," Emily thought.
"I'm hiding from my husband." In the still
night, Peter's voice carried. She heard him
saying, "You don't know what a relief it's
been to have this talk with you, Clare."*

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT G. HARRIS

Top Hat



Gordon couldn't sleep and Top Hat caught the mood. He jerked around and made anxious little whinings.

BY GLADYS TABER

THE boy outside the kennel fence was in the gangly, awkward teen age. The puppy, with damp nose pressed against the wire, was in the sprawly five-months period. The boy was Gordon Knight, Jr., and the black cocker puppy was just a nameless son of Firelight Melody, the least of a litter of six.

"Hi-ya," said Gordon.

The puppy bounced against the wire, fell back and bounced again. He had a little white chest and absurdly long ears and eyes bright as glass buttons over the soft muzzle. The fence was fox fencing and it hurt, but the puppy flung at it again. He barked. It was not much of a bark as barks go, but anybody could tell that he meant it to be forceful and masculine. "Woo-umph," he said.

Then he thought of something else. He whisked away and bounded back, carrying a ragged tin feeding bowl. It was all out of shape and the edge scalloped in tooth carvings. A lovely bowl, but empty.

"Say, you hungry?" Gordon got down and looked in. Then he reached in his pocket. "Sh-h," he said urgently.

The puppy began to shake with joy. "Woo-umph," he shouted, and Gordon tried to quiet him.

"Hush, you'll get the boss after us," he said. He brought out a piece of succulent beef from somebody's beef roast.

The bright eyes were anxious, the cocker tail vibrated wildly. Then snap, the meat never had been anywhere. The boy wiped his hands on his pants, the puppy licked his chops suggestively.

"I got to go," said Gordon. "Good-by, now. Be a good fellow."

The puppy watched with heartbreak in his dark eyes. He sat on one hip, the way puppies will, and poked his muzzle as far as it could possibly be poked, and kept his eyes fixed on the diminishing idol. Then he began to dig at the ground. He dug every day a hole big enough to get in, and every day the kennelman filled it up and gave him a whack or two for his efforts. Someday he might dig out, and follow the boy.

Gordon walked slowly to high school, his head bent. He used to run, timing himself. Or ride his bicycle pell-mell on a private marathon. But there was nothing to hurry for any longer. Elaine had walked out on him since the new boy came to town with a car. The new boy was Russ Walsh and his dad had something to do with the utilities. Russ had a car of his own, a wonderful second or third hand sport coupé painted fireman's red. It had

a loud, stirring horn and many smart sentiments painted on the hood in white letters. Like "See my dust" . . . "Ride 'em, cowboy" . . .

"Who's Yehudi?" A neat little number, all right. Elaine the fair, Elaine the lovable, Elaine the lily maid of Pottsville had fallen for Russ and his car. She even had a new red sweater to match the car. Wore a scarlet ribbon around her flying gold hair.

Even as Gordon reached Central High, Russ drove up with Elaine. So he even took her to school now! Gordon swallowed and grew very red. He hunched his good shoulders. He didn't see them at all, but Russ wouldn't let it go at that.

"Hi," he called. "Walking?"

Elaine got out, slim and glowing in the red sweater and a little swirling soft skirt. She wore red socks, too, and her saddle shoes were just dirty enough to be correct. She ran up to Gordon and said, "I'm sorry I couldn't go to the movies last night." Her eyes were gray-blue and wistful. "You aren't mad, are you?"

"Certainly not," said Gordon. "Suit yourself."

Russ came up, his narrow, pale face smooth with triumph. He took Elaine's books with a possessive sweep. "We ran over to the lake," he said

Who Goes to Town

Even when a boy has
a car, a girl is often
one lap ahead of him

carelessly. "They opened the Barbecue Palace yesterday for the season."

It was the car. Elaine had been Gordon's girl for a long, long time. None of the regular fellows would have horned in. She had his Sigma pin. But Russ had to show everybody what a big shot he was. Russ wore imported clothes and told where they came from. He owned his own Tuxedo.

But Gordon tried again. "Say, Elaine, how about the new show tonight? Double feature."

Elaine hesitated, she almost said "Yes." Then she shook her head. "I already told Russ I'd go on a picnic."

He couldn't beat Russ up. It would be a pleasure, but what good would it do? Elaine would know he was a common guy, and she'd never speak to him if he mussed up that dolly puss.

"I got to do some business anyhow," he said. "I wouldn't have time."

The situation was so desperate he cut civics and went downtown to his dad's office. Dad was an architect and nobody was building any new buildings. It was all the Government's fault, Gordon understood, but he didn't quite know how. He had too many really important things on his mind. Dad was just sitting there, with his feet on the desk. He was a big man with a brown shabby suit and brown tumbled hair and brown clear eyes. Generally he was a good kidder and kind of fun, but lately he had been queer.

Gordon said at once, getting it out, "Dad, I practically got to have a car. It's the most important thing in my whole life."

Dad said, "Next it'll be an airplane. Last week it was one of those pedigreed show dogs at March's Kennels. Before that it was a movie camera. Sorry, son, you'll be lucky to get your graduation bills paid. Run along now, I'm busy." He didn't look busy. He looked queer, that was all. He said, "You get it from your mother, changing your mind so often."

Gordon wanted to explain. He still wanted the dog, terribly, and the movie camera he had wanted so he could take a movie of Elaine. They were going to get married and go to Hollywood in those halcyon days, and she would be a star like Garbo and he would be a technician. She had promised that nobody else should manage her films but Gordon. But you couldn't say anything like this to dad.

He went back to school and flunked a history written. Who cared when the flag fell at Fort Sumter, for heaven's sake? With everything going wrong?

HE SAW Elaine drive away with Russ after school, and he hiked down Main Street to the used-car place and went over all the bargains standing year in, year out in the big lot. His car was in the far corner. It was forty dollars and it had class. It wasn't a coupé, it was a sedan. Of course the back seat was gone and some of the stuffing leaked in front. The salesman said it was a real buy; he said he paid seventy-five for it, but as a special favor to Gordon he would let it go at a sacrifice. The starter could be fixed and the gears weren't actually stripped. The dented fender could be smoothed out like butter. A real car for the money! Why wait? Why indeed? Gordon had two dollars and sixty-three cents.

He went to the drug for a soda, and then thought better of it and had a glass of water and went on home. Perhaps mother—but mother had been queer lately too. Mother was almost never home. An awful lot of times he and dad had found their meals laid out and mother away. Today she was home, and sitting in the living

room with some man. Gordon heard their voices, mother very gay and the man very deep. So he went upstairs and looked at his belongings. He could raise something on his watch, but what would dad say? It was a birthday present. He'd never be able to unpawn it, either, because he'd have to spend his allowance on gas. His tennis rackets and his guitar would bring something.

He went to the window and looked out. Mother's caller had a car, the newest model of the newest make. Boy, what a car! You could go places in that. Then he saw mother and the man come down the walk and get in. The car rolled away. A car like that would do things in a man's life. It had double taillights.

Gordon didn't want to see his friends. He'd lost his girl, and it hurt like a toothache all over him. He couldn't stand the razzing. When he got his car, he could drive up and make a flourish. Elaine would come out and get in. Nothing was so important as getting his car.

He got out his old bike and rode down to the secondhand shop and sold it for three dollars and a half. Then he came home the long way and passed the kennels. The puppy was watching for him.

"Hi-ya," said Gordon.

The puppy bounced. He quivered with joy. His soft nose, framed in fencing, came out to Gordon's hand. His whiff of tail shook his whole fat rear with wagging. He fixed melting, trusting, loving eyes on Gordon. Gordon sat down outside the fence and bit on a grass blade and put his hand as far in as he could, and felt the warm, silky fur on the silly long cocker ears. Under the white chest a small heart pounded like mad.

"Got a white shirt on," said Gordon. "Pretty dressed up, huh? Just need a top hat—guess I'll call you Top Hat. O.K.?"

A hot flannel tongue kissed his thumb.

"Well," said Gordon, "wish you could go along with me. Sure wish you could, at that."

It was feeding time, and the kennelman came out with a pail of food. "Hello, you here again?"

"I was just sort of passing along," said Gordon. "This pup here—he's kind of a good pup."

The man opened the gate and went in. He was at once almost submerged in cockers. He had pans and he began to fill them.

"Can't let you in," he called over the dozen round, soft heads. "This litter's not inoculated yet for distemper. Mr. March won't let a visitor anywhere near if he knows it. Got some prospects for Morris and Essex in the bunch."

Gordon got as close as he could. Five puppies were swarming over the food pans. Firelight Melody was pushing some lesser dogs around.

SUDDENLY, in alarm, Gordon said, "Where's the little black?"

"Him? He don't eat much. He's always sticking at the fence and the rest get everything. Here, runt, come on. Chow!"

Top Hat came, looking backward at Gordon. "Main thing he does is lug his feeding pan around all over," said the man.

"How much is he worth?"

"Well, I don't know. Mr. March is going to go over them all this week and pick out the winners to keep. We'll sell the rest. The little one'll be sure to go; he's a poor feeder, besides being small. The litter's too big, for a fact. Really ought to have put away a couple, but Mr. March always wants to see what they're like."

Top Hat came toward the fence, carrying his pan. He had his head up and pride shone in his bright eyes. He threw his paws out as he ran; he had very big paws for such a morsel of bone and fur.

"I will say he's a natural retriever," said the kennelman grudgingly.

"Sure is," said Gordon.

Top Hat bounced up and fell back in the pan. Gordon went away rather fast. Dad had said firmly that he couldn't get him a dog. He said there might be some change in plans for them and they couldn't take on an added responsibility. But by summer he'd get dad (Continued on Page 68)

ILLUSTRATED BY JON WHITCOMB



Gordon took a chance, even with Russ looking on. "Elaine, how about the new show tonight?" he asked. "I'm sorry," she said. "I told Russ I'd go on a picnic."

Bachelor Father

BY AGNES CREIGHTON RUMSEY

MARGARET walked busily into the reception room. There she picked up a book she didn't need and walked back into her office, ignoring the young man's nervous smile. She had found out what she wanted to know. He was alone. She decided maybe his wife was meeting him and that she'd better let him wait another ten minutes or so. But when she looked in again he was still alone, and visibly restless. He had littered the sofa and the floor around him with the morning paper, and was now moodily reading a shiny blue book he had brought along. As he gave an annoyed snort and slammed it shut, Margaret realized what it was—Dobson's Care of the Infant.

"You don't approve of Doctor Dobson's theories?" she asked.

He frowned, and Margaret noticed that he had the fighting kind of eyebrows that connected and made a solid black line across his forehead. "Doctor Dobson is an old fool," he said, "who is busily engaged in the mass production of young fools."

Since that happened to be Margaret's idea exactly, and one she had never had the courage to mention to anyone, she found herself feeling definitely friendly.

"I'm Miss Gray," she said. "Will you come inside now?"

As he followed her into her office, Margaret seated herself behind her desk, adjusting her prim, social-worker smile. She had long since discovered that no matter how efficient you really are, copper-colored hair must be flattened as neatly as possible and too-large blue eyes must be subdued by a suitably business-like expression if you want to be treated seriously. But before she had a chance to adjust the smile satisfactorily, the young man had opened the interview in his own way.



The first thing Margaret saw was a small, efficient-looking baby eying a paint palette.

"I want to adopt a boy," he said decidedly. "Maybe two boys."

"It is against the rules of the organization," said Margaret automatically, "to place a second child before the legal adoption has gone through on the first one. And that takes six months." She glanced quickly at her appointment pad for his name. "Does Mrs. Thompson feel just as strongly about adoption as you seem to?"

He stared at her gravely. "How about twins?" he said. "Just so long as they're boys. And there isn't any Mrs. Thompson."

Now Margaret knew that she was dealing with what the rule book called an "ineligible." She hadn't been doing child-welfare work very long, but she knew what to do about that. "Gentle, but firm," was the manner the book recommended.

"Oh, I'm so sorry," she said gently but firmly. "One of our very first regulations is never to place babies in divided homes. It isn't a normal atmosphere, you see."

"I don't see," he said coldly. "My home is normal and completely undivided. There never was any Mrs. Thompson, and if I have anything to say about it there never will be. Is that any reason why I shouldn't adopt a kid?"

Margaret decided to stay firm and forget about the gentleness. "It's not only a reason," she said crisply. "As far as we are concerned, it's an insurmountable obstacle. A child requires a woman's care, a woman's instinctive knowledge—not the sort of thing a man can get out of books. Just what makes you think you could take care of a child?"

He had turned slightly red, but he smiled a little—grimly. "Merely observing the botches women make of the job," he said. "The only thing they are expert about is mollycoddling. Most mothers are outwitted by their children before the babies are six months old. Now, I've thought a lot about the whole subject and I've theories —"

HE SOUNDED SO sure of himself that Margaret had to interrupt him or she would have been making small sputtering noises. "It hardly seems possible that you want a baby only to try out your superior theories," she said. "Suppose you try to tell me just why you do want one."

He didn't answer for a fraction of a second. And as he hesitated, Margaret melted a little. Because he stopped looking arrogant, and

furrowed his brow like a small boy puzzling over his homework.

"I suppose it does sound whacky," he said slowly, "for a single guy to come in here and want to adopt a baby. Maybe you think I'm trying to dodge the draft or something. I'm not—I volunteered long ago and I'm teaching young artists camouflage and poster work."

"Oh, I'm sure your motives are perfectly honorable," Margaret protested quickly. But she was secretly glad that he had eliminated the draft angle.

"It's hard to explain because it's really so simple," he went on doggedly. "I'll bet lots of men like children just as much as women—they just think it's sissy to admit it. I'm crazy about kids—I always have been. And I'm not in the least crazy about marriage. If I can give a youngster a good home, why should I have to marry some dumb woman first? Honestly, Miss Gray, I'd take awfully good care of a child."

"BUT —" Margaret began, and then gave up. There wasn't anything in a social worker's supply of stock phrases to cover this particular problem. "I'm sure you'd try to take good care of a child," she said finally. "But how could you manage it? It's not fair to the child—especially an adopted one whose sense of security is all scrambled up—to turn it over to a nurse or maid."

"That's one of my theories," he said. "I'd take complete care of it myself. I'm an artist, and my studio's my home. If you think I wouldn't know what to do—well, I've just graduated from that fancy course for prospective fathers. I know all about baths and bottles and baby oil and all that stuff."

Margaret couldn't smother a smile. She had seen one big magazine's photographic sequence of young fathers-to-be solemnly bathing a china baby doll. "Did you get good marks?" she asked.

He refused to be embarrassed and grinned at her. "I was magnificent," he said calmly. "No one in the class could snap on a diaper any faster than I could."

Margaret began to smile again, then caught herself up sharply. She must be soggy in the head to be listening to this impossible young man with so much interest. "I'm afraid I can't help you," she said. "No matter how much of a whiz you were with that china doll, adopting a real baby

is simply out of the question. Even if I wanted to help you, which I don't, the management here wouldn't let me."

Mr. Thompson threw out his chin, picked up his hat and headed for the door. There was something so purposeful about him that Margaret knew instantly what was on his mind.

"There's no use going anywhere else," she said quickly. "Of course, there may be agencies that aren't so fussy—but you'll never get anywhere with a decent one, either private or public."

"Decent?" He couldn't have sounded more scornful if he'd practiced for weeks. "I suppose you use that word just the way I use 'fuddy-duddy.'"



ILLUSTRATED BY AL FARR

"The began howle

Ma out, i fuddy have said, He door. have up th mind day f ask yo has ac The becau Eccen tempe self v for a



"The implications are plain," began Miss Simpson. "Shut up!" howled Peter, snatching Skree.

Margaret jutted her own chin out, in a small way. "If you call it fuddy-duddy to insist that a child have both a mother and father," she said, "all right then. Fuddy-duddy."

He stopped with his hand on the door. "Maybe you think you women have done a bang-up job of bringing up the race?" he said. "Would you mind looking at the headlines any day for the next month and then ask yourself what your magic touch has accomplished?"

There wasn't any answer to that, because he slammed out of the room. Eccentric, and with a very nasty temper besides, Margaret told herself virtuously. Then she went out for a drink of water before admit-

ting the next applicants. Eccentric or not, the scornful way he had looked at her made her feel as dry as a handful of bones.

SHE thought of him in fits and starts all the while she was talking with the next, highly eligible couple. The wife was a plump, pink little object in mink who looked as if she would pamper a child insensible. The husband had obviously already pampered her into that condition. He spoke of her solely as "the little woman." A small boy, Margaret thought guiltily, would have a lot more fun with a wild young artist with theories than he ever could have with Mr. and Mrs. Little Woman.

There was really no reason why Margaret should ever have seen Peter Thompson again. But somehow, when she saw his name on her list of homes to be investigated, she wasn't a bit surprised. Apparently he had been more successful with some agency outside the state. It was part of her work for the welfare department to check such cases.

For a moment she considered asking some other case worker to do the job of investigating. Then she put on her new hat, a green one that made her hair look as if it were just about to burst into flame, and went down to his place the very next day.

When Peter opened the door she immediately (Continued on Page 75)

"Skree!" gurgled the baby, knocked himself briskly on the head, and burst into tears.



WITH THIS RING

BY *Mignon G. Eberhart*

ILLUSTRATED BY ROY SPRETER

XVII

RONY was staring at the checked tablecloth and did not see it. She knew Stuart was watching her, but she didn't look up. The little courtyard was very quiet. The fountain murmured exactly as it had murmured a few moments before; the vine-hung walls still enclosed them, shutting out the world. Only they didn't shut out the world.

Stuart said, "I don't believe Eric. I've just gone to see a lawyer; he'll investigate."

She still couldn't look away from the tablecloth; Stuart was crumbling bread with long brown hands—good hands, strong and well shaped.

"Rony," he said suddenly, "don't look so—so little and lost and dear. It doesn't matter. It's as if it happened to somebody else—not me. It was all a crazy kid affair. I'd better begin at the beginning."

"Yes," said Rony. It was almost funny, wasn't it? She was married to Eric; his wife, and he needed her. And now Stuart was married too. To Mimi.

Stuart said rapidly, "It's very short really. It happened while I was in school. I—you don't know much about me, do you, Rony; I mean the unimportant things? Well, I'm an architect by profession, but that isn't what I started out to be; I was going into the Army as a career. So I was sent to West Point. Well, at the last of my third year, Mimi came to visit somebody at Kingston; so I invited her to a dance and she came, and instead of being a young kid sister of Eric's as I remembered her, she'd all at once grown up. She was only sixteen but looked older and was very pretty. I was twenty. It was one of those things that happen; complete, utter but very brief infatuation. It would be another year before I got out of West Point; it was an age. The day my leave started we lied about our ages, got a license and were married by a clergyman. I had saved my allowance; we both made up stories of house parties to account to our families for our absence. Two weeks later she took the train to New Orleans and I went home, both of us very tragic about it. It was particularly crazy because of course I was not supposed to marry while at West Point. Well, we were going to keep it a secret. But Blanche and Eric got hold of it; in the fall they came North, got a lawyer and had the marriage annulled. All very quietly. Which suited me."

His mouth twisted, half humorously, half disgustedly.

"I ought to have warned you that this was all very juvenile. You see, by the time Eric and Blanche got there things were different; Mimi seemed to be having a very gay time in New Orleans, despite our separation, and life wasn't half as sad and empty after she'd gone as I thought it would be. Besides, there was school. I've got to go back into past history again. There's always been, at least for several generations, somebody in our family in the Army. I had

no brother and my cousins are all girls. My father died quite a long time ago; my mother—she's a very nice person; you'll like her—my mother sold our place here and had enough from it and from my father's estate to send me to school and to live on herself comfortably. . . . Rony—won't you say something?"

She looked up and he was smiling a little.

"None of this really matters, you know," he said. "Nothing really matters except you and me."

"Go on," she said.

"**W**ELL, I had to finish school and get my commission; so as soon as I got over the attack of puppy love and found myself married and likely to get kicked out, I was pretty sunk. So when Blanche and Eric came along, wanted to have the marriage annulled—we were underage—told me not only that it need never be known but that it was up to me as a gentle-

man not to let it be known, I fell into their plans with the greatest of ease. Mimi had been invited to be something or other at the Carnival, the Mardi Gras, and was going to be launched into society, and Blanche told me that I would spoil Mimi's chances to make a good marriage if I insisted upon making the thing public. Mimi concurred with Blanche's decision; I fancy Mimi put her up to it, in fact. The point was, of course, that I paid no attention to the legal details of it. Eric got a lawyer; I signed some papers. But all I really cared about was to have the thing ended. Can you—I've got to tell you the rest of it, Rony."

"Yes —"

He put his hand on hers for an instant. Then he went on. "It won't take long. I finished school and became an architect; have a reserve officer's commission, in case. I forgot Mimi. Knew that it was something both of us were well (Continued on Page 34)

Rony called "Eric!" and started across the room. There, in front of the opened windows, she saw him. He lay with the wind upon him, huddled on his side.



*I've imagined
waking up beside
you every morning.*

*When I looked
up and saw you, my
heart turned over.*

*When you kissed
me, it was
different. I
thought I must
love you.*

*Men aren't
afraid of
marriage. Only
women. Perhaps
only me.*

*John, I can't
marry you.
I'm not sure.*

*That magic
between us—
it will go.*

FROM THIS DAY FORWARD

BEFORE dawn on her wedding day Lydia woke from deep, dreamless sleep and, in the split second before the return of full consciousness, lay quietly, drowsy in contentment, dimly aware of the security, the familiarity of her surroundings. The casements stood wide to the cool wind of June. The moon ran low. From the bed facing the southward-looking windows, Lydia could watch her shining face.

A moment ago she was between waking and sleeping. Now she was fully awake. In the faintly silvered room she could see the dark, looming shapes of furniture, the suitcases standing open on their racks, evidence of the ordered confusion of her mother's packing. Lydia trembled. It began from somewhere within, this senseless, sudden tremor. Her heart shook, and her pulses, and she set her lips firmly to control their quivering.

BY FAITH BALDWIN

Tonight—no, last night—she had demurred against her mother's edict. "But why should I go to bed early?" she had demanded, as if she were nine and not nineteen. "I'm not in the least tired!"

"I will not have you looking like an old hag," her mother had said definitely. "I wish you and John had eloped a month ago. All this barbaric nonsense—parties, showers, fittings, rehearsals, dinners—it's beyond reason."

"But I won't sleep!"

"You'll sleep," said her mother, producing a tranquilizing book and a mild sedative potion.

Presently Lydia had slept, the unopened book sliding from her relaxing hand, briefly, dimly

aware of her mother performing the final, accustomed rites—opening windows to their full width, drawing the light covering about her shoulders, touching her lips to the round, warm cheek, banishing the lights and tiptoeing away.

But now she was awake.

She closed her eyes and tried to erase all thoughts from her mind. But it was no use. After a time she rose and reached to the foot of the bed for her robe, the comfortable old robe. The new robe, the extravagant negligees, the hostess gown, the tea gowns were packed. The new mules too. But the old slippers with the run-down heels stood on the hooked rug beside her bed.

She stood on the rug and put her feet in the slippers. She belted the robe about her, and brushed her hair away from her face. Then she went to the south windows and looked down upon

The first kiss is easy, but can you dry the first tears?

the garden. The flowers were dark in the moonlight, fragrant shadows—the irises and roses, the early lilies. Somewhere in the elms or maples a bird stirred and spoke melodically in its sleep, and another bird scolded drowsily.

The moon went westward toward her setting, and in the east the sun prepared his advent. Mars was rising, bright morning star, and Jupiter would follow.

Lydia sat down on the deep window sill and looked into the garden. The wedding, she and John had decided, must be simple, with just the people for whom they cared most present. But there were so many people for whom they cared. There were full sets of parents and grandparents, each with dear friends who must not be offended.

A simple wedding in the June garden. What was simple about that? A garden wedding depended upon weather. Old Lem, the gardener, had been thumbing his almanac for weeks. Had it not been correct in May? "Warmer days, cool nights," said Lem happily. "You needn't worry, Miss Lydia, you'll have a fine wedding day. I'm glad it's a Wednesday. That's what they say, you know: 'Wednesday the best day of all.'"

She looked down on the peony border. Lem had spent the past weeks on his knees, combating weeds, seeking molehills, fighting the least, last insect. John claimed that every night Lem stole out and polished leaf and petal with some magical chamois of his own invention: "Look at them this morning. Can't tell me he doesn't paint the delphiniums!" John was lyrical about Lem—stubborn, moody Lem, by turns wildly garrulous or mulishly silent.

John. She thought the inner trembling had ceased, while she sat quietly here looking down into the garden. It had not. It was waiting for her to think about John and herself. Soon the sun would rise and her mother would cry "Thank heaven!" and the warm golden light would drink the bright dew. The flowers would be on their best behavior. The house would be in a state of unutterable activity. Maids running, doorbells ringing, people arriving, caterers.

JOHN would come up from the inn with his father and mother, his best man, his ushers. The Weston house wasn't big enough to accommodate everyone. Already under its roof were Lydia's parents, their parents, three aunts, two uncles, the visiting bridesmaids, herself, the staff. Tomorrow the other bridesmaids would come, the maid of honor from next door, the Deeming twins from the house on the Point.

Tomorrow was today. The moon's bright course was almost run. At the end of the garden the rose arbor was a dark, round shape against the sky. Before today's sun had set Lydia would walk along the wide turf path to the arbor, on her father's arm.

The wind was very cool just before dawn. She rose, closed the casements and walked to the other windows. Beyond them, still veiled in dusk, lay the waters of the Sound, waiting for sunrise.

She said, just above a whisper, "I can't go through with it."

This room was as known to her as her mother's face. She could walk all about it, in darkness, and not stumble. The wing chair here, the fat, chintzy chair there, the chaise longue in the corner, her dressing table, her bureau; here the doors to clothes closets, and here the door to the bathroom. Beyond these windows, the tallest elm and the clump of flowering shrubs.

Tomorrow morning she would waken in a hotel room, impersonal and strange. She would not be alone, nor would she hear her mother's voice in the corridor, her father's tuneless singing. She would not smell Em's coffee perking, or hear Annie the housemaid's short quick steps on the stairs. She could not look out and see Lem



His lips were on her mouth.

prowling among his plants. A hotel room, then a train, and then another hotel, three thousand miles away. A white ship and the blue Pacific and the throb of engines carrying her to a land unvisited, enchantment in the very sound of its name—Hawaii, the islands. "I've always wanted to see Hawaii," she had told John a long time ago. Now they were going there, he and she, on their honeymoon.

No!

All the windows were closed. Shut out the graying night, the waning moon, the approaching dawn. Draw the curtains against the first intimation of the sun.

You love John, don't you, Lydia? That was her heart speaking to her, very quietly. She thought, *I'm not sure. How do you know you are sure?*

If you weren't sure, you couldn't marry him. It wasn't fair to either of you. Yet once she had been so sure, even before he asked her, "Do you love me?" So sure three months ago, a month, watching for his letters, sitting for hours every day, setting down words which were to assure him of her love and her longing. When had she begun to wonder—ten days ago, last week, last night?

Last week he had come down from Boston, to stay until the wedding. "Got a grand boss," he wrote cheerfully. "We'll have a week together before — Lydia, Lydia, it seems so strange, so unreal—it is like a dream, darling. But one from which I'll never wake."

He had a grand boss—his father. "The business," said Mr. Williams, "can run along without you for a while. When your mother and I were married we had a week end in which to honeymoon. But you'll have all summer."

Weston—Williams: "Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Kirkwood Weston request the pleasure —"

What made you fall in love? Lydia had met a dozen young men who, if you described them, might be John. And if she had met a dozen, how many more were there in the world? Six feet tall, a hundred and seventy pounds. Brown hair, blue eyes, smooth-shaven. Good teeth and nice hands. Prep school, university, his father's office. A quick temper, soon over. Easy laughter. No special accomplishments. Good football had given place to better golf and fair tennis. He could ride, he could swim, he could sail a boat. So could his prototypes.

She knew him by heart and she did not know him at all. How could you marry a man of whom

you knew merely that his favorite screen actor was Spencer Tracy, his favorite screen actress Bette Davis? Oh, you knew more than that. John hated clams and loved oysters, he was allergic to tomatoes. He liked swing and the torch songs and fell asleep at symphonies and opera. He wouldn't miss Fibber McGee and Molly if he could help it. She had said, just last night, "Run along and listen to Fibber." He liked his roast beef rare and his chicken fried. He liked dogs and children and was mildly afraid of cats. He was a good shot and a superb dancer. He read a good deal, mostly biography.

All this Lydia knew. She knew the newspapers he swore by, which columnists he swore at, the periodicals he read. She knew his church, his politics, his background, his prejudices, his absurd dislikes. She knew his preference in girls. He liked girls to be dark, slender and not too tall. He liked them to have gray eyes and heart-shaped faces, and to wear violet or blue or the gray of their eyes, white or black or dusky rose. At least since Lydia became his girl. Before that he had liked them blond or brunet or redheaded. There had been a lot of girls before Lydia: "Darling, none serious."

LYDIA went to her desk and turned on the light which shone down upon blotter and pens and ink and the racked note paper. How many notes had she written of late?

"Dear Cousin Mary, thank you so much for the beautiful silver servers." . . . "Dear Mrs. Arden, John and I are so happy over your lovely gift."

The new note paper, the new calling cards were unopened in their boxes in the bottom drawer. After today she could use them. . . . She would never use them, she thought, and the bright round tears, unexpected and hot, rolled down her cheeks.

Don't cry, Lydia. Someone will hear you. Your mother down the corridor. What is your mother thinking; is she remembering her wedding day? . . . Let the door open, she prayed silently, let her come in and take me in her arms which have never failed me, and tell me that if I am not sure I need not go through with it, that it doesn't matter that the guests are here, the garden waiting and the tickets bought; that nothing matters except being sure.

She looked toward the door, but it remained closed and the house was very still. Lydia sat down at the desk and picked up her pen. She put out her other hand and took paper from the rack. After a while she began to write.

John [she wrote], I can't marry you. I'm afraid. And if I am afraid, I am not sure. Don't you see how sure I have to be?

I remember the day I first saw you, at Jennie's party in Boston. That was last winter. I was standing talking to

(Continued on Page 59)

A Mind of Her Own

Remember that delightful couple, Nell and Joe Harding, in *Lipstick for Breakfast*, and *Home for Lunch*? Well, they're back again. And this time Nell goes civic-minded, while Joe looks on with a mixture of admiration and exasperation. Can any woman—even one as charming as Nell—conduct a crusade and her home too? Can she keep her husband happy if her interests are divided? You'll want to follow Nell and Joe through their latest adventure in *A Mind of Her Own*, by Hilda Mauck

—in the October Journal

PHOTOS BY JAMES ABBE, JR.

Straight and narrow with tiers, for the figure every woman envies: an all-wool for town, with velvet turban.



Peplum dress with flat knife pleats, important silhouette; committeewomen, please take note.



Brave young Joan-of-Arc dress for any hour of the day: all-wool jersey with dropped shoulder, soft fullness.



*Yo
wh*



Young half-dirndl, full of graces, goes anywhere; wool jersey, cock buttons, felt hat.



Two-piece dress in rayon crepe, right from desks to dinner tables; big turned-back hat.



Dolman sleeve, slim skirt; wider-at-top silhouette, best for tall women; a rayon crepe.

Every Woman Loves a Good Black Dress

"A good black dress" is the fashion refrain that runs through every woman's wardrobe—becoming to 90 per cent of the world of women, suitable for 90 per cent of her occasions. The most elegant woman considers it her most important costume, the simplest woman knows it is her best choice. It can be severe, all-black; sedate with little white collars; glamorous with jewels. It's the true love that never lets you down, from the time you come of age till your hair has turned to silver. You may take a holiday from it in summer, but you come back to it the first crisp day. This fall, black tells a silhouette fashion story: the slim-as-a-stem dress with tiered skirt; the softly tailored half-dirndl becoming a new classic; the peplum dress; the simple two-piece with plain or pleated skirt; the dropped shoulder and dolman sleeve on a loose bodice with slim skirt. Your dress is among these; watch for a version of it in the shops.

BY RUTH MARY PACKARD



Two-piece wool jersey, white collar and cuffs, young and efficient for business or war work.



Background-for-jewels dress: tested rayon jersey, studded bouclé jacket; for luncheon or dinner.

EXCLUSIVELY YOURS if you make it

By Wilhela Cushman
Fashion Editor of the Journal

WHEN your husband or your best friend says "That dress was just made for you," it's high praise. It means that it is so right in color, fabric, fit and style that it seems to belong to you and nobody else. If you love this feeling of individuality, and if you can sew, all your clothes can have this personal character. Your pattern is your guide; your choice of color and fabric is completely individual. These pages suggest a fall and winter wardrobe for your interpretation—ten Hollywood Patterns, easy to wear, suited to many occasions. You'll want to consider: the middy-basque dress, the soft afternoon dress with new full sleeves, the velveteen suit that can be worn as a dress, the coat with the new shoulder—and if you have a small daughter, the twin suits in tweed.

In colors, we'd like to call your attention to soft gray blues—new in a fall spectrum—mustard gold, deep olive greens, rich russet browns; in fabrics, wool flannels and tweeds, rayon jersey, roshanara rib crepes and plaids in wool or rayon. If you don't happen to be a lady with a needle, you'll be glad to know that you can also buy the clothes photographed on these pages. They are such becoming styles, right for so many women, we've had them made by well-known manufacturers. They're available to shops everywhere.

Buy Hollywood Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order them by mail, postage prepaid, from Hollywood Pattern Service, Putnam Avenue, Greenwich, Conn. All Hollywood Patterns are 15 cents each.
Back and Other Views and Sizes on page 131

Softly tailored shirt-waist dress. No. 729.



Tested rayon roshanara crepe in fall colors.



Coat with new shoulder, collarless neckline, slim waist. We suggest plaid or plain tweed. No. 733.



Mother-and-daughter suit; four-pocket jacket, eight-gore skirt; plaid or monotone wool. Mother's suit, No. 721; daughter's, No. 722.

Afternoon dress: full sleeves, soft bodice, yoke skirt, in rayon crepe. No. 731.



Middy basque; plain rayon jersey combines well with checked skirt. No. 718.

A test and wo

*A tested rayon
and wool plaid.*

*Two-piece dress-type suit with big pockets. It
is lovely in plain cotton velveteen. No. 728.*

*Variation of No. 728, plain-color
top, plaid wool-and-rayon skirt.*



PHOTOS BY JAMES ABBÉ, JR.



*Your favorite button-down-
front dress with striped de-
tachable dickey. No. 726.*

© HOLLYWOOD



*Variation of afternoon
dress below. No. 734.*



*Middi-busque dress with bishop-sleeve
variation; made of rayon crepe. No. 718.*



*Afternoon dress of rayon crepe with soft
shoulders and jabot neckline. No. 734.*



*Simple all-day dress, useful in all-wool
flannel, in your favorite shade. No. 730.*

PLAN FOR PARENTHOOD

By Gretta Palmer

Sterility often is nothing more than low fertility—and modern medicine can correct this.

FRANK and Mary Lowell have been married for fifteen years, and during most of that time they have enjoyed luxuries which their friends cannot afford. They have taken a long ocean trip every second year. Their small, smart apartment—just big enough for two—is filled with spindly, fragile antiques collected at considerable cost. Mary's clothes are the envy of other wives.

"Of course," they say, "if Frank and Mary had children to bring up, it would be different. But I suppose they enjoy their freedom more."

The Lowells' friends do them a great injustice. Like the vast majority of childless couples—four millions of them in the United States alone—they long for a baby, and they would gladly sacrifice their luxuries for the joys of parenthood. Even the Lowells' family physician does not realize this—he takes it for granted that Mary is childless by design. Only Frank knows that she gave up her hopes of becoming a mother after a heartbreaking interview with another physician, some thirteen years ago.

But Mary and Frank probably could have a child today! This fact is unknown to them, because they, like most other laymen, are unaware of the astonishing advances that have been made in the treatment of infertility during the past

few years. When Mary was given her last medical examination, in 1928, the doctor held out no hopes for the correction of her condition. If the same man were to see her today he might, in a few short months, solve the problem that has embittered her life.

Parenthood for some of those who have despaired is medicine's newest gift to human happiness. Physicians tell me that there is hardly a branch of research in which more revolutionary advances have recently been made than in the study of sterility and its cure.

AND there are many couples who would profit by the new knowledge if they knew of it. From one tenth to one sixth of all marriages in civilized countries today are sterile. Dr. R. L. Dickinson has stated that involuntary childlessness is the commonest single complaint that brings patients to the gynecological clinics. Around half of all these cases, according to specialists, can now be cured.

What are these miraculous new discoveries which have made the outlook for sterile couples so much brighter? Some of them are technical affairs, properly understood only by those who have a medical education; they permit the doctors to determine the cause of the sterility with a new accuracy. But several of the advances

can be simply explained: physicians now emphasize the responsibility of the husband in a large percentage of the cases of childlessness. Moreover, the part played by the glands of internal secretion in affecting female fertility is better understood today, as is the importance of certain vitamins. Thirdly, doctors can now offer specific advice on the timing of a couple's attempts at propagation, with respect to the woman's menstrual period: the medical world has reversed the older beliefs on this subject and now tells us that the most likely days for a woman to become pregnant fall halfway between her periods and coincide with the days formerly called the "safe period" by women who wished to avoid having a child.

Let's see how some of these discoveries will affect Mary Lowell and the millions of women like her, if she seeks a specialist today.

The first perceptible result of the new knowledge will be that the doctor will ask her husband to submit to an examination, too—either at his hands or at those of a genitourinary specialist. Until a few years ago, as medical history is measured, the wife alone was usually held responsible in cases of sterility—the old fallacy that a potent man must be a fertile man had not been exploded. Today it is agreed that in a very large

(Continued on Page 54)

DO YOU HAVE HEADACHES?

By Helen Furnas

That throbbing pain may have its origin as far south as your stomach or as near by as your eyes.

IF YOU knew a doctor who wasn't quite busy enough—young doctors often aren't—and wanted to give him something to keep him occupied, it would be a mistake to send him a case of some traditional human scourge like malaria or tuberculosis or appendicitis. Recognizing and treating those is relatively simple. Much better to send him a comparatively healthy patient who will merely sit down in his office chair and say: "Of course, I may be troubling you unnecessarily, doctor. But I do have bad headaches now and again, and I wish you'd tell me what's causing them."

There sits the doctor in a clean white coat, stethoscope hanging out of one pocket, fountain pen and thermometer in another, head packed with the impressive fruits of hundreds of years of expert investigation into the behavior of the human body when in trouble. But he knows—and it might be well for the patient to know—that solving the problem of the headachy skull constitutes a challenge to about three quarters of the entire field of medical knowledge. A headache may mean anything or—almost, but not quite—nothing. Its cause may prove to be an unhappy love affair, a tumor in the brain or an inability to live happily with a diet that includes fish. And finding that cause calls for a piece of co-operative detective

work between doctor and patient which often makes a Sherlock Holmes case look easy.

In our present-day, high-g geared existence, overfatigue is the likeliest suspect. One day of working too hard or too long at any job, from spring cleaning to composing a symphony, may not produce a headache. But ten or twenty of pushing on past the exhaustion point, impairing sleep, appetite and digestion, finally shows up in the cranial nerves, if not elsewhere. Overtiring oneself gets to be a habit—so does the resultant headache. This vicious circle can creep so insidiously into your life that you are unaware of asking too much of muscle, nerves and brain.

ONE eminent doctor, who says fatigue headaches are out and away the commonest among his patients, recommends a solid twenty-four hours in bed to rid the system of the results of long-term overtaxing. That is not only a far cheaper prescription than a trip to Bermuda, but a fine beauty treatment as well. A French marquise, famous for both looks and apparently eternal youth, knew this secret and had as few headaches as crow's-feet. Six nights a week she was seen at the smartest parties, keeping the latest and gayest hours. The seventh day she disappeared from circulation for twenty-four hours, barred her doors and lay


utterly relaxed in a quiet, darkened room, emerging fresh as a daisy to begin all over again.

Another woman—not a marquise but a young doctor's wife—has lost most of her headaches by installing a couch in the kitchen, where she can stretch out for a few moments' relaxation now and then without fear of the soup's boiling over. An investment of twenty minutes' cozy soaking in a tepid bath yields huge dividends of relaxation of the headache-producing tension that piles up at the end of a day's shopping, housework or child tending.

Cheating the body of food it needs for fuel is another favorite headache-making mistake, as many a woman who "didn't have time to stop for lunch" proves every day in the week. Haphazard reducing dieters often cut down on energy-giving carbohydrates. Result: a dull headache going along with a tendency to scold the children and dissolve into frequent tears.

The familiar late-afternoon holiday headache is more likely due to too much food followed by static hours of sitting about in stuffy rooms. If the rooms are heavy with tobacco smoke, another provoking factor is present. But, since this type of headache can usually be routed by a brisk turn in the open air and a cup of strong coffee, it's not a matter for grave concern.

(Continued on Page 50)



He flung himself down, laid his head on her breast. There was no guardedness between them now. She whispered, "I wouldn't have gone through with it, Tom."

ILLUSTRATED BY ANDREW LOOMIS

Marriage is a Private Affair

XXXII

BY JUDITH KELLY

THE next morning Phoebe found herself going about her tasks in a queer, rapid, detached way that puzzled her, for she did not know of anything that made particular haste necessary. It was not until Ethel had taken the children out to play in the park, and the house was completely silent, that she realized that what she wanted to do was to think.

She put the carpet sweeper away and went into the bedroom and sat down stiffly on the foot of her bed. In a moment it became apparent to her that what was waiting for her in her mind was Tom's use of the word "humble."

Sitting there so stiffly, she surveyed what she had become and saw with a kind of numbing hopelessness that "humble" was her rightful adjective. *All I want now, she thought slowly, is to stay with Tom; if he were to beat me I'd still want to stay. I'm like those women I've never understood, the women without pride or dignity who cling to their men like leeches and won't be torn away. That's what I've become. And yet we're supposed to hate the people we've hurt!*

She moved her fingers stiffly on the smooth glazed surface of the bedspread. *So perhaps the only reason I've kept trying to ask Tom for a divorce is that I know inside me Tom will never let me have it. Here we are—Tom wanting me to stay, and me wanting to stay, and yet between us a barrier growing higher every day. The more I try to break it down the humbler I grow; and the humbler I grow the worse it is for Tom, the crueller and harder it makes him. . . . And a new child coming.*

The telephone rang and she walked to the bed table. "Yes?" she said. It was Mrs. West, asking if Phoebe would lunch with her. Like a polite automaton Phoebe accepted and, putting down the instrument, sat down once more on the foot of the bed.

Tom's right, she thought slowly; the only way, the only tiny chance is to hold my head high. I have to pretend I have no shame for what I did.

She raised her eyes and gazed around the room. On Tom's highboy lay a blue tie she had failed to put away when she was tidying. She stood up and walked over and picked it up and laid it in its proper place and shut the drawer. The mirror, too high for her, offered a reflection of the upper half of her face. She lifted her head high enough to see her chin. *This is how high I must hold my head from now on.* She kept her chin high, standing there. But it seemed to her that the hardest thing she had ever had to do in her life was to pretend pride for what was in truth her scalding shame.

Two hours later she glimpsed herself in another mirror. This was a huge old pier glass at the top of the carpeted stairs that led to the comfortable old-fashioned restaurant Mrs. West had chosen.

Mrs. West was sitting beside a vast potted palm. She rose with an effort. "Good of you to come, dear," she said, and led the way into the dining room. The headwaiter, a white-haired old German with a rheumatic limp, seated them and presented the menu.

Phoebe ordered a salad and coffee. "I guess some cold chicken," Mrs. West said, "and tomato salad. And a large coffee."

"Yes, madam," the old man said. He bowed and limped away.

Mrs. West said, "Well, dear, we don't have to beat around the bush with each other. We both know

there's something the matter with Tom. I've found out what it is."

Phoebe's head jerked up. "Have—have you?"

"I found out yesterday," Mrs. West said. Phoebe saw then that she looked old and tired, totally unlike her brisk self. "I don't often try to sit down and figure things out," Mrs. West said. "But I did on this, and I've decided we ought to talk it over. Some unspeakable little human rat told Tom his father was a crook."

Phoebe breathed "Oh" and sat minutely still.

"Yes," Mrs. West said. "I had lunch with Tom yesterday. I've been pestering him ever since I got back to find out what was wrong, and this time I got it out of him. Whoever this vermin was told Tom he'd seen records to prove it. And Tom believed it. He says he doesn't, but he does."

"Oh," Phoebe said; and then, not from belief but because something like it had to be said: "But it's not true, is it?"

"Of course it's not true," Mrs. West said with some of her old vigor. "I know what those records were. Tom, Senior, made a lot of enemies in his life, and one time some real-estate men got a crooked district attorney elected and cooked up a lot of false records against Tom, and told him if he didn't stop getting profitable land condemned for playgrounds they'd have him indicted on the strength of the forgeries. Tom got the district attorney indicted first, on blackmail charges, and that was that. Somebody's dug up those records, that's all."

"But, Mrs. West, didn't you tell Tom all that?"

Mrs. West nodded, a slow nod.

"Didn't he believe you?"

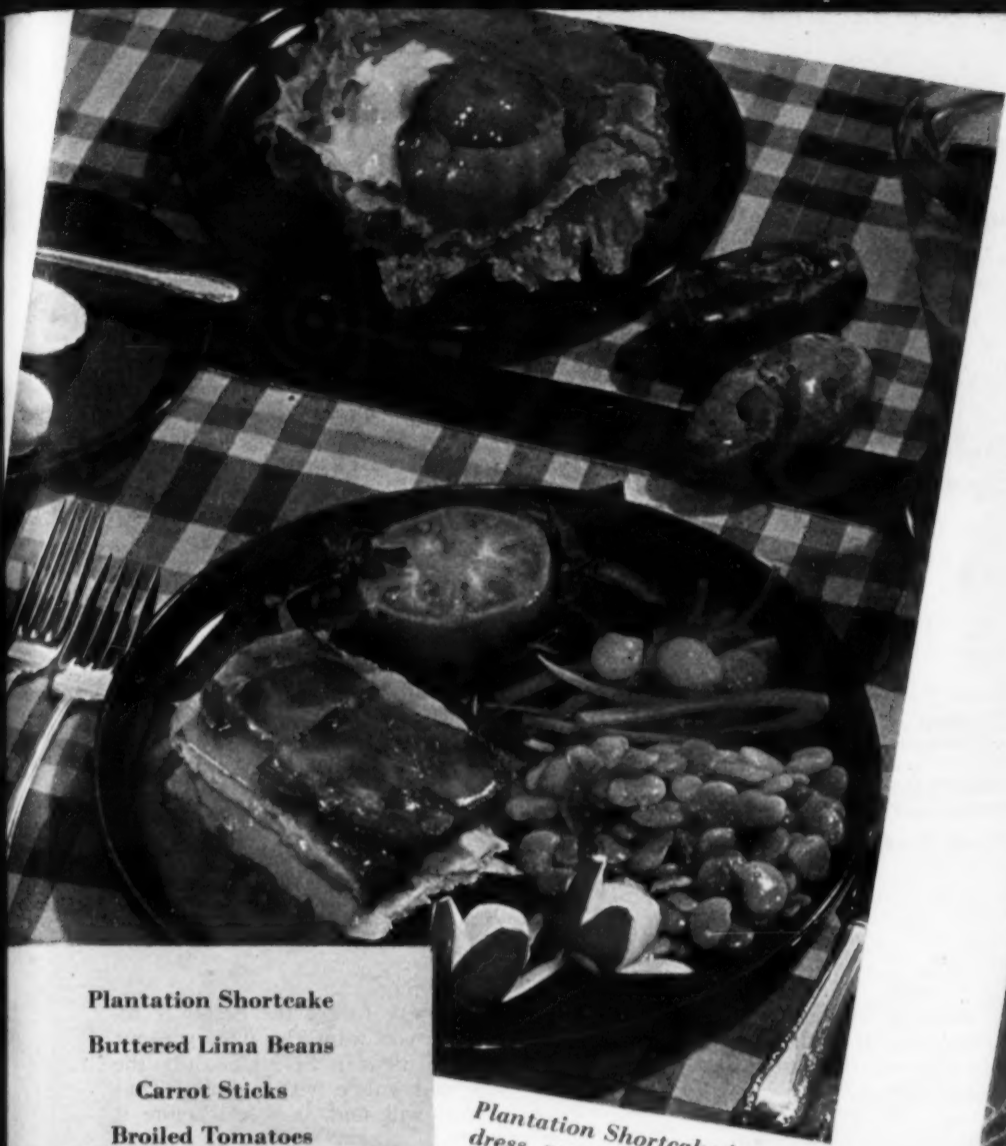
Mrs. West looked at her. "He said he did. He said he did over and over again. (Continued on Page 127)



Mushroom-Tomato Soup
Melba Toast
Pineapple-Lace Fruit Salad
Coffee

When you tell the papers, "Refreshments will be served," make them refreshing—sustaining too. For elegance: pineapple cut fragile as lace.

All in one... one for all

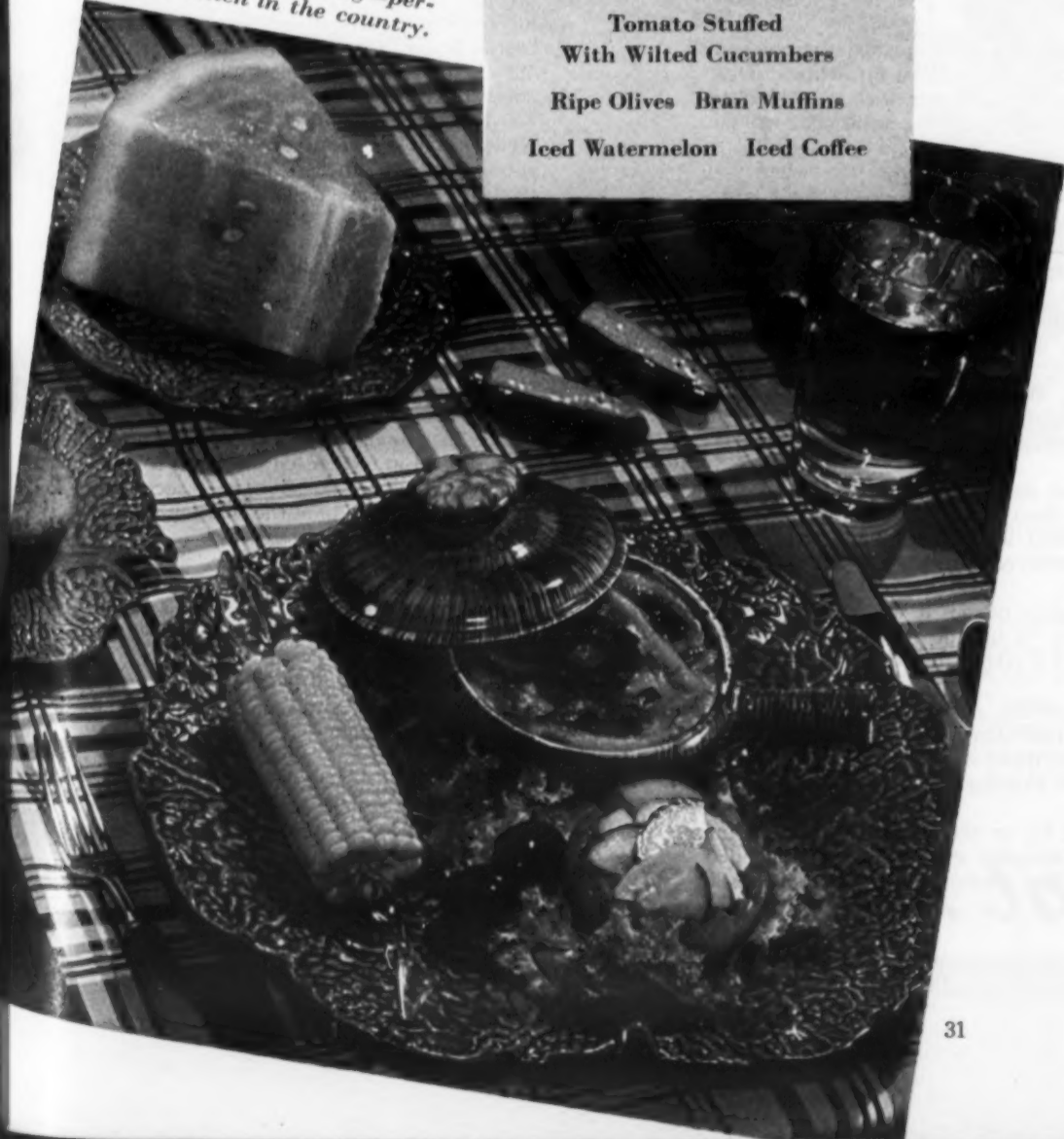


Plantation Shortcake
 Buttered Lima Beans
 Carrot Sticks
 Broiled Tomatoes
 Peach-and-Fig Salad
 Iced Tea

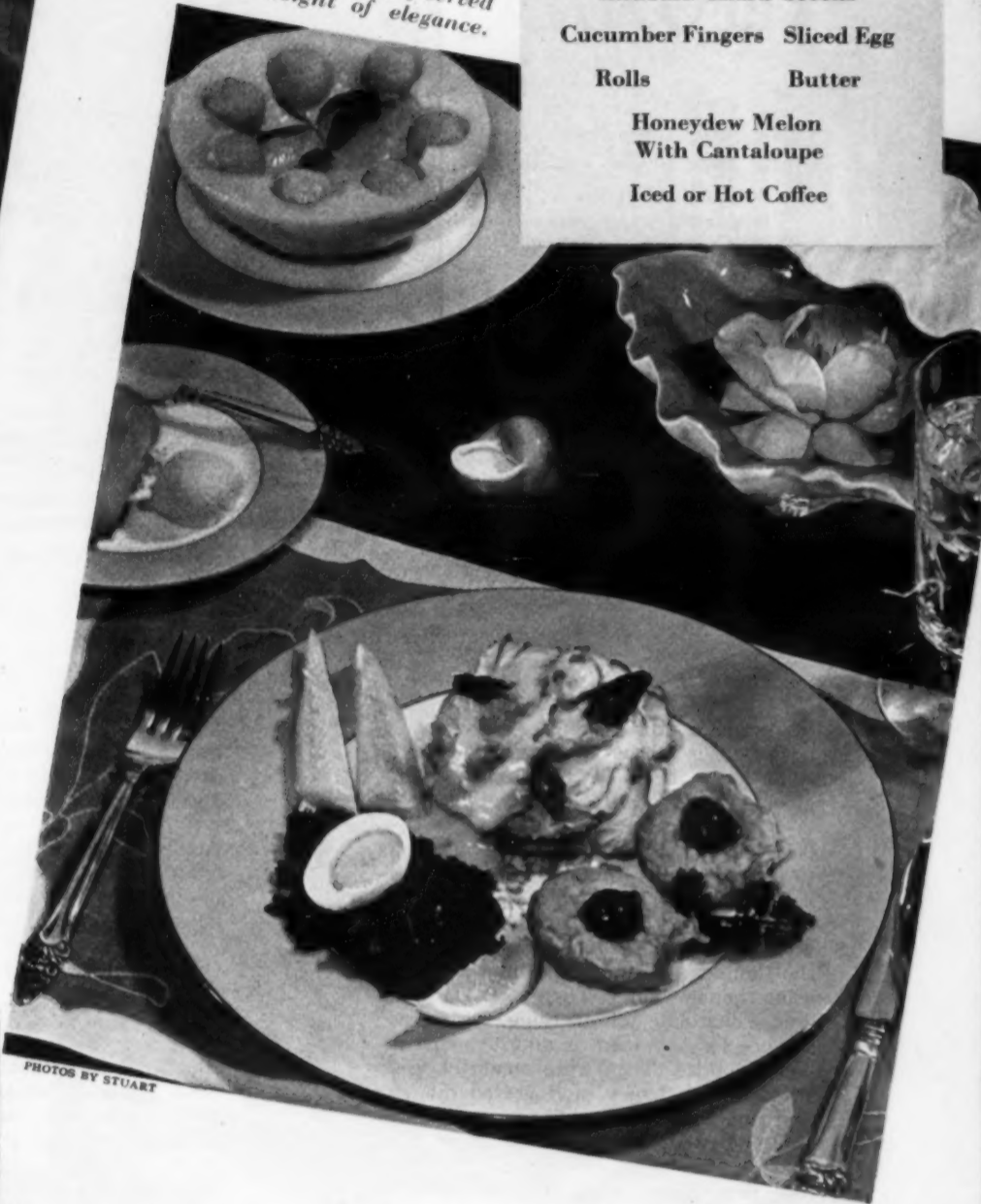
Plantation Shortcake in a new dress, provocative as gingham.

Colorful and sustaining—perfect for lunch in the country.

Macaroni Casserole
 Corn on the Cob
 Tomato Stuffed
 With Wilted Cucumbers
 Ripe Olives Bran Muffins
 Iced Watermelon Iced Coffee



A simple meal simply served is the height of elegance.



PHOTOS BY STUART

Creamed Salmon and Asparagus in Potato Puff
 Fruit Fritters With Currant Jelly
 Rhubarb Chard Greens
 Cucumber Fingers Sliced Egg
 Rolls Butter
 Honeydew Melon With Cantaloupe
 Iced or Hot Coffee

BY ANN BATCHELDER

ONE of the nicest things about a small town is the weekly newspaper. And one of the most fascinating jobs in the world, to my mind, is that held down by the editor of such a weekly. Does that boy have a good time? He does. The fact that most country editors are men proves that the position is full of real sport. But then, once in a while you run across a woman editor; and when you do, you have found a woman who has picked herself a grand job. And she usually makes a grand job of it!

Now, the country editor doesn't sit in a soundproof office and issue orders and assignments to a palpitating staff. As a general rule, the editor is the staff, helped out by a printer and a lanky youth just out of grammar school, whose duties are, like wedding presents, "too numerous to mention."

The editor is reporter, society-news gatherer, advertising solicitor and proofreader. He is make-up man, typesetter (in a pinch) and headline writer. He dashes off "fillers" and editorials and obituaries. He should be equal to an occasional poem and is capable of conducting a column and getting the classified ads straightened out by way of the telephone. He is a diplomat, a financier, an artist and an author. He is a critic and a humorist and he knows all about everybody and all about everybody's business.

Well—be that as it may—you all have probably seen, in your home-town weekly, some item concerning a social or a dance or a meeting of the ladies' auxiliary to this or that. And usually at the end will be these four words: "Refreshments will be served." For all sorts of occasions, from lawn parties to auctions, those words bespeak a full attendance.

But I won't go into that. I look back on those "collations" with fondness and regret. Fondness for the food (Continued on Page 135)

line a day

BY

Ann Batchelder



HOME PORT—By Gordon Grant

HOME PORT

*Where have you been,
what seen,
You with your hoisted sails,
your rugged strength—
Now to the welcoming port
once more returning,
The long voyage spent
at length?
In the deep hold, what
treasure do you hide?
What tall tales told—learned
from the wind and tide?*

1 Many a choice bit is changing hands about now, for this is auction month up where I came from. Do a little bidding myself, given a chance at some old "chiny."

2 Now mayonnaise may be just something to slap on a salad, to some, but it does no harm to glorify it by flavoring with a little honey. Marvelous for fruit. And by the way, now that the bees have about finished the summer's business, it's time we were using the new honey. To sweeten iced tea or iced chocolate, for one thing. Heated as a sauce for ice cream is another—call it honey sundae. Then whip cream cheese, sweeten with honey, add grated orange rind and use as a pudding sauce. With apple Betty for me.

3 And then there's that trick of putting orange juice instead of water in your pie-crust. Is that news?

4 Carrots come in a lovely shade—called carrot color. So making coleslaw with part cabbage and part carrots is an artistic performance, and very good to eat too.

5 Look well to the ways of your iced coffee. Have it strong and, as I've said before, the color of a new saddle. Might drop a scoop of mocha ice cream into the glass instead of always plain cream.

6 I learn that the first cafeteria in the world opened in New York in 1895. A great institution, that.

7 Cookies are always in season and so are doughnuts. They dry out quicker when rolled in sugar, so roll as you need.

8 To sugar doughnuts, shake them in a paper sack with pulverized sugar. Such an easy way.

9 Does anybody know what a boysenberry is? If so, don't bother to tell me. I don't believe I'd care for it anyway.

10 When the caraway seed is ready in the garden, store it against a carawayless day. And mixed in cottage cheese to eat on rye bread is one way to get the best out of it.

11 Herbs of all kinds are in the big time now. Scarce in the market—lavish in the border. Sage is more precious than rubies, and think of Thanksgiving to come!

12 Apples just to eat—smell sweet in the orchard and the cellar. Try them with a spot of cheese for dessert and I'll bet you'll go back to it often.

13 Oysters are being groomed for their fall return engagement. Keep this in mind and so will I.

14 Blueberry griddlecakes make me think of New England Sunday mornings. When the first crisp days came along. Blueberry muffins—yes—but give me griddlecakes.

15 Ripe bananas have crashed the chicken-salad party. Cut them into cubes. Dust with paprika and mix with your chicken and celery. Two for the usual salad will do.

16 Nothing beats cranberry jelly when you want something to dress up your cold-ham-and-chicken platter. Cut the jelly in slices. Then in shapes and serve on a slice of pineapple or lettuce.

17 Club sandwiches are an institution and popular as a blonde at a lunch counter. You might call a change by putting little French omelets with thin slices of onion and tomato between toast slices. Serve them hot.

18 Get the marketman to slit your lamb chops, then skewer them together with fresh mint leaves between. (Before you broil them, of course.)

19 At outdoor picnics it was ever my lot to produce "a bed of glowing coals." Life was just a pile of firewood!

20 But thinking of picnics, one thing you might take along is a package of cheese cubes wrapped in bacon to toast over that "bed of glowing coals."

21 Orange ice in the center of a grapefruit made ready for serving is a recommended item. Also lemon sherbet in fruit cups.

22 There is a way to get the better of an onion when you want the juice without taking on so about it. Sprinkle salt on the cut side and scrape with a knife. That onion, you will find, is licked before it gets going.

23 Corn oysters—which are not oysters, as you know, but of the fritter family—make fine underpinnings for poached eggs. Bacon goes with these. Here I should remind you that a baked corn pudding is a fine thing to serve with ham, whether the ham be baked, broiled or fried. The molasses treatment for ham is indicated here.

24 Youth Movement—as it was: "Provided brothers and sisters go together, it is better for boys and girls to be picking blackberries at six cents a quart, than wearing out their clothes in useless play." How about those thorns?

25 News note: It's easy now to take those good salted rye crackers and cut them in two. Makes them smaller and keeps you the same.

26 Cream cheese seasoned with tomato catchup and sprinkled with paprika makes a dandy spread for these same rye crackers. Toast them first.

27 Ever hear of the Blarney stone? Well, its name has been taken for a new little cake piece. Just small cubes of sponge or angel cake dipped in condensed milk and rolled in chopped nuts. Good done with coconut too. Don't ask me about the Blarney-stone business. I don't know either.

28 Repeat performance—maybe, but try creamed dried beef on fried corn-meal mush. Great stuff.

29 Also bananas, nicely fried, are a beautiful thing to eat with ham croquettes. Sugar them very sparingly.

30 Thirty days hath September, so here we are at the end of the line and everybody change cars for October Junction. I'll be with you again at the same time—there goes the bell! Don't forget your parcels!



"Company's Coming for Dinner!"

HELP WANTED! When a party's on hand and you're wondering what you can have that everyone will like, remember this: The first course has a great deal to do with the success of any dinner. Smart women have discovered this and that's why, time after time, they start the dinner with a well chosen soup.

Just about everyone likes good soup, so when you serve it as the first course, you'll find your guests taking a lively

interest in the meal right away. And once it is off to a bright start, with everyone really enjoying it, the rest of your dinner is sure to go smoothly.

Here are three grand party soups that are sure to be welcomed by all—Campbell's Tomato Soup, Campbell's Asparagus Soup, and Campbell's Cream of Mushroom. Keep them handy, and call on one or the other next time you have "company coming for dinner".



ASPARAGUS SOUP

Inviting — delightful! A smooth purée of tender young asparagus, picked just at its springtime best. Campbell's enrich it with finest table butter, perk it up with gentle seasoning, and add selected asparagus tips for an extra treat.

TOMATO SOUP

This tempting soup, made of extra-luscious tomatoes and finest table butter, will always start a dinner smoothly. Folks know it, like it, welcome it. It's the most popular soup in the world!

CREAM of MUSHROOM

A natural party soup—and it's becoming more popular every day! Campbell's make it rich and smooth with extra-thick cream. You'll enjoy the taste of fresh young hothouse mushrooms in every spoonful, and fine mushroom slices all through!



21 KINDS TO CHOOSE FROM . . . Tempting, nourishing soups that are sure to please family or guests.

- | | | |
|------------------|---------------------|------------------------|
| Asparagus | Chicken Noodle | Pea |
| Bean with Bacon | Clam Chowder | Pepper Pot |
| Beef | Consommé | Potato, Cream of (new) |
| Black Bean (new) | Consommé Madrilène | Scotch Broth |
| Bouillon | Consommé Printanier | Tomato |
| Celery | Mock Turtle | Vegetable |
| Chicken | Mushroom, Cream of | Vegetarian Vegetable |
| Chicken Gumbo | Ox Tail | Vegetable-Beef |



Campbell's SOUPS



Why Mother... it's *White* again!

"It's the sweetest dress I ever had, but it always looked dirty. How did you get it so clean?"

"I told you you'd be wearing your favorite dress to the party, Dear. I washed it with Fels-Naptha Soap."

Here is one woman who never will need to be told again that—Fels-Naptha Soap Banishes Tattle-Tale Gray.

Her experience is not unusual. It has happened millions of times. In millions of homes. And you'll see the same change when your clothes are washed with golden Fels-Naptha Soap.

Fels-Naptha is really a super laundry soap. It gives you a combination of two effective cleaning agents—active

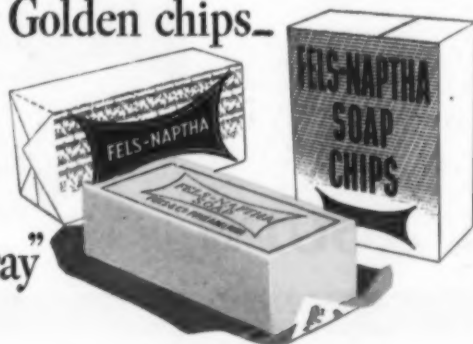
naptha and richer golden soap. The result is just what you'd expect. Easier washing . . . Quicker washing . . . Cleaner washing.

If you want to spend less time at the wash tub . . . if you want to do less tiresome rubbing . . . if you want to see your clothes whiter and brighter than ever before . . . just be sure to ask your grocer for Fels-Naptha Soap or Fels-Naptha Soap Chips.

Golden bar or Golden chips—

Fels-Naptha

banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"



WITH THIS RING

(Continued from Page 20)

out of. Then Eric telephoned to me in Boston. Last week. Rony —" He paused and said quietly, "Please look at me."

She looked up again, and again he was smiling a little, but his eyes were grave and intent.

"There's not much more. Eric said he was at the hotel and was going to be married and wanted me to be his best man. Apparently he'd kept in touch somehow—knew my address, anyway, though I hadn't seen him or Blanche—or Mimi—since that time at West Point. Naturally I said I would—I could scarcely refuse; anyway, it didn't matter. It didn't matter, that is, until I saw you. And I—well, Eric was sick; I could see that. He told me you were secretary to some woman staying at the hotel and that's how he'd met you; somehow—without meaning to, I imagine—Eric gave me the idea that you were a little keen about his money. So I didn't like you. I"—his hand covered hers tightly again—"I didn't like you *so much* and *so hard* that it ought to have warned me. But it didn't. Then we walked along the sea wall that night, remember? A scarf you had around your throat kept blowing back softly against my face. Did you know that?"

She shook her head.

HE SAID, "I kept wanting to tuck it in close around your throat—and then take you in my arms." His voice was suddenly uneven. "I think I fell in love with you then; but I didn't know it until the next morning at the jewelers'. When I put that ring on your finger. And the salesman said —"

"I remember," she said quickly, for she didn't want him to repeat it. "That's the real marriage," the salesman had said. "The first time the man puts the ring on his bride's finger and they look at each other, like that."

"I knew then I wanted it to be true," said Stuart simply. "There wasn't any question or doubt. I knew. Well, you married Eric and left. And the day, the very day of your arrival at Belle Fleur, Eric sent for me; telephoned and asked me to come at once, to take the plane."

"Eric telephoned! That day?"

"Long distance. He said it was a small legal matter about something I'd remember. I knew, of course, he meant Mimi. I was sure it wasn't anything important, but I came because—because it was a chance to see you. There wasn't time to argue about it to myself; I hurried and got the plane. . . . You're not eating."

"Yes, I am. Go on." She was vaguely aware that the waiter had brought soup and then crab.

"ON THE plane I began to realize I was being kind of a fool. You'd married Eric because you wanted to; that was that. The chauffeur and car met me at the airport and brought me out to Belle Fleur. When we reached the gates I stopped him and got out. I didn't want to go into the house; I didn't want to see Mimi or Blanche or—anybody. I knew I ought to have had sense enough to stay away. I strolled around, smoking, wishing the lights in the house would all go out so I wouldn't have to see anybody just then; wishing I hadn't been such a fool—but wishing I could see you too. I found the path under the live oaks and strolled along it and came out on the pier and saw you. You know the rest of that."

He paused as the waiter shuffled across the courtyard again—this time with melon. When he had gone Stuart went on:

"This morning Eric sent for me. He said with the murder and all he hadn't told me till then why he'd asked me to come; said he'd felt bad and it tired him to talk but now he had to tell me. Because Mimi wants to marry Buff Scott. It seems," said Stuart a little dryly, "that they've been expecting their engagement, Buff's and Mimi's. And this morning it happened; Scott asked her to marry him. So Mimi told Eric, and Eric told her she couldn't marry Buff or anyone because she was still legally married to me. Then," said Stuart, "he told me."

"But if it was annulled —"

"ERIC said the lawyer he and Blanche had engaged had written to him. It's a question, he says, of legal residence; what they call a jurisdictional question. Briefly, Mimi should have established residence in New York State, where the marriage was annulled, and didn't. My residence was there at the time, and it seems I applied for the annulment. Eric says Mimi ought to have come North and stayed in the state awhile too. He says the lawyer he had says frankly it was a point he missed. So far as I'm concerned, he could have kept right on missing it. But that's Eric's story. My only idea was to get hold of a responsible lawyer and clear it up. That's where I was just now while you waited for me."

"What did the lawyer say?"

"He couldn't say much; I gave him names and places and dates, as accurately as I could. He'll get in touch with his corresponding lawyer in New York. He'll go North if necessary. Well—that's all the story. Except—why did Eric wait until Mimi was actually engaged? She was there, you see, when Eric sprang his little surprise; she was furious. Mimi's got a temper and gave full rein to it. But that was queer about Eric, too, Rony. He seemed to lie there and listen and—not exactly egg her on, but certainly gave her a chance to say everything she had to say. As if he—well, it sounds crazy, but as if he liked it."

IT WAS then that for the first time since he'd given them to her Rony remembered the bottle of perfume, the little box, the thick envelope which Eric had entrusted to her for delivery to Mimi and Buff and Blanche. She had put all three away and had not thought of them again. But that alone showed Stuart was wrong about Eric; Eric only wanted to make peace with Mimi. Yet why had he waited until Mimi's engagement to Buff was a settled fact to tell her she couldn't marry Buff?

Stuart was looking at her soberly. "I had to tell you all this. But it's in the past. And Rony, you will leave Belle Fleur, won't you?"

Leave Belle Fleur, with the gray wraiths under the live oaks and the lazy, secretive bayou under its matted water hyacinths? Leave Eric, with his thin white hands and his pleading dark eyes and his illness? She shook her head and got up. "No. And we've got to go back now. It's nearly three."

There was a moment of utter stillness in the little courtyard. Then Stuart got up too. And suddenly, before Rony knew he was going to do it, he took her hard and tight in his arms and turned back her head and kissed her. Kissed her hard and full on the lips, holding her so she couldn't move—except that her heart moved and pounded as if it were a thing alive, apart from her. Then very gently and slowly he kissed her again, and released her. She (Continued on Page 36)



She's ENGAGED!

She's Lovely!

She uses Pond's!

HELEN HENDRICKS JONES
of the well-known
Atlanta family

HER ENGAGEMENT to Patman Moore Dobbins was announced on August 3rd. She is a true Southern beauty, with exquisite petal-soft skin. Pond's Cold Cream helps her keep her soft-smooth complexion. "I love Pond's," she says. "It's so silky-soft."

**Another Pond's
Bride-to-be!**



HELEN, HER FIANCE, HER MOTHER at one of the many dinners given in honor of her engagement. Mrs. Jones, who, like her daughter, was a lovely and popular Atlanta debutante, says it's like living her own engagement parties over again!

See what Helen's **SOFT-SMOOTH**
Glamour Care will do for *your* skin

1. Helen *SLATHERS* her face thick with silky-soft Pond's Cold Cream—then pats it in for all she's worth. She says it softens, releases dirt and old make-up beautifully.

She pats under her chin, up from her chin to her forehead, on the sides and around her nose. Then "tissues" off.

2. Helen *RINSES* with *lots more* luscious Pond's Cold Cream. She says this helps wonderfully to keep her skin soft and smooth, and cleans off every last smitch of beauty-dulling soil. She "tissues" off well.

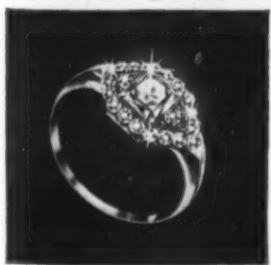
Do this yourself. Then *look at*

your clean, radiant face. How much *fresher* it looks!

Touch your cheek. How much *softer* it feels! How much *smoother*!

Use Pond's Cold Cream this way every night—and for daytime clean-ups, too.

When you see how splendid a cleanser it is, how softening, how smoothing, you'll know why *so many more women and girls use Pond's than any other face cream at any price!* Buy Pond's Cold Cream today—at any beauty counter. Five popular-priced sizes. The most economical—the lovely big jars.



HELEN'S RING is unusual and beautiful—a clear-white, square-cut diamond set in platinum, encircled by an ellipse of smaller diamonds.

INVITATIONS TO HELEN'S WEDDING are being eagerly awaited by Atlanta society. Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Winfield Payne Jones, of Atlanta's fashionable "North" side, Helen is one of Atlanta's prettiest, most popular girls, with a soft-smooth complexion as lovely as the gardenias in her beautiful Southern garden.

"Ever since I've been using Pond's Cold Cream to cleanse and soften my skin, people keep telling me how nice it looks," Helen says. "The first compliment Pat paid me was about my complexion. He said it 'looked sweet as peaches and cream.'" *It's no accident so many thousands of lovely engaged girls use Pond's!*



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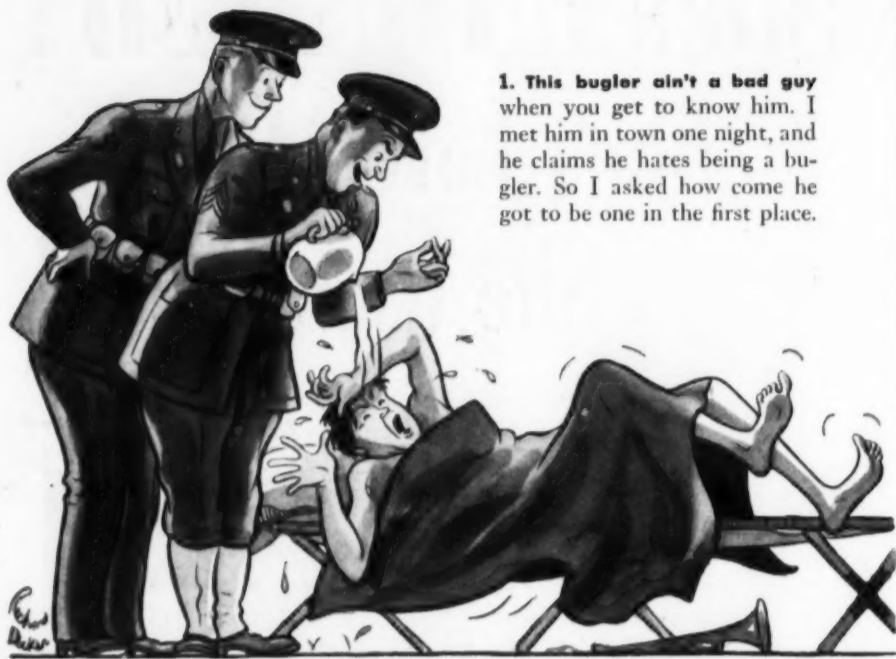
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Please send me quickly a generous sample of Pond's SOFT-SMOOTH Glamour Cold Cream, used by so many lovely engaged girls and by society beauties like Mrs. Nicholas Ridgely du Pont and Mrs. John Jacob Astor. Also samples of Pond's Vanishing Cream, Pond's new Dry Skin Cream, 6 shades Pond's new Face Powder, 5 shades Pond's "LIPS." I enclose 10¢ for postage and packing.

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"So we had to wake up the Bugler!"



1. This bugler ain't a bad guy when you get to know him. I met him in town one night, and he claims he hates being a bugler. So I asked how come he got to be one in the first place.



2. "It's a long story," said the bugler. "I can't sleep. I toss and turn most of the night, so I might as well get up, anyway. That makes me a natural for a bugler." "Too bad!" I sympathized. "But why can't you sleep?"



4. "It's 97% caffeine-free and can't keep you awake!" I told him. "The Council on Foods of the American Medical Association says: 'Sanka Coffee is free from caffeine effect and can be used when other coffee has been forbidden!'"



3. "Coffee!" says this sorrowing horn-tooter. "A soldier likes his coffee, but the caffeine in the stuff keeps me awake. I should never touch it, but how I love it!" This gave me an idea, so I said: "You should drink Sanka Coffee!"



5. So he got a can of Sanka Coffee. I tipped the mess sergeant off, and he agreed to brew this bugler's Sanka Coffee for him special. Well... he ain't a bugler any more... on account of Sanka Coffee let him sleep so good!



6. He slept right through reveille, and the whole outfit was late. The colonel sure was mad. So was the captain. He fired this bugler, but when the colonel heard the story, he sort of grinned and went to drinking Sanka Coffee himself!



SANKA COFFEE
REAL COFFEE... 97% CAFFEIN-FREE

Makes delicious iced coffee

Use Sanka Coffee when you make iced coffee this summer. It's delightfully cooling and refreshing...and it lets you sleep!

(Continued from Page 34)

had a glimpse of the exultation in his face as he turned toward the little table and picked up the check.

"I'll come back sometime," he told the table with a little bow, "and put a laurel wreath around you."

The waiter came hurrying out, looking secretly pleased but breaking into a smile only when Stuart tipped him.

"All right," said Stuart to Rony then, his eyes dancing and dark and exulting. "We'll go now. But you're all wrong, Rony; about everything. Do you know that—now?"

SHE moved away from him. But at the arched doorway, before they went out onto the street, she turned rather desperately back toward him. The pressure of his mouth was still warm and sweet upon her lips.

She said, "I couldn't help listening, Stuart. And I think, always, I'll remember. But let's not talk like this ever again."

His face sobered. But he said lightly, "So I didn't succeed in undermining your faith in Eric?"

"That isn't what you set out to do, is it?"

He hesitated. Then he said candidly, "I don't know. Maybe. I wouldn't have been so violent about it if you'd been somebody else."

She was taking friendship and giving nothing, but a friend just then was like a life belt in a strange and stormy sea. "Thank you, Stuart."

"Don't thank me," he said brusquely. "Make Eric tell you who hated his marriage the most. Make him tell you who might want to get rid of you."

"I can't make him listen."

"Can't! Nonsense. Tell him about the note, if Picot hasn't already told him. Make him stop whatever is going on."

"I've tried, Stuart. But what are you going to do when a man has a heart attack?"

"Make him listen anyway," said Stuart grimly. "Poke pills down his throat and keep right on talking. He'll have to listen. Rony"—his voice became very sober and urgent—"don't be afraid of upsetting him. Tell him about everything; have an understanding with him. This may be bad advice from my point of view. But it's sense."

She went ahead of him, quickly, through the arched doorway.

XVIII

THE little secret world vanished again as if it were bewitched. They went back to Turo's car. Stuart paused to fasten the luggage compartment in the rear. "Funny, I thought the catch was fastened. Oh, well, I suppose it jarred open."

They wove through the busy traffic and turned onto broad Canal Street and returned automatically to the present, modern world.

Stuart said little on the way back to Belle Fleur; his face was withdrawn and thoughtful, his lips tight. Twice again they were stopped by policemen who assured themselves that Lewis Sedley was not in the car.

They had entered the country road leading to Belle Fleur when Stuart said, "I don't like that business of a hammer being found on the gallery—or at least I think somebody ought to remember leaving it there. And I don't like that business last night. If it was Lewis Sedley, he's taking a long chance. If it wasn't Lewis Sedley —" He shot her a quick glance. "I suppose you've thought of that too. Well, I don't think Eric murdered Judge Yarrow; he's perfectly able physically to have done it—there were only head wounds. A woman

could have done it if she were either passionate or dispassionate enough. I mean, a woman in a blind fury of emotion, or a woman so cold she could do it like that, calmly and coldly. But Eric had no motive. Mimi had no motive. Turo had a motive in that Blanche inherited and he might have known it; and Turo's got that curiously inhuman quality that must go with murder. He's curious as a cat, he likes to see what goes on, but mainly people are grasshoppers; he's too adult to set out to make them suffer, but if it was necessary —" He stopped thoughtfully.

"Blanche is devoted to him."
"I know. He's husband and child together for her. There's no telling the strength of devotion like that. If he wanted her to kill Judge Yarrow —"

"Oh, not Blanche! Besides, she cries every time she talks of Judge Yarrow."

"I know," said Stuart again. "Well, there's Buff left. And Catherine." Stuart's mouth twisted a little. "I think there's a dark secret there all right. Although it may not be there all right."

"Buff! And Catherine?" ("Who's the man?" Eric had said, questioning Catherine.) "Oh, no!" cried Rony. "Buff wants to marry Mimi."

"M-H-M," said Stuart. "But men are fickle. Besides, once you got used to looking at Catherine, I can't help thinking life with her would be a little on the dull side. However, when we went to the cottage that night, did it strike you that—well, that Buff had been there before? I mean—oh, he knew the way, he knew there was a knocker, he knew where the telephone was, all that—do you remember Catherine, at the window, said, 'I didn't expect —' And he cut her off pretty quickly and said we were with him?"

Rony said slowly, "But it wouldn't be a motive for murder."

"He's not easy in his mind, though. He turns green at the name of Lewis Sedley. Maybe he thinks Sedley's after him on account of the trial, but maybe he's got a guilty conscience. He certainly got himself engaged to Mimi—promptly and publicly." Stuart added:

"I may be wrong. And anyway, I don't think the judge would have either forbidden the banns—if marriage was ever a prospect—or hauled out a shotgun to defend Catherine if Buff was faithless. And while it's a nice thought that he might have murdered the judge in the hope of getting rid of Lewis, in a backhanded way, I can't think he'd go to all that trouble for Catherine. He's marrying Mimi. Moreover, murder is—well, dangerous. You've got to have an urgent reason for it. Terribly urgent, so there's nothing else in the world to do but—kill."

"I suppose," said Rony slowly, "if Lewis Sedley didn't do it we are all suspects—Buff and Catherine, and Mimi and Blanche, and you and me."

Stuart didn't answer. And they reached the gates of Belle Fleur and stopped again as the policeman hailed them. This time the catch on the luggage compartment stuck and Stuart got out to help the policeman lift it.

WHEN he got back into the driver's seat he looked puzzled. "Seems to me there's something different in that luggage compartment—or something gone. There's a couple of old tires—a jack, some odd tools. Oh, well, it doesn't matter. Rony, get Blanche to stay in your room tonight. And—don't take any chances. Last night —"

In the shadow of the live oaks and the hazy gray clouds of Spanish moss his face looked a little gray, too, and set. He didn't finish. (Continued on Page 38)

America chooses

New Quick LUX

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A coast-to-coast survey shows *twice* as many women use new, quick Lux for undies, stockings, smart dresses as use *any* other flakes, chips, beads! (Right) Dresses of Luxable rayon with red-striped revers, star buttons.

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3 Times as Fast! In water as cool as your hand, new, quick Lux dissolves *3 times as fast* as any of 10 other leading soaps tested.

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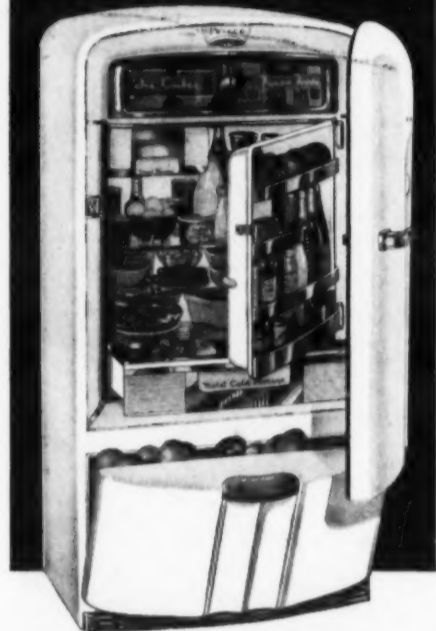
In New York, Seattle . . . from coast to coast . . . women choose new, quick Lux for stockings. It saves *elasticity*—cuts down runs. Stockings *fit* better and *wear* better, too.

Over 90% of the makers of women's silk and nylon stockings recommend LUX!



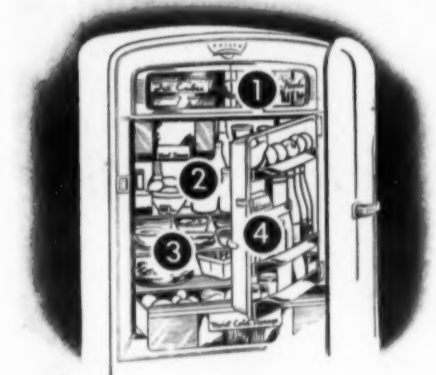
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(Continued from Page 36)

Already Belle Fleur had laid its own spell upon them—a different kind of spell from that of the bewitched little courtyard; this one was dark and a little sinister, and wholly threatening.

When they reached the house Eric was sitting on the east side of the veranda. Catherine was with him, and Lieutenant Picot. They got out of the car and approached the group.

Eric said, "Oh, there you are." And Catherine said, "What a time you were. Was it hot in town? Everybody's in town today; did you see Mimi and Blanche? They went in the big car. Where were they going, Eric?"

"To the bank," said Eric shortly. "Did you find your lawyer, Stuart?"

"Yes," said Stuart. "He's going to fix things." He pulled a chair up to the group for Rony.

ERIC's dark eyes narrowed a little; he said, however, pleasantly, "That's good. It may be a little difficult; however, I expect it can be done." Catherine's eyelids were lowered. Eric said explanatorily to Picot—and not to Catherine, so he must have already told her, "I'm talking about the tag ends of a youthful romance between Mimi and Stuart. Here's Mimi about to become engaged to Buff Scott and now we find that she's actually married to Stuart. Has been for nine years."

"Ah," said Picot flatly. Catherine, looking down, said nothing.

"Nobody knew," said Eric, smiling thinly. "But I'm afraid it will all have to come out now."

"Well, I don't know," said Stuart. "We'll see what the lawyer can do about the annulment. Maybe people won't need to know about the marriage."

Catherine said, her white eyelids still lowered, "Perhaps by that time Mimi and—Buff will have got over their notion of marriage. It was very sudden—wasn't it, Eric?" Her eyes lifted then; she looked full at Eric.

"No," said Eric. "I believe Blanche and Mimi were rather expecting it."

"Really," said Catherine after a moment.

"Oh, Mimi doesn't want me, I assure you," said Stuart. "She wants Buff and he wants her."

CATHERINE's lovely eyes shifted to Stuart and did not look particularly lovely. She caught her full crimson underlip in teeth almost literally like pearls, said "Really" again, blankly and coldly.

Eric said, "Oh, by the way, Rony, Lieutenant Picot wants to ask you some questions."

"Well," said Picot, "first, Mrs. Chatonier, did you have any idea as to why your husband"—his eyes went politely to Eric—"sent you, that night, to the yacht to get Judge Yarrow?"

"No," said Rony, "I told you that. I didn't ask him."

"I've already explained that to you, lieutenant," broke in Eric. "I only wanted to talk to him about my new will. And I didn't want to distress my wife by letting her in on any conference about it."

"You say Judge Yarrow didn't come to your room that day, Mr. Chatonier?" Picot asked.

"That's what I said."

"You didn't see him at all?"

"No."

"How'd he know, then, that you were going to change your will?"

"Why, I suppose someone told him. Mimi, perhaps. Or Buff."

"I see. The will was signed that day?"

"Yes," said Eric. "Buff Scott drew it up, as I told you; I signed it and two witnesses added their signatures."

Picot's eyelids lowered dreamily. "Who were the two witnesses?"

Eric's slender, shining eyebrows lifted. "It's no secret. Magnolia signed it. And Turo Radoczi."

"When?"

"Really, lieutenant—" Eric seemed to master impatience. "It was signed almost as soon as Buff typed up a copy for me. It's all just as I told you. He came to me after lunch; I told him what I wanted—a simple but specific disposal of all my property, on a single sheet of paper."

"On a single sheet?" said Picot.

"Why, yes," said Eric. "He found a large one; and if you want to know why, it's because I didn't want any hocus-pocus—ever. Second and third sheets can always be substituted and initials forged. Not," said Eric rather perfunctorily, "that either of my sisters would do that. It's just that I'm"—he smiled briefly—"I'm cautious and I want to be

sure my wife is well protected. As I told you, everything is to go to my dear wife." Eric's cold, dark eyes touched Rony and went back to Picot. "I signed it and had it witnessed. I put the will away and still have it. That's all, and I don't see how it can possibly affect your hunt for Lewis Sedley."

CATHERINE said suddenly, "I wish they'd find Lewis. Do you suppose he's still somewhere close to the house?"

Eric said quickly, "Don't be afraid, Catherine. Lieutenant Picot's going to have several policemen here tonight. How about it, lieutenant? Don't you think Mrs. Sedley ought to have a special guard?"

Picot's brown eyes slid to Rony; he said politely, "Why, certainly, Mr. Chatonier. And for Mrs. Chatonier, too, if you like."

"Rony?" Eric looked surprised. "Lightning never strikes twice in the same place."

Stuart got up suddenly. He looked angry and said, "I'm going to put the car away," in a voice that made it sound like a declaration of war.

Eric's slender eyebrows lifted in surprise and Catherine looked startled and said, "My goodness, Stuart. I declare, you made me jump. What's the matter?"

"Nothing at all," said Stuart. "Only your wife was nearly murdered last night, Eric. If anybody ought to have a guard, I think she ought to have one."

There was a short silence. Catherine's lovely mouth opened and stayed that way. Then Eric laughed. "Really, Stuart," he said, "you are the parfit, gentle knight; aren't you? Riding along on your white horse. Young Lochinvar come down from the North. But there's no lady to rescue. My wife has her husband to protect her." He stopped laughing and said, "You know, Stuart, you look positively murderous right now. If Lewis hadn't murdered Judge Henry, and if Picot wasn't here"—he cast a mocking

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look at the swarthy, fat detective—"to get his suspicions roused, I would seriously question whether or not you murdered Judge Henry yourself. You were on the spot, you know. And all that strolling around the place, in pitch darkness, when you had just got here, sounds fishy to me. Not," he added, "that I think you murdered Judge Henry. Lewis did that; there's no doubt of it."

Stuart sat down again. "Why?" he said. "Why would I go out there and kill old Judge Yarrow?"

Eric's eyes were veiled suddenly. "Oh, there might be reasons. Your people lived here for many years; so did Judge Yarrow."

"You're right there," said Stuart, his eyes twinkling. "Maybe Judge Yarrow did some of us an irreparable injury. There was old Cousin Hattie who pined away mysteriously and died at ninety-two; maybe the judge was at the bottom of it. I'll have to inquire about that."

Picot said, "How long has it been since you left New Orleans, Mr. Westover?"

"SEE there, Eric! You've set the hounds of law on my heels," said Stuart. He turned to Picot. "I left here when I was sixteen. I don't remember when I last saw Judge Yarrow alive. If there's a deep motive for revenge for some wrong done my family and hidden in the past, I don't know what it is. But I can write to my mother and ask her."

Eric flushed. "You were there at the bayou, you know. You could have smashed that glass and taken the ax and —"

Catherine shuddered. "Eric, dear, don't. Please."

Eric shrugged and stopped.

Picot said slowly, "The judge may have been unable to hear the murderer's approach, but I think that he would have heard as sharp and clear a sound as break-

ing glass. The murderer wouldn't have dared risk his hearing it. No—the glass was broken sometime during the day. If we could find the pieces of glass that were taken away—but there weren't even any slivers on the floor. Probably they were tossed over the side into the bayou—not so easy to find and pull out as the ax."

"Then that," said Stuart, "argues premeditation. Doesn't it?"

"Well," said Picot, "it could have been done just before or just after dinner. When it was dark and whoever did it could have got to the yacht without being seen. Unfortunately, Mrs. Chatonier does not remember anything about the passage itself."

"IT WAS dark," said Rony, "except for the light from Judge Yarrow's cabin."

"I expect you know something of boats," said Picot. "Do you, Mrs. Chatonier?"

"Why, I—a little," said Rony. "I spent vacations, as a rule, when I was a child, near water. I know enough to keep in the middle of a canoe; at a pinch I might be able to manage a small sailboat—if it was a good day. That's all. Anybody can row a boat."

"M'm," said Picot softly in a kind of agreeable hum.

Catherine said rather sharply, "That's what you asked me, Lieutenant Picot. And I said the same thing. Anybody can row a boat."

"Yes," said Picot. "Well, the fact is, we've got a queer kind of problem on our hands. It reminds me of the puzzle of the fox and the three geese. Remember? A

man had three geese and a fox, all of which he wanted to move from one side of a stream to the other side. It's something like our puzzle here. There was only one rowboat. Yet the judge rows to the yacht, the murderer rows to the yacht, Mrs. Chatonier rows to the yacht, and Buff Scott rows to the yacht. Nobody but Lewis Sedley, and we aren't sure of that, rows away until after the murder."

THERE was another silence. Then Eric said in a bored way, "I can't see the analogy."

"Can't you?" said Picot. "Well, call the murderer the fox, and Mrs. Chatonier and Judge Yarrow the geese."

"I still can't see —" began Eric.

Picot said, "Well, of course, it doesn't come out right, that's true, for it's in reverse; our answer came out wrong: the fox was left alone with one of the geese. So you see, reasoning from the fable, and having all the wrong answers, I—well," said Picot simply, "I decided there must be another rowboat and there was."

Eric sat upright. "Another rowboat! Not really! I thought of a second boat vaguely when I asked Rony to go to the yacht that night . . . but then everyone was so sure there was only one boat. Where was the other one?"

"They found it this afternoon," said Picot gently. "About where—judging from the current—we expected to find it. It's an old rowboat; Sam says it was around the place years ago and, so far as he can remember, had been just pulled

up into the rushes along the bayou. And the old rowboat, Sam says, had been beached up there years ago and left to rot. But the boat we found didn't sink in the middle of the bayou down opposite the cottage because it was rotten. It sank because it had been scuttled."

Eric slumped back and said slowly, "Well, then, what's your theory?"

"OH," SAID Picot, "I don't have any theories. Obviously whoever scuttled that boat knew how to do it—but I expect anyone would know that if you pried up boards in the bottom of a boat and let enough water in, it would sink. And I guess anyone could have happened on that boat—or even looked for something of the kind. But, of course, that would be premeditation again. It's a small boat; there were two oars—both were still fastened in the oarlocks. It's possible that whoever used it left fingerprints that can be brought back; water doesn't always remove all traces of fingerprints."

"Do you think Lewis used that boat when he went out to the yacht?" asked Eric quickly.

"It's possible," said Picot. "But you see, the scuttled boat solves the little puzzle that was bothering me. How did the murderer —"

"You mean Lewis," interrupted Eric irritably. "Why don't you say so, Picot? You keep talking of the murderer as if it might be somebody else."

"Do I?" said Picot. "Well, that's just a habit. I hate to call a man a murderer till he's been arrested, tried and convicted by a jury in court. The point was, how did the murderer get to the yacht, when our goose—I mean Judge Yarrow—couldn't have taken him in the rowboat? A second rowboat, scuttled out in midstream —"

"Scuttled in midstream?" said Stuart suddenly. "But (Continued on Page 42)



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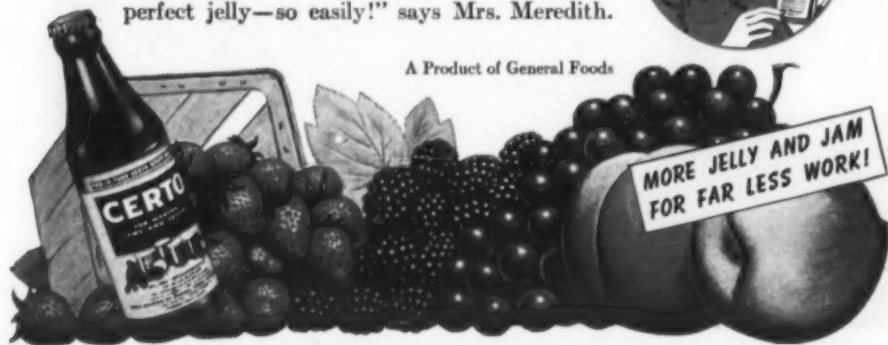


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(Continued from Page 39)

wouldn't that mean swimming again for somebody?"

"You swam," said Eric.

XIX

"WELL, I didn't hunt up an old boat I'd never heard of," said Stuart.

And Picot said, "It could have been scuttled as soon as the murderer reached the yacht. The current, in that case, would carry it downstream until it was waterlogged and sank. So if the murderer did that, he would be obliged to take the rowboat—at the yacht, then, where Judge Yarrow tied it—back to the pier where Mrs. Chatonier found it. That's what I imagine must have happened."

And, thought Rony suddenly, the scuttled rowboat all but proved Lewis' story too. Set adrift from the yacht, it could have drifted in to the point where Lewis came upon it and took it back to the yacht. The boat—the good boat, dry and sound, which she took from the pier—had been brought there from the yacht almost certainly by the murderer. With blood literally on his hands. Well, Picot was right, then; and he had arrived at his conclusion without knowing Lewis Sedley's story. It went to confirm her belief in Lewis Sedley.

"But if Sedley was still on the yacht," said Stuart, "and heard Mrs. Chatonier come, and hid, and then dropped the ax overboard where you found it, and took the rowboat down to the point where Scott found it—well, then somebody else took the rowboat back to the pier in time for Mrs. Chatonier."

Picot said rather sadly, "I've been wondering about that too."

"But Lewis did kill him," said Eric sharply. "He must have done so. Unless I'm mistaken, you are saying, Lieutenant Picot, that someone took the old boat to the yacht, scuttled it and let it follow the current, knowing it would go downstream a bit and sink. Then whoever it was that murdered Judge Henry took the good rowboat, the boat in which Judge Henry had gone to the yacht, back to the pier and left it there. And presumably escaped. You are also implying that after that Lewis apparently jumped from the bank to the yacht, found Judge Henry already murdered, picked up the ax and obligingly dropped it overboard for the murderer who'd carelessly left it there; and then—after Rony had rowed the good boat back to the yacht—Lewis took the boat down to the point and left it there."

CATHERINE, looking very blank, said, "Will you say that over again, Eric? I don't seem to understand."

Stuart said bluntly, "I don't either. Unless —" Something quickened in his eyes and he stopped, with the effect of checking himself.

Picot glanced at him dreamily. "You may as well say it," he said. "There's no way to be sure what currents of water do. Suppose the scuttled boat drifted from the yacht in to the point; suppose Lewis Sedley happened upon it and wanted to go to the yacht. Suppose he took the old rowboat back to the yacht before it was so waterlogged it was ready to sink. And then when he got to the yacht he found there was no painter on the old boat. And perhaps by that time he found the boat was rapidly filling with water."

"Or saw the rowboat tied at the yacht," suggested Stuart.

"Perhaps," said Picot. "But in that case—if by any chance Sedley was not the murderer—he was on the yacht at the same time as the murderer; thus he would have seen him and thus he would not have run away but would have told who it was."

"If he thought anyone would believe him," said Stuart. "Or unless it was somebody he wanted to protect."

There was a barely perceptible note of haste in Picot's reply. "I think he'd tell. Even if he felt he might not be believed. But it seems to me more likely that if Sedley did happen upon the old, scuttled boat, and take it to the yacht, he found himself at the yacht with a boat that was filling with water and which had no painter. He had to let it drift away. And anyway, it didn't matter. It wasn't far to the bank and Mrs. Sedley says he can swim."

Eric said suddenly, "Oh. That's why you asked about swimming." He laughed shortly. "Well, that didn't get you far. All of us can swim."

There was a slight pause. Then Picot said, "Are you able to swim now, Mr. Chatonier?"

A quick flush came into Eric's face. "I can swim," he said. "I haven't for a long time. I never was able to swim far, but I can keep afloat in water. As I told you, everybody here can swim: my sisters; Turo swims like a—like a merman. Buff can swim. And I must say he was very much on the spot. You swim, don't you, Stuart?" Stuart nodded briefly. "Catherine swims, too," continued Eric. "And Rony swims. So if you're trying to make out that that's a clue, Picot, you're wrong."

"Clue, Mr. Chatonier?" said Picot.

"CERTAINLY," said Eric. "You as good as said that if anybody couldn't swim, he'd have to have a boat to get to the yacht. Consequently, by inference, that if Judge Henry's murderer could swim, it would have been easier for him to swim to the yacht than to hunt up and scuttle the old boat. But every single one of us—if you are including us in your suspects—can swim. I assure you," said Eric sharply, "that I could swim out to the yacht far more easily than I could row a boat."

"Now, Mr. Chatonier, I didn't mean anything of the kind," said Picot soothingly.

"Well, then, what do you mean? Did Lewis murder Judge Henry or didn't he?"

"Well, I don't know," replied Picot.

"But I thought you were sure that Lewis did it!" cried Catherine. "Do you mean that you suspect someone else? Someone"—she shifted her beautiful, sculptured white arms in an embracing gesture—"someone we know?"

Picot shifted his position uncomfortably. "Frankly, Mrs. Sedley, I think your—that is, Sedley murdered Judge Henry. I think this little problem about boats may straighten out very simply."

A soft sound of tires upon the driveway grew louder and the long limousine stopped on the driveway, behind Turo's little car. Blanche and Mimi and Turo and Buff got out.

BLANCHE came toward them, pulling off her hat and pushing the soft damp wisps of hair back from her flushed, hot forehead. "It's hot in town," she said, sinking down in a chair. "Terrible. We did everything. Went to see about the funeral and flowers and the coffin. Mimi went to the men in the orchestra about putting off rehearsal Friday. Oh, it was all very tiring and hot. If the storm would only break! Turo, tell Jilly I want a lemonade. What do you want, Mimi? Lemonade?"

Mimi looking perfectly cool and self-possessed in her thin white dress and carrying a square, paper-wrapped package, went straight to Eric. She put the package down into his lap. "There they are," she said, smiling brightly. "The family jewels." She looked at Rony.

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"You won't find the Koh-i-noor among them," she said, still smiling. "But I expect there are two or three good stones you could have reset."

Catherine leaned forward. "Mimi, what's all this about you and Stuart being married? I think it's just too thrilling! How did you ever keep it a secret?"

Her voice was liquid and sweet as the mockingbirds in the garden. But Eric's eyes were suddenly, coldly alert again, and Mimi swung around as if she hadn't quite heard it, yet every word was deliberate and clear, and Buff took off his spectacles and began to polish them vigorously.

Then Mimi said in a voice as sweet and high—and deliberate—as Catherine's, "Why, yes, dear. Isn't it thrilling! Really, I suppose, I've got two men to choose from. What a lucky girl I am." She sat down on the arm of Buff's chair and smiled at Catherine.

A pulse throbbed heavily in Catherine's long white throat; Rony watched it, fascinated. And Catherine said, "Really, darling? . . . Oh, by the way, Buff, those papers for my divorce suit—I want to talk to you about them."

Buff said, "Certainly; any time."

Mimi's eyes sparkled. She put an arm across Buff's shoulders and said, "You're so sweet, Buff dear. Stuart's sweet too. Maybe I won't take you after all, Buff. Maybe I'll stick to Stuart." She looked at Stuart, who was eying her with a spark of laughter in his eyes, but a little guardedly too. She was very pretty, sitting there. And very sure of herself. "Both so sweet," said Mimi.

BLANCHE dabbed her moist forehead with her handkerchief and said, "Mimi, you ought to be ashamed! With Judge Henry just dead. Murdered," added Blanche as if that ought to demand even deeper and more respectful mourning. "And a murderer, with blood on his hands, walking around among us!"

Turo, coming around the corner with a tray of glasses, ice and crystal clinking together musically, heard it. "For heaven's sake, Blanche," he burst out angrily, "don't be such a fool!"

Blanche caught her breath. She stared at Turo in astonished, stricken dismay. Turo put down the tray with a clatter and knocked over a little silver pail of ice. Then he pushed one strong, musician's

hand through his thick auburn hair and said:

"Lewis Sedley murdered him. There's no question of that. And I don't see why you have to make such a fuss about it; he was an old man. He couldn't have lived long anyway."

"Turo!" said Blanche in a gasp. "Well, he couldn't," said Turo. His face looked white and moist from the heat. His intensely blue eyes were hard and bright.

"Nervous, Turo?" said Eric. "They'll soon find Lewis. He can't be anywhere near here."

PICOT said, "Well, as a matter of fact, we got our first trace of Lewis this afternoon. A man came forward and told the desk sergeant that he thinks he picked up Lewis Sedley in his car the night of the murder. Along the highway. Before he knew of the murder. Dropped him at the bridge just before you reach town. Described him perfectly," said Picot and hitched forward in his chair. "I'll be going into town now," he said. "But don't worry about tonight. I'm leaving several policemen about the place. Just in case"—he paused in order to struggle, panting, to his feet—"in case Lewis Sedley comes back," he said, and bowed politely and went waddling away. Stuart got up suddenly and followed him.

That night Eric presented Rony with the Chatonier jewels. In the drawing room, making a ceremony of it, with Mimi and Blanche and all of them watching. But that was after dinner. After Rony put the little box of perfume in Mimi's room. And after she talked to Lewis Sedley.

That conversation, which was so short and yet, in the end, so important, took place shortly before dinner. About that time, too, Rony went from her room out to the gallery and stood at the railing, looking toward the live oaks and the bayou. As she watched, two figures emerged from the path and came slowly across the lawn: Buff and Catherine. Buff was smoking and Catherine had a handkerchief wadded up in one hand and neither was talking. They approached the porch without seeing Rony at the railing above. And as they passed out of sight Catherine said:

"Very well, then; I intend to tell them you were not with me that night."



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"You've already told them that." Their voices were low but clear; they stood directly below Rony.

"But that was when they said it was Lewis," said Catherine. "That was before there was any question —"

"Catherine, I'm sorry. I was really in love with you for—oh, three years. If it hadn't been for Lewis, we might have married. But now—well, when a thing is over it's just over. I thought you saw it coming. Besides, you feel as I do in your heart."

"I decided to divorce Lewis."

There was a silence like a shrug. Then Buff said, "You've forgotten Eric. He's very rich."

"Eric!" said Catherine scornfully. Her voice changed and she said eagerly and quickly, "Wait, don't go. For the last time, shall I tell them the truth? Or not? It rests with you."

"If you want to tell them we were together, go ahead and do it. It won't change anything; Mimi won't care. Catherine, let's not part like —" His voice broke off. There were quick footsteps below, the click of high heels, then silence.

After a while Rony went back to her room. So Stuart had been right about that. She felt a little sorry for Catherine.

When she went to the big wardrobe to select a dress, she made another rather chilling discovery. The gray chiffon dress she had worn the night of the murder was gone, and so were the stained little sandals. After a moment she rang, and when the white-aproned maid came she knew about the dress. The detective had asked for it; he'd wanted the shoes too. "He got Miss Mimi's blue dress, too, miss. The one she wore that night. And Miss Blanche's new print. And Mr. Buff's gray flannel pants and Mr. Buff's black ones. That detective he look just like an old-clothes man." She giggled. But her eyes moved uneasily around the room.

Rony thanked her and let her go. Clothes. Bloodstains? And they weren't really sure any more about Lewis.

When she finished dressing she opened the dressing-table drawer. The thick envelope Eric had given her, the perfume and the tiny parcel were still there, undisturbed. She took all three and went down the hall. The door to Mimi's room was open, but when she knocked and called, Mimi was not there. So she went into the room, put upon the dressing table the soiled little box with "Chanel No. 5" labeled on it, and went away again.

Blanche's door was closed and when she knocked Blanche came to open it. Her eyes were red and there was an aura of emotion around her, yet she was smiling and happy. "Rony!" she said, in surprise. "Come in."

"I brought you this," said Rony. "Eric asked me to give it to you." She gave Blanche the envelope—and suddenly, inexplicably wished she had it back again as soon as she saw it in Blanche's large, unsuspecting hand. Unsuspecting? But it was nothing that could hurt Blanche!

Blanche, certainly, took the envelope with no reluctance or hesitation. "Thanks, dear," she said, smiling. "You look tired, Rony. Nervous. It's the storm, I expect. It affects Turo that way too."

Turo stuck his wildly disheveled auburn head in through an open door across the room. "Who's that?" he said. "Rony? Tell her we're in for a good old blow. She'd better pin back her ears and tie on her hair. We're going through a tunnel." Grinning, his head disappeared.

"Dear Turo," Blanche said, smiling and happy. "He feels better. You see, now he has an alibi for the time when Henry was murdered." She caught herself, bit her lip and then patted Rony's hand. "Just in case," she said quickly. "Just in case it's ever necessary."

"What is it?" said Rony.

"His bath water," said Blanche convincingly. "I'd forgotten about it. The judge must have been killed sometime between ten and eleven; or so Doctor Lamoreaux told me. Well, Turo and I came upstairs together—together, mind you—at ten-thirty. He went straight to his bathroom—it's on the other side of his bedroom—and turned on the water. I heard him. Then he shut the door, but while I undressed I could hear the water running. I didn't pay much attention to it; but I was almost asleep when I suddenly realized it was still running. So I got up and went in and he was sound asleep in the tub, with the water pouring out the overflow valve. So you see," said Blanche happily. "It wasn't much after eleven, I'm sure. He couldn't possibly have murdered Henry—not that anybody would think he did. But with all this police inquiry—well, one does get a little nervous. Doesn't one?"

In any case, he'd made things right with Blanche; walking along the hall again, Rony was glad of that. No one could hurt Blanche as Turo or anything that adversely concerned Turo could hurt her.

It was then that she was called to the telephone. Old Jilly came up the stairs, fastening his starched, hot white coat as he came. He stopped when he saw her. "It's the telephone, Miss Rony."

She went downstairs to the telephone in the hall, and it was Lewis Sedley.

XX

His voice was far away and muffled, but she knew it instantly. "Do you know who this is?" he said, and Rony cried:

"Yes! Yes, it's —"

"Never mind. Listen. I had to phone to you. Is anyone listening?"

She thought quickly. There was an extension in Eric's room; probably one in the kitchen. She couldn't be sure of the kitchen extension. But she was all at once sure that Eric was not listening, for Mimi's high clear voice floated suddenly down from the hall above and she was talking to Eric, who replied.

Rony said breathlessly, "No, I don't think so."

There was a pause. Then Lewis Sedley said huskily, "I don't believe they'd expect me to telephone to—to anyone there. Anyway, I'll have to take the chance of it. Did you get my letter?"

"Yes."

"Good. I've got a tremendous thing to ask of you. I want you and somebody else—anybody else, except a policeman—to meet me. Tomorrow. Here's the address." He gave her numbers and repeated them. "Got that? It's on Gallatin Street. In the old French Quarter. Say tomorrow morning at twelve. Can you? Will you?" There was a desperate appeal in his voice.

"If I can," she stammered.

"You must do it. You will do it. Not a policeman. She says she won't talk if it's a policeman. But somebody—anybody else. You will do it?"

SOMEONE was coming down the stairs. Mimi certainly, her small high heels swift on the carpeted stairs. "Yes—yes," said Rony.

"Good. You've got the numbers." With an abrupt click the line went blank. Completely blank. Mimi rounded the curve above and saw Rony just as Rony hung up.

Her dark eyes sharpened at once. "Who was that?" she asked.

"A friend," said Rony. It was true, too, in a curious but real way. Lewis Sedley knew it; otherwise he wouldn't have appealed to her.

Mimi stopped at the newel post, her little white hand upon it. She said, "I didn't know you had any friends in New Orleans."

"Really," said Rony, hoping her face did not show excitement. "By the way, I left a little box on your dressing table. Eric asked me to give it to you."

Mimi was instantly diverted. "Oh! He must have relented about the jewels. I always wanted the emerald brooch—it's ugly as sin but I can have it reset."

Rony started to say, "No, I think it's perfume," but Mimi had already turned around. She flashed upstairs again and Rony went along the hall past the dining room where Jilly was setting the table for dinner.

Lewis Sedley. Gallatin Street. Don't let the police know. Bring someone with you. . . . She would tell Stuart; she would ask him to go with her.

SHE still had the little package for Buff in her hand. She weighed the little package in her hand; when Eric had talked to her, his request had seemed comprehensible and trivial. Now, inexplicably, it seemed neither. In any case, Buff was not in sight. Carrying the little package, she went out to the veranda.

Stuart was sitting there, with newspapers all around him. Not only the newspapers of that day, but those of the previous two days. But when she told him of the telephone call—her voice very low, so no one behind shutters, no one on the gallery above them could possibly hear—he did not share her confidence in Lewis Sedley. She could see that in his face.

He said, however, that he would go with her. "But you ought to take Picot."

"No. I promised him. And I think he must have some evidence —"

"He said 'she' wouldn't talk if there were police?"

"Yes."

"Who?"

"I don't know," she said. And remembered a newspaper clipping. Something about a scrubwoman disappearing.

Stuart said abruptly, "All right. We'll go. But I still think —" He stopped, stared at nothing, and said, "Have you talked to Eric?"

"Not yet. I will." On the verge of telling him of the scrap of conversation between Buff and Catherine, she checked herself. She had had no compunction about the eavesdropping aspect of it; but when it came to telling it she was, again illogically, sorry for Catherine—telling it was like giving her away.

As SHE hesitated Stuart said cryptically, "It was gloves."

"Gloves?"

"In the back of the car. Gone," said Stuart.

"Do you mean —"

"I told Picot; I don't know whether it means anything. Here, have you seen the papers? Want to read them?"

She had read very little beyond the headlines. It was still light enough to read and she skimmed over the main facts quickly. There were certain items

that had apparently been withheld—either because their significance was not clear and they obscured the main issue, or from motives of fairness. For which she was grateful, for her wedding ring was not mentioned and neither was the note she and Stuart had burned.

IT HADN'T been possible, however, to keep her own meeting with Lewis Sedley a secret. It was a starting point for his escape; in all the accounts of it, they treated her kindly and even sympathetically: Sedley was a dangerous man. And Lewis Sedley had escaped; Lewis Sedley could not remain in hiding long.

There was a résumé of the trial which had sent Lewis Sedley to prison, and she read that too. The main facts were fairly brief and had their beginnings far in the past—in 1917 and 1918, to be exact. For at that time there had broken out along the wharves that lined the river, and among the cargo boats, a series of disasters—mysterious explosions and inexplicable fires. With almost monotonous regularity, in spite of all they could do, these disasters destroyed stores intended to go to France or England. Sabotage was at first whispered, then shouted aloud. Guards were multiplied. Precautions were redoubled. But the sabotage continued.

Until all at once the war was over and the series of fires and explosions stopped.

And the man or men responsible for it had not been discovered. The talk of sabotage gradually dropped into the past. Years passed and no one remembered the days of the war. No one except those men whose duty it was to keep a file of criminal activity open until it was closed with arrest and conviction.

Time went on and Lewis Sedley prospered. He was a self-made man; his fortune got its earliest beginnings during the war, when he began to buy

and sell cotton. The activities of all the traders of that feverish period had been scrutinized, and Lewis Sedley's among them. Presently it began to seem more than coincidence—Lewis Sedley claimed during the trial that it was good management—that when he had a cargo of cotton actually in his possession, either in a warehouse or on a boat, that warehouse or that boat was never involved in sabotage. He said it was because he took much more stringent precautions than anyone else.

BUT only Lewis Sedley had never lost by those acts of sabotage. There were other "straws," said the newspapers, "showing which way the wind was blowing." Incidents in themselves trivial, but pointing nevertheless to Lewis Sedley. Such as his frequent presence at night near the levees and the warehouse section.

Lewis Sedley had an answer for all those questions. Certainly he had often been in the warehouse district at night; it was part of his extra precautions; every cent he had was tied up in those bales of cotton. But in the end a provable instance was brought against him; he had been seen leaving a warehouse thirty seconds before it went up in fire. He stopped as he came out of the warehouse, lighted a cigarette and bumped into the witness, who thus had such a clear and lengthy look at his face before he threw down the match that identification, even



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RHEUMATIC FEVER causes more serious disability among children of school age than any other single disease!

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years later in the courtroom, was certain. But then a man's features don't really change much even in fifteen years, certainly not Lewis Sedley's.

There were other pieces of that carefully built-up evidence: things to do with bank deposits of money, and dates. The fact that he had constantly sailed close to the wind in finances was used against him.

SHE put down the paper thoughtfully; but she couldn't just then discuss it—even guardedly—with Stuart, for Jilly came out with a tray of cocktails and he was followed by Turo and Buff and Mimi. Buff was jovial—insisting upon them taking cocktails, saying he had mixed them himself to lighten everybody's spirits—but something had happened to the others. Turo was white and his blue eyes glittered; he drank his old-fashioned and Blanche's. Mimi was angry too; it was perfectly apparent to everybody.

"Have a drink, Mimi, dear," said Buff. "You look upset. Here's an extra fancy one for you with a double supply of cherry."

Blanche did not come down to dinner at all; Turo said that she had a headache on account of the coming storm. But Eric did come down, looking very well and animated. Catherine, as always, was surpassingly lovely, but unusually silent.

There was no chance to give Buff the tiny package; Rony held it all through dinner in her lap. And she thought of what she must say to Eric, arranging her words so as to be brief and to the point, and say what she wanted to say without tiring him.

They talked of the storm, telling of other storms and the damage done; talking of the slow and steady momentum with which a tropical storm builds itself up until it reaches its terrible maximum.

Rony paid little attention to the talk; but it wasn't really until dessert and someone, in the little interval while the finger bowls were brought round, reached over to light his cigarette at one of the candles, that she thought of the burned match in the letter she had taken for Eric to the judge. And irresistibly, leaping across, itself like a flame, it connected itself with the story of the trial she had just read. Lewis Sedley had lighted a cigarette and had been seen in the light from the burning match. Then he had thrown it away. It was fantastic. It was significant. It meant nothing. It meant everything.

Yes, she'd talk to Eric. As soon as he went upstairs.

AS THEY left the dining room, however, she delivered the little wrapped package into Buff's hands. He had gone to the telephone to inquire for news of the storm and, as the others trailed into the drawing room, she followed him and gave him the box.

"Present?" said Buff.

"Eric said you would understand. He—he asked me to give it to you."

"Eric! But I — Oh, hello, hello. . . . Yes, what about the storm? Is it coming out toward us? . . . Wait a minute, Rony."

But she went quickly into the drawing room. Where, while they were having coffee with all the long windows flung wide open and the night hot and tense outside, Eric gave her the Chatonier jewels.

Rony had to sit there and accept them, letting Eric tell her at length about each piece of jewelry. A few of the jewels were fine and valuable; most of them were not. There were even a few pieces of paste. Valuable or not, Mimi and Blanche ought to have had them; yet Rony could

not; then and there, say so. For suddenly Eric tired. He leaned back in his chair, told Rony to put them all back in the box and take them to her room, and announced his intention of going upstairs.

It was Rony's chance to talk to him alone.

But when she went to her room to put down the worn, old, leather-covered jewel case, Mimi followed her. She came into Rony's room and closed the door behind her and leaned against it. And said shrilly, her eyes brilliant and black and angry, "So you got the jewels—such as they are. I doubt if you can ever get much money for them. And Eric's will gives you his money and mine and Blanche's. And now you're trying a little fancy blackmail. It's all clear now. You saw your chance to squeeze every cent of money out of us and you are doing it. I thought you'd made a fool of Eric. But now I know." Mimi laughed with sharp, furious scorn. "You're even—you and Eric. Eric doesn't love you. He's been in love with Catherine all his life and he's still in love with her. You are not his wife; you're his weapon of revenge."

XXI

Rony said in a stiff, queer voice, "I don't know what you mean."

"Oh, you don't know," said Mimi, mimicking innocence, her voice high and angry. "Listen—you gave me that perfume; you knew what it was. You gave Blanche that horrible form; she's not got a headache—she's in there crying her eyes out because it means that if you tell, Turo's going to be deported. Or sent to jail, or something. I don't know what. But it's breaking Blanche's heart."

Rony took a long breath. "Listen, Mimi. You must stop that and listen. I don't know what you mean. I didn't marry Eric for money. I gave you that perfume and Blanche an envelope because Eric said he wanted to make peace with you."

"Peace!" said Mimi. "You think you can make me believe that!"

"It's true. Ask Eric. And —"

"And let you go so you can run downstairs and tell Stuart all about what I've said. Stuart! I haven't missed that either. I've seen his eyes when he looks at you. I've seen the way you avoid looking at him. But if you hope to get not only all the Chatonier money when Eric dies, but another rich man too—Stuart Westover—for a second husband, you're wrong. I'm Stuart's wife, legally. And perhaps I don't intend to divorce him, and he can't divorce me. So how do you like that, Miss Innocent Face? I'm Stuart's wife. So just think it all over."

Her little graceful figure whirled around toward the door and flashed out of it; she slammed the door behind her. But it was not a loud and startling sound; all at once Rony realized that there was other growing tumult in and around the house. The tops of trees were swaying; shutters were banging; someone was closing windows along the gallery, hurriedly and loudly.

Talk to Eric, Stuart had said. "Make him listen. Tell him everything."

THE wind was blowing furiously; the curtains and the light silk cover on the bed, and even one of the doors of the massive old wardrobe moved slightly. And made her remember the previous night and that incredible yet terrifying shadow that had crept into the room.

Yes, she must talk to Eric. She walked quickly across to the double door to the hall, and went out of the room.

Eric was in his room. He was on the chaise longue; wind pushed and rattled the closed shutters, but the windows

were still open so the storm itself seemed to enter that room through the shutters. There was an unopened book on his lap and the bitter, brooding look in his face that, now, Rony recognized.

She sat down beside him. "Eric, I've got to talk to you."

He sighed. "Yes, Rony. I thought that was coming. I suppose you gave Mimi her perfume. And the package to Buff. And Blanche the envelope. What did they say?"

"Blanche didn't say anything. Neither did Buff. Mimi said I was blackmailing them, trying to keep them from fighting your new will. Eric, you must tell me the truth about that, and the letter I took to the judge's cabin the morning before he was murdered. And —"

"More things to explain?" inquired Eric gently, shading his eyes with his hand.

"Eric"—she leaned forward—"I've tried to talk to you before; surely you see that someone here wanted to—make trouble for me. There was a note—we burned it."

"Yes, Picot told me about that."

Rony swallowed hard. "You didn't tell me —"

"That I knew? It wasn't important."

"IT ACCUSED me of murder. Someone wrote that and I don't think it was Judge Yarrow, and it couldn't have been Lewis Sedley. He didn't know who I was when I talked to him. He didn't even know you were married."

Eric looked at her from under his thin white hand for a long and thoughtful moment. "Yes, that's what Picot said. But that proves nothing. Lewis killed him; there's no doubt of that. Those other things, the note and your wedding ring, are not at all important. Even that thing last night was only an attempt to frighten you. Someone came to the yacht before you went, found him dead, saw a chance to annoy you and me, and did so. That's all."

"Who?"

He shrugged. "Mimi, of course. Blanche wouldn't. Catherine"—a shadow came over his face—"I doubt if Catherine would care enough to do so."

"Why would Mimi do that? And how could she, Eric—that note, and my wedding ring —"

"Yes," he said reluctantly. "That is a little puzzling. I don't think Mimi would pause about writing a note like that. But I don't quite see her placing your wedding ring where it was found."

"You do believe, though, that Mimi went to the yacht that night and found Judge Yarrow dead and wrote that note and —"

A SHADE of real impatience crossed his face. "Have I got to talk about it all, Rony? It's so unimportant to me—all of it."

"It isn't to me," said Rony. "It isn't to Lewis."

Eric sighed again. "All right," he said. "If you must talk. Yes, I think it quite possible that Mimi went to the yacht and found Judge Yarrow and saw a chance to make trouble for you, and wrote that note which you and Stuart very unwisely burned. I can't see why, so long as you

burned it, you told the police about it later."

"Because afterward it seemed to prove that Lewis didn't murder him."

Eric went on as if she had not spoken: "And I think it likely that Mimi herself went into your room last night and carefully left a clasp knife and a violin string. She may have merely wanted to frighten you. You see"—his mouth tightened—"I should think it would be clear to you, Rony, that Mimi does not want to give up what she has always considered her property. I mean my money, the jewels I gave you tonight, the house. All the things that are legally mine but that Mimi has fully intended to possess. She has been," said Eric dryly, "looking forward to my imminent demise for some years. In fact, one time she came very close to hastening the happy day."

"HAPPY — Eric, what are you talking about?"

"I'm talking about her attempt to murder me," said Eric coolly. "Oh, I'm not out of my wits. I caught her and stopped it. I'll tell you about it someday—perhaps. It only goes to show that Mimi has a certain determination."

"Eric, you must be mistaken! You're imagining —"

"Darling, it is not imagination. Henry's murder was not imagination. Oh, well, forget it," he said. "Call it my imagination. It doesn't matter. The point is, Mimi has got in the habit of looking upon all these things as belonging to her. Blanche, too, but not so avidly as Mimi. However, it really isn't important, and it has nothing to do with the murder except that the murder gave Mimi an unexpected opportunity for spite. It's all perfectly clear; Lewis

murdered Judge Henry, of course. Mimi engineered these attacks upon you."

"Did you explain that to the police?" asked Rony.

Eric shrugged. "No. It was, as I say, unimportant. Besides, one's family is one's family. To outsiders, that is."

"Did you tell Mimi that she must stop her campaign to get rid of me?"

ERIC closed his eyes. "Really, Rony, I don't feel at all well," he said. "I—I wasn't quite able to cope with Mimi."

After a moment Rony said, "Eric, is that why you married me?"

"Rony, dear, I am desperately tired."

"Was it to give you an excuse to make this—this new will? To give someone else—your wife—your money and Blanche's and Mimi's too? To give someone else all those jewels that Mimi wanted? To show them —" She stopped.

Eric was watching her under his fingers. He said, "To show them what, Rony, my dear? To show them I didn't care about Catherine? Why, yes, I'll answer that. Listen, Rony." He dropped his hand and looked straight at her, his eyes dark and brilliant, his face strangely white. "I love Catherine. She's stupid; she's got the mind of an angleworm and the soul of an oyster; I know all that. She married Lewis, I suppose, simply because he was a huge, strong animal. But what Catherine mainly wants is contentment. She's (Continued on Page 49)

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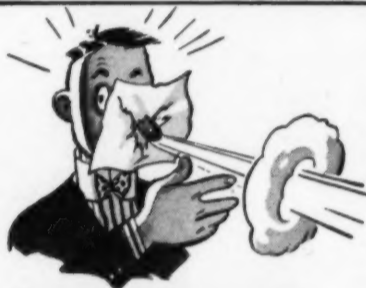
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- 1 package Jell-O Chocolate Pudding
- 2 cups milk • 1/2 cup cream, whipped
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- 6 maraschino cherries, finely cut
- 1/4 cup nut meats, broken

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Chocolate... Butterscotch... Vanilla

(Continued from Page 47)

not ambitious, she's lazy; she's not anything, really. Except—Rony, she's so beautiful. Well—I love her as I love life. And cannot have either. I have always loved her. My sisters came between us; they say they didn't, but I know they didn't want me to marry. Catherine hates sickness, really. All they had to do was make her believe she'd be nothing but a nurse to a—to a sick and fretful invalid. If you don't believe me, remember that they knew, all this past spring, that Catherine had at last decided to divorce Lewis. But did they tell me? No. They didn't want me to have Catherine. They didn't know that Catherine —"

"Eric, don't!" she cried.

But he finished: "— with all my money, Catherine wouldn't have had me. Rony, about my will: you know most of it goes to you, but I—I had to leave Catherine something. She—I told you that an invalid has an instinct; well,

Catherine—I think she's been —" Again he stopped and seemed to force himself to go on.

"I think she expected lately to marry Buff; I don't know what Mimi's going to do, whether she'll hang on to Stuart or take Buff. Buff's got the most money. But in any case, Buff is—I think he's through with Catherine. She—you see, Rony, she's got to have something to live on. You do see, don't you?" There was something pleading and pitiful in his face.

"Yes, Eric," said Rony. "But Blanche—she isn't like that, Eric. She's loyal and —"

"If I've been wrong, it's too late now." He leaned back, his hand over his eyes again.

"Eric, there's something else I've got to ask you."

"All right—what?"

"Why did you put a burned match in the letter I took to Judge Yarrow? Why are you so sure Lewis Sedley murdered him? You see, I know—I'm so sure, somehow, that he didn't. Won't you just for a moment think of that? Suppose it wasn't Lewis."

THERE was another pause. Finally Eric said, "I was sure he did. It never seemed to me there was any real question of it. And it never occurred to me to associate —" He stopped and bit his lip and stared down at the carpet. The shutters rattled loudly; wind swept in a current through the room. Eric lifted his head. A new look was in his face; a queer look, part surprise and part conviction. It was raining, she realized suddenly; rain was clattering, surging, pounding upon the gallery roof. Eric leaned forward and said loudly, so she could hear, "I was sure it was Lewis. But if it isn't, then I—why, of course, I know, or at least I know where I can find out—I can —" He stopped and

cried, "I never thought of that! I only told the judge what I knew. But it sounded as if there was more!" He was wildly excited, all at once. "How Blanche will hate this! And Mimi—I won't tell the police. I'll keep it a secret until —" He stopped again. But the expression in his face frightened her; the triumph in it vanished, leaving something so bitter and so cold and so desolate that she put out her hand quickly toward him, as if a chasm loomed unexpectedly at his feet. "Eric, what is it?"

AFTER a moment he said slowly, "I've been engrossed in something, Rony; something that concerns me much more deeply than this affair of murder and inquiry. It seemed obvious that Lewis did it. And I—there was something I wanted to do; something that I planned, slowly and in detail, during hours of illness, and when I planned it it seemed"—he moved restively—"seemed more satisfactory than it is."

He paused again and said slowly, "The taste has somehow gone bitter. You don't understand, do you, Rony? Perhaps you'll never understand." He paused, thinking, and she waited. He said, "Rony, will you go downstairs and get me some hot milk? Then I'll go to bed. And while I'm resting you can stay here with me. I want to tell you —" He paused again and gave her a long, grave look. It had nothing of his usual brilliancy; instead, there was a kind of weary sorrow and regret in it, and in his voice, too, when he added, "I'm sorry, Rony. For everything. I was wrong." He got up. "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord," he said in a queer voice, and went to the window and flung open the shutters

It's Funny, But —

By Norman Lewis

AROUND 1700 the noun *ache* was regularly pronounced either *otch* or *aitch*.

Valuable and *invaluable* have the same meaning, and so do *ravel* and *unravel*.

Englishmen call an apartment house a block of flats, and a chain store a multiple shop.

The plural of *goose* is *geese* (when the word means a tailor's iron).

It was Shakespeare who first thought of the expressions "catch a cold," "back a horse" and "breathe one's last." And such current slang expressions as "beat it," "done me wrong" and "not so hot" can be found in Shakespeare's plays.

Probably not one person in a thousand can correctly pronounce *rationale*. (It's either *rash-un-ay'-lee* or *rash-un-ah'-lee*, in case you didn't know.)

When the word *scientist* was coined, purists raised a fearful row; they objected to the combination of a Latin stem and a Greek ending.

Big Berthas, those formidable German guns, were named after one of the owners of the Krupp munitions factory—the none too slim *Bertha von Bohlen*.

so the storm swept around him and into the room, filling it with its turbulence. Over his shoulder he said, "Get me the hot milk, there's a dear, Rony. And then we'll talk."

She went away, leaving him there in the storm.

She met no one on the stairs or in the lower hall. In the butler's pantry she found milk in the refrigerator, and heated some over a little electric plate. As she filled a glass and put it on a tray the lights went out. It was so unexpected that it frightened her. Then it occurred to her that probably in a storm like that it wasn't unusual. Presently there would be lamps and candles; surely they were prepared for such emergencies. In the meantime, instead of just standing there, holding the little silver tray in her hands, she'd take it to Eric. She could find her way.

She did so, groping for and finding the swinging door from the pantry into the hall; then a flash of lightning, flaring through shuttered windows at the

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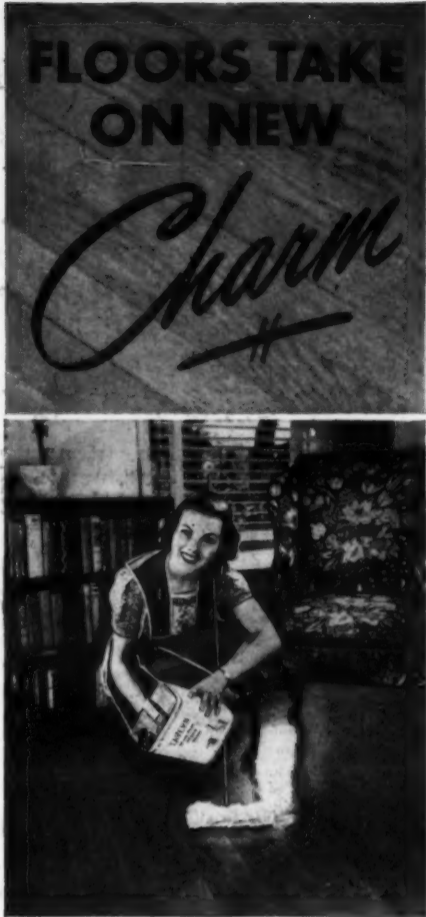
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landing of the stairs, showed her their outline and the banister. She reached it and started very slowly up the stairs, one hand on the banister, the other holding the little tray with the hot milk on it.

There were sounds, she thought, from the drawing room; the tumult of the storm was so great she couldn't be sure. But on the stairs, after she'd negotiated the landing and was almost at the top, an odd thing happened. Someone passed her. Passed her quite near in the darkness, joggling the tray. It was a little quick motion, perfectly definite. The odd thing was that whoever it was didn't speak, didn't exclaim, became a part of the night and storm, slid away like an animal into the darkness.

She said, "Turo," and then tentatively, "Mimi." But nobody answered.

She went on up the steps, feeling her way. She hesitated in the darkness of the upper hallway; it was more difficult without a banister to guide her. But Eric's door was almost at the head of the stairway, and it was open; another flash of lightning showed her a quick bright rectangle which instantly vanished, but again it guided her. She entered the room and called, "Eric." There was no answer. Only wind and lashing rain and thunder. She said, "Eric" again, loudly, her voice shrill against the wild tapestry of the storm.

Yet it was curious how empty the room seemed. She touched a table and put down the tray. It suddenly occurred

to her that Eric might have had another heart attack. She started across the room, groping her way. She had reached the chaise longue and felt its upholstered arm, there in the darkness, when all at once an area of light came into the hall and then quickly advanced into the room.

It was old Magnolia with a lamp. But as the area of light spread toward the open windows, Rony saw Eric. He lay in front of the opened windows, with the wind upon him. And he was huddled on his side; something dark and shining marred his temple. The light came quickly near. Magnolia's white skirts rustled; she knelt down and put a lamp on the floor. Eric and the old colored woman's white skirts were in the very center of that pool of light. She touched Eric gently. Finally she looked up at Rony.

"He's dead," said Magnolia. "He's been shot." Her face was old and full of hatred. "You are a curse upon this house. I knew it when you crossed the doorstep. And when I saw his face. He didn't want you for his wife; he wasn't happy; the shadow of death was upon him. The first night you slept here I went to your bed and looked at you and wanted to kill you then. Before you destroyed my child. My child," she repeated, "and you killed him. I'm going now to tell them that you did it."

(To be Concluded)

DO YOU HAVE HEADACHES?

(Continued from Page 28)

Once a painful headache is definitely in possession of the upper story, you're sure to want less general advice and more direct action. Stopping the ache in any given head is a highly individual problem. Some casual headaches will yield lamblike to merely relaxing tension—a tepid bath or lying down quietly with clothing loosened and a wet compress on the throbbing head. Choose the kind of compress that gives you most relief—hot or cold, wrung out in alcohol or witch hazel or pure water. Heat addicts should know the trick of hooding the entire head with a hot, damp Turkish towel. Hard on a fresh finger wave, but often so soothing to the nagging pain that you won't care.

For those who prefer cold comfort, there's a gadget looking like a cross section of the rubber tray in the refrigerator, which, filled with ice cubes and bound round the forehead, is just that many inches of sheer relief. Sometimes an ordinary ice bag—or an improvisation of bathing cap and rubber band—tucked under the knot of sympathetic nerves back of the neck goes to the spot better. Old-fashioned country doctors used, with amazing success, to attach a leech back of the ear, over the mastoid vein, on the aching side. A small mustard plaster in the same area is a more streamlined version of this principle. The touch of a skillful hand massaging the aching region is welcome to some but anathema to others. And well-meaning counselors often persuade a headache sufferer to lie down when she might feel better, as some people do, propped up in an armchair with a pillow at her back.

Many a woman's specific for headache is a stimulating cup of black coffee. The various pills your doctor may recommend for you—*aspirin*, *phenacetin*, the *bromides*, the *barbiturates* or a mixture of several—work equally efficiently on the opposite principle of slowing everything down. At any rate, relax the ache for a while, whether with rest, heat, cold,

coffee or a drug endorsed by your doctor, and the overworked nerves have a chance to straighten themselves out, which in turn keeps the ache from coming back.

But it is safe to tackle only "casual" trouble in such simple terms. The recurring chronic headache is an altogether different matter. It means something importantly out of kilter in your body and calls for the doctor, just as a fever would. Even back in medicine's more ignorant days, doctors seem to have suspected the seriousness of this symptom, talking darkly about "inflammation of the brain." Their methods of treatment, however, were more dramatic than scientific—*thinning the hair*, drinking *rosemary tea*, copious bleedings or poulticing the calves of the legs with vinegar and mustard. The modern doctor goes after things with a far better knowledge of possible causes. If the patient is willing to wait, his doctor stands a fair chance of finding out what is wrong through the same process of elimination a detective uses.

The first thing to check is the eyes, in hopes that the right pair of glasses is the answer. Uncorrected astigmatism, for instance, can impose such strains on the whole seeing structure that pains dart as far afield as the back of the head. The far less simple sinus situation is next explored, to detect congestion in the numerous cavities in the bones of the skull which give resonance to the voice, lighten the total weight of the head and—if anything goes wrong with their drainage system—give you a vicious headache. Depending on the case, doctors can do good with surgery, diet, immunizing injections or apparatus that pumps and washes out the interior of the offending hollow bones.

Every detail of the nature, location, timing and reactions of the pain may be a clue. An early-morning or late-evening dull ache over the eyes is apt to mean eyestrain. Sinus pain is more often a severe throb, sharply increased by bright



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light. High-blood-pressure headaches cover the entire head and are aggravated by stooping and bending. The monumental but rare headaches from tumor, concussion or abscess of the brain frequently awake the sufferer in the night in no doubt at all about seeing a doctor. Toxic headaches accompany fever, focal infections and prolonged constipation. Pains in the head sometimes accompany ailments of liver, kidney, stomach or other organs. Endocrine-gland disturbances may produce headaches, usually at the menstrual period, although many "monthly" headaches simply mean again that a woman, unconscious of the lag Nature imposes on her at this time, tries to keep up her usual pace and overtires herself.

If you're unlucky enough to have in your genes a tendency to react to certain substances in many foods, you may get an allergic headache the same way your Aunt Sarah got hives from strawberries or hay fever from ragweed pollen. A competent allergist may be able to help you track down the guilty items in your diet. The most spectacular and puzzling headache of all—that blinding, one-sided sick headache known as migraine—is thought by many experts to be allergic. For the last few years doctors have been able to hush its pain for most people within an hour with a potent drug called ergotamine tartrate. But according to Dr. Harold G. Wolff, of New York, the answer to the whole migraine problem does not lie in any drug. He is convinced that migraine is a symptom of deep psychic maladjustment. The fact that it runs in families merely means to him that headaches are one family's way of worrying out its troubles, just as peptic ulcers or high

blood pressure may be another's. He and his associates have even worked out a "migraine type"—you may know somebody answering the description. Tense, overambitious, driving folk, whose perfectionist attitude toward themselves and everyone about them is bound to meet frequent frustration expressing itself in headaches. Those sick headaches of "Father's" would have been typical migraine attacks. So were those of a woman whose husband called her a "fanatic with the duster," a schoolteacher constantly fretting over her new job, and a doctor who drove himself and his associates like so many galley slaves. To rid themselves of headaches, according to Doctor Wolff, such people must learn to restrain their ambitions, budget their energies, be more tolerant toward themselves and others—in short, take it easy.

Migraine may not be the only headache calling for a little soul searching and some realistic reform of the sufferer's attitude toward herself and her way of life.

Leaders of the august British Medical Association made fine copy for the world press by declaring that unwanted visitors, the prospect of unpleasant tasks and general brooding probably caused far more headaches than any physical disorders. It may cheer you to hear that. Or it may make you mad as a wet hen to be told that the root of the trouble may often be sand in the psychic gearbox. But few of us can honestly say we are treating our bodies, nerves and souls as carefully as such delicate and precious possessions deserve. And most of us have headaches. It is certainly something to let turn over slowly in your mind while that hot—or cold—compress is doing its work on a more down-to-earth plane.

TWIN NEWS!

Softie

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Shoe Box

BY RUTH MARY PACKARD

Pretty figure—pretty feet; five shoe fashions make a wardrobe.



Left—A basque dress for afternoon gives you a pretty figure; slim suede open-toe pump is a flatterer; leather cockade is new.



Right—Tailored town pump belongs in every shoe wardrobe; elasticized covert and calfskin looks right with soft wool dresses.



PHOTOS BY VON MIKLOS



Above—Do your walking, town or country, in a real walking shoe; calfskin or alligator-grained calf, with medium heel.



Left—Business girl likes this variation of a classic pump in suede and calfskin with tailored bow, for her simple wool frocks.



Right—Straight-and-narrow is an important fall silhouette; make feet slimmer with this suede pump, faille binding.



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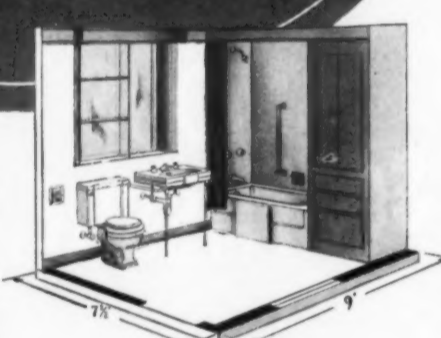


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Note the unusually large windows; and downstairs, too, the extra bedroom and bath, with sleeping quarters for unexpected guests in end of living room that can be curtained; bay-windowed living room and dining room.



By Richard Pratt
Architectural Editor
of the Journal.

IF THIS should become one of the most popular medium-priced houses we have ever published, you can credit an architect who, in the handling of form and space, has placed equal emphasis on efficiency and charm. Here he has taken a traditional style and, without any sacrifice of beauty, has made it solve the living problems of today. Large windows for extra lightness; double-purpose living room; downstairs bedroom and bath; independent dining room; the ideal working kitchen, with a cold closet off the porch that connects it with the garage and tool shed.

Notice how the halls, using the minimum amount of space, keep all traffic out of the living room, yet provide perfect circulation. The laundry in the basement has outside stairs to the drying yard, as well as the cellar stairs from the rear hall.

The living room has a fireplace, strategically located for comfortable and conversational grouping of furniture, and on the garden side the room gives onto a paved terrace which adds to the living space from spring to fall.

The front of the house is brick-faced, except for the bays, and the rest is covered in red-cedar clapboard siding. The architect suggests painting both brick and siding, and offers a choice of all white, of very light Colonial gray-green with white trim, or of light gray with white trim. The roof shingles could be of wood, stained brown or left to weather.

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How to keep flavor and save vitamins and minerals: Pour liquor from can into saucepan. Boil this liquid down to about one-half. Add peas and pat of butter and heat until butter melts. Season, and serve in hot dish. *Supper serving suggestion:* Broiled bacon and broiled grapefruit slices; Green Giant Peas; tomato aspic salad; coconut custard pie.

Green Giant Peas and Small White Onions. Boil 12 small white onions in the liquor poured off Green Giant Peas until onions are tender and liquor is boiled down to about one-half. Add peas, heat, season and serve in hot dish. **DINNER MENU:** Barbecued pork, Green Giant Peas and onions, baked potato, fried pineapple slices. Dessert.

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*Tops for Fingertips
Flair and Wear*

PLAN FOR PARENTHOOD

(Continued from Page 28)

proportion of cases the responsibility for childlessness must be shared by both husband and wife.

Dr. S. R. Meaker, who has written a classic book on the subject, believes that at least some of the responsibility is the husband's in more than 30 per cent of all cases; other authorities put the figure higher: in a study of sterile couples reported by Doctor Lane-Roberts, it was found that *two thirds of the husbands* had spermatozoa of a subnormal quality.

Couples who approach a physician today for the cure of sterility are, therefore, both subjected to a careful examination—perhaps to a series of examinations. The husband's examination is often conducted first, as it is rather simpler than the wife's.

Of the many questions addressed to the husband on his first visit, several will touch on the frequency of his relations with his wife. Research conducted for the Millbank Memorial Foundation has shown that if the acts take place on an average of twice a week, the chances of any single act resulting in pregnancy are one out of twenty. Great infrequency of intercourse naturally reduces the chances, and it is an unfortunate fact that the most auspicious days for impregnation are those on which a woman's desire is normally at its lowest ebb. (These favorable days are, on the average, about two weeks before the onset of the next period.) The old belief that reasonably frequent intercourse weakened a husband's ability to reproduce is no longer universally held; on the other hand, some couples who supposed themselves sterile have been discovered to be spacing their attempts at propagation a month or more apart, and this fact alone was found to be responsible for their childlessness.

THE second step in the examination of the husband is apt to involve examination of his seminal fluid, carefully stained, under a microscope. This study tells the alert practitioner a great deal more today than the rather cursory examinations that were made a few years ago. The doctor is no longer content to establish the simple fact that live cells exist; he wishes to know their approximate number, their "motility," what percentage of them are of abnormal shapes. These freakish forms are found in the fluid of every man and they are no cause for alarm, since they cannot fertilize the egg or cause any abnormality in the offspring. But if more than a fifth of the spermatozoa are abnormal in form, the man's fertility is considered low.

Sometimes examination shows that the fluid contains no spermatozoa—the cells essential for fatherhood. But this is by no means final; in some cases the cells are being produced but are prevented, by an obstruction, from entering the fluid. Such obstructions can sometimes be removed by simple surgical operations—Dr. F. R. Hagner reports having cured about 60 per cent of such cases in a group he studied.

WHEN subfertile seminal fluid is found, and no apparent obstruction exists, the doctor attempts to find the cause. Pituitary deficiency is a common one, and one which, fortunately, is often easy to correct. A past history of mumps, typhoid fever, malaria, smallpox, undulant fever—even influenza—may explain the deficiency. Syphilis, even when it has been cured, was once said by Doctor Meaker to leave nearly a quarter of its victims sterile. Chronic alcoholics are sometimes subfertile, and so are men

who suffer from lead poisoning as a result of their occupations.

Sometimes the past history of the patient throws no light on the situation, but he is found to be suffering from some malady which seems far removed from the problem. The "sterile" husband may become a father after he has had an infected tooth pulled out, or had his sinusitis cured. Obesity is recognized as a fairly common cause of male sterility. Sometimes thyroid pills will correct the trouble. Occasionally a period of rest, with plenty of fresh air, is all that is required.

Sometimes no apparent cause can be tracked down. But even when the cause is not known, successful cures can sometimes be accomplished.

THERE is, for instance, no way of judging whether a man or a woman suffers from a lack of vitamin E, the "fertility vitamin." But its administration, in the form of wheat-germ oil, has apparently assisted in bringing about desired pregnancies. Borderline cases, in which the husband is only a little less than fertile, respond best to this treatment—and that is fortunate, since many childless couples fall into this group.

The treatment of male sterility may bring improvement in the spermatozoa in from four to eight weeks. Often, when both husband and wife are being treated at the same time, it is impossible to tell which of the two has made the needed recovery when pregnancy results. Sometimes only a slight improvement in the condition of both of them was essential.

For the modern physician, in spite of his keen interest in the husband's state, by no means neglects the wife.

The examination of a woman suspected of sterility is usually a trickier and more difficult job for the physician than that of a man. For one thing, a woman's reproductive capacity not only may, but always will, vary widely from week to week, and a single test can never be conclusive. Even quite fertile women fail to perform the process of ovulation during an occasional month, although they may menstruate as usual. Moreover, a woman's whole reproductive system is more complex than a man's, as it involves a series of developments, each of which must be normal if a child is to be conceived.

EVEN more than in the case of a man, the general health of a woman has an appreciable effect on her fertility; even her psychological state may interfere with the ability to conceive. These things are usually susceptible to cure.

Some women who imagine themselves doomed to childlessness will be cured by changes in their diet, habits of exercise, mental attitude, and by the administration of glandular extracts, often in the form of pills. Does the patient drink or smoke to excess? Is she too fat or too thin? Are her tonsils infected or her teeth in a state of decay? These things are inquired into before any specific treatment is given.

"Anything that cures the patient," as Doctor Lane-Roberts says, "may cure sterility."

So the woman patient is subjected to a very critical examination when she seeks help from her gynecologist: He wishes to know her past history in considerable detail—whether she has had scarlet fever, frequent attacks of tonsillitis, an appendicitis operation. He will ask about her menstrual history, about any unexplained changes in

(Continued on Page 56)

SHE'S FAMOUS... SHE'S BEAUTIFUL

Popular Girls Everywhere
take her tip...
It's as simple
as

1



A SCREEN STAR NEVER
TAKES CHANCES WITH
COMPLEXION BEAUTY!
I NEVER NEGLECT MY
DAILY LUX SOAP
ACTIVE-LATHER FACIAL



THESE LUX SOAP
FACIALS HELP
SKIN STAY LOVELY!
PAT THE LATHER
LIGHTLY INTO
YOUR SKIN

2



RINSE WITH
WARM WATER,
THEN A DASH
OF COOL

3



PAT YOUR SKIN DRY.
NOW IT FEELS
SMOOTHER, SOFTER.
LOVELY SKIN
WINS ROMANCE!

STAR OF RKO'S
"MR. & MRS. SMITH"

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You're the apple of my eye.
Soft CHIX diapers—
smooth your way
To healthy sleep—
and happy play.

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DIAPER

From you to your baby with love... a new kind of diaper comfort! Downy-soft protection *twenty-four hours a day*. No wonder so many mothers choose CHIX to safeguard their babies' health and happiness. CHIX Down-Weave is gentle as a powder puff next to baby's delicate skin. New improved gauze, woven extra soft—more absorbent than ordinary gauze diapers. CHIX help prevent chafe... keep baby and bedding drier. Easy-washing, rapid-drying.

8 OUT OF 10 MOTHERS, in actual blind-fold tests, chose CHIX for its extra softness. When you shop, just close your eyes and feel the remarkable difference.



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SEND 10¢ FOR FULL-SIZE SAMPLE

Chicopee Sales Corp., 40 Worth St., N. Y., Dept. L941
Here's my 10¢. Send one full-sized CHIX Diaper.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
Special Offer, limited to one diaper per customer.

P.S. For vacation-time, traveling, week-end visits, you'll want **Chux** DISPOSABLE DIAPERS. Use once and throw away.

(Continued from Page 54)
weight since puberty, about the frequency and timing of her relations with her husband (for in this matter, doctors have found, the testimony of both husband and wife must be sought, to correct possible inaccuracies). Any record of a venereal infection must, of course, be reported to the doctor—authorities used to believe that 40 to 50 per cent of all cases of sterility were the result of gonorrhea in husband or wife or both, with the husband usually infecting the wife. Now, however, modern methods of treatment of this disease have considerably reduced its aftereffects.

If the patient has ever had an induced abortion, the doctor must be told: the importance of this is indicated by Dr. I. C. Rubin's statement that *half* of all illegally induced abortions render the patients sterile; he believes that over 200,000 American women a year become sterile from this cause!

THE doctor gives his patient a gynecological examination to see whether there is any local trouble. Benign tumors, either ovarian or uterine, ovarian cysts, inflammation of the tubes—any of these may cause temporary sterility. Perhaps the patient suffers from some simple structural abnormality: women who have been married for many years have been found to have incompletely ruptured hymens, and this condition may prevent conception. But even if a possible explanation of the sterility is found in this local examination, the conscientious specialist usually continues his tests.

He wishes to know, first of all, whether ovulation regularly occurs: just as the presence of live cells in the husband's semen is essential for fertility, so the wife must produce the egg before it can be fertilized. Moreover, the passages must be free to permit this egg to reach the uterus and establish contact with the male sperm. Beyond this, the patient's uterus must provide a favorable environment for the healthy survival of the fertilized ovum, and this is dependent on her glandular system's proper functioning.

Taking up these matters in order: older students believed that menstruation, in itself, was proof of ovulation in a woman. This is now known to be unsound; pregnancy has occurred in women who did not menstruate at all, and menstruation can occur in the absence of ovulation. It is, therefore, usual for the doctor to remove a minute specimen of uterine lining for examination under the microscope. When this is performed a few days before menstruation is expected to occur, certain structural changes occasioned by ovulation can be perceived, if all is well. This procedure—known as an "endometrial biopsy"—is a simple one, performed in the doctor's office without the need for anesthetic.

IF THE patient is found to produce the ovum normally, the next question concerns the possibility of a blockage of the tubes, preventing it from passing through to the uterus. Doctor Rubin has found that in nearly a quarter of all cases of female sterility the patient's Fallopian tubes are obstructed. This same physician, some fifteen years ago, developed a simple method of finding out whether the tubes are closed; this is known as "insufflation."

In this test—a painless operation performed in the doctor's office—gas is passed into the uterus under a certain degree of pressure. This gas forces its way into the tubes and, if they are open, passes freely into the abdomen; if they are closed, it is stopped by the obstruction. The degree of pressure needed to force in the air, a characteristic "whis-

ting" sound heard by the doctor when the gas reaches the abdomen and, if necessary, an X ray show whether the tubes are open or closed. A variation of this test introduces an opaque liquid into the tubes, which are then X-rayed. About one fifth of the cases of blocked tubes can be easily corrected.

THE glandular tests which often come next are not even uncomfortable, but they may provide important clues to the cause of sterility; urine analysis and sugar-tolerance tests are usually included. A basal-metabolism test, to discover whether the thyroid gland is performing properly, is generally used. Thyroid, pituitary and ovarian extracts will be prescribed, when these tests show that there is a need for them.

Then the physician may investigate the psychological factor. Some women are so eager to become mothers that they approach every marital act in a high state of tension, which defeats their purposes. Protective "spasms," making it difficult for the husband's sperm to penetrate the uterus, are occasionally the sole cause of sterility.

Long before the tests are accomplished, the gynecologist will know whether this woman is actually sterile or whether she is the victim of very early, unsuspected miscarriages which she has mistaken for delayed menstruation. The treatment in other particulars may be different if this is found to be the cause; but in many types of sterility and tendency to miscarriage the patient is given injections of a new and very important extract, called "progestin," and is also fed quantities of vitamin E, usually in the form of wheat-germ oil. Progestin, extracted from the *corpus luteum* of animals, improves the chances of a fertilized ovum's survival, in case conception occurs. The action of vitamin E, the fertility vitamin, is somewhat more mysterious. But its administration has brought about very encouraging results.

SURGICAL measures are far less often taken today than they formerly were. The removal of cysts and tumors is, of course, still necessary, but comparatively few types of sterility cure demand a stay in the hospital.

And now suppose that our patients have had extremely bad luck. Suppose that no specific cause for the sterility has been found in either husband or wife. Once, theirs would have been put down as a case of "chemical incompatibility," but today's gynecologists do not accept so vague an explanation. They will probably suggest that husband and wife continue to take the injections and the pills prescribed; that they lead a simple, wholesome life; that they return after some months for another check. Sometimes Nature, left to herself with a little help from vitamins and glandular extracts, effects a mysterious cure.

But suppose that it has been definitely found that the fault lies in some defect which not even modern medicine can correct. Need the couple resign themselves to childlessness? Not, say the doctors, if they are willing to use the methods of "artificial insemination" which are only now coming into general use.

Dr. Abraham Stone, of New York, has done considerable work in this field, and he reports a fairly high percentage of success with artificial insemination. He believes that the earlier failures in this field—reported in medical literature for many years—may have been due to a lack of knowledge concerning the most favorable period of the month for the experiments. The most auspicious day for an insemination is usually two weeks



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Make money spare time taking orders. 50 large Christmas Folders with sender's name to sell for only \$1. Choice of individual designs or assorted. Also sell 60 for \$1, and 30 for \$1, all with name; and many popular Christmas and Everyday Box Assortments. Big profits for you with our new fast-selling line.
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before the next menstruation is expected to occur.

When the husband's semen is of a low quality, a concentration of the fluid is sometimes made in the laboratory and is artificially injected into the wife's vagina or cervix by means of a pipette. The same means is used when structural abnormalities prevent conception from taking place by ordinary methods. Several attempts are usually required before impregnation occurs, but the experiment is painless and simple.

No serious psychological problem is involved in such cases as these; but there is another type of insemination, increasing in popularity every year, which gives rise to a number of delicate questions. This procedure—used when all efforts to cure a husband's sterility have failed—is known as "semiadoption" and involves the impregnation of a wife by semen from an outside donor. Some husbands intensely dislike the idea of semiadoption, even with the great precautions taken by the doctor to protect the wife from any contact with, or knowledge of, the donor; in such cases, outright adoption of a homeless child seems a better solution.

BUT there are some couples who share the belief that a wife should not be denied the pleasures of motherhood because of an unforeseen and incurable deficiency on her husband's part. They appreciate the complete secrecy imposed on the donor and are willing to entrust themselves to the judgment of the physician.

In these cases—estimated to number between two and three thousand a year in this country—the doctor usually requires the written consent of both husband and wife before injecting the semen. This is bought from a donor, chosen by the doctor, whose identity is not revealed to the husband or wife—nor does the donor know for whom the fluid is intended. Donors are often chosen from students in medical colleges; they must have good characters, excellent heredity, a record free from any taint of venereal infection, and semen with a high fertility. They are "matched" to the husband and wife in matters of race, height, intelligence, coloring and, sometimes, even blood type.

Success attends the attempts at artificial insemination far oftener when donors are used than when the husband participates in the experiment. This is because the fertility of the donor is assured, while the husband may be on the borderline of complete sterility. Dr. William H. Cary recently reported, in the Journal of the American Medical Association, the results of artificial insemination used on thirty-five women patients. In seventeen of the cases an outside donor was required, and pregnancy resulted in ten of the women after from one to six attempts. In the remaining eighteen cases the husband's semen was used; only four pregnancies resulted.

DOCTOR STONE has stated that pregnancy should occur, if the time is properly chosen, in at least three quarters of all cases, provided the woman is normally fertile and the semen of good quality.

The use of a donor brings up a number of moral, religious and legal questions, to say nothing of the delicate psychological problem involved. Monsignor William

Cashin, of the Roman Catholic archdiocese of New York, has condemned this type of artificial insemination. Dr. Norman V. Peale, of the Marble Collegiate Church, in New York, has expressed doubts as to its propriety for practicing Protestants. On the other hand, the Jewish Rabbi, Jacob Katz, tacitly approves, asking, "Who has been wronged in such a situation?"

AS FOR the legal aspects of the matter, an editorial in the Journal of the American Medical Association has urged that the husband, for safety's sake, legally adopt the child to insure its legitimacy in the courts.

Fortunately, however, the proportion of sterile couples who can be cured, and need not resort to a donor, is large and is growing all the time.

The matter of age is highly important; in both sexes fertility decreases as middle and old age approach. Because of this, it is easier for a physician to correct sterility if it is brought to his attention

at the earliest possible moment. Studies by Doctor Meaker indicate that if a married couple remain childless after a full year, during which no contraceptives were used, they may suspect a condition of lowered fertility in one or both of them, and should consult a doctor. Again, if a woman has become pregnant and suffered an early miscarriage, she should have an immediate medical examination to discover whether low fertility

Who, Me?

Most men get cross-eyed when they come to size themselves up, and see an angel instead of what they're trying to look at. There's nothing that tells the truth to a woman like a mirror, or that lies harder to a man.

—GEORGE HORACE LORIMER:
Letters of a Self-Made Merchant
to his Son (Small, Maynard).

caused the mishap, and whether treatment is needed to prevent a repetition. There are too many cases on record in which a single unsuccessful pregnancy was followed by sterility for the rest of a woman's married life.

"One-child sterility" is a related problem for which modern medicine often offers a cure. These cases—in which a woman bears one child but cannot become pregnant again—may have a simple physical explanation. Slight lesions perhaps occurred after an apparently normal confinement. An inflammation of the tubes or a curable disease of the ovaries may be the root of the trouble.

BUT now let us turn to the pleasanter phases of the matter—specifically, to the case of a couple who find that they belong to the lucky half of all sterile families who can be cured. When such a wife discovers that she is pregnant, it is probable that her doctor will order a special course of treatments for her, during the early months, at least. The relationship between low vitality in a husband's sperm and early miscarriages is believed to be intimate, and the up-to-date physician will wish to carry his patient past the danger points by giving her progesterin and vitamin prescriptions.

This doctor will also reassure his patient on one point which sometimes troubles women who have been cured of sterility: the child born of a couple who suffer from low fertility is no more apt to be abnormal or weak, mentally or physically, than any other baby!

Another fallacy which has caused much heartache needs to be exploded: this is the belief—surprisingly widespread—that the past use of contraceptives may be the cause of present inability to bear a child. Women who use birth control in the early months of their marriage have often been unnecessarily

*"To think these darling
HANDS are mine!"*



Is there an "Age of Romance" for a Woman's Hands?

YOUR HANDS are romantic while they're smooth, invitingly soft. Which means "always" for you who use Jergens Lotion faithfully.

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Please send my free purse-size bottle of the famous Jergens Lotion.

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I'M NOT HUNGRY!

BAD DAY AT THE OFFICE

OH BOY! WHAT FLAVOR

IT'S STEAK! SERVED WITH FRENCH'S

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French's Mustard gets 'em EVERY TIME!

● Serve this spicy, tangy mustard with meat and watch appetites perk right up! Because French's is different. It's made of the finest spices, vinegar and mustard seed—blended perfectly to bring out all the good meat flavor. Try a jar today!

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French's
PURE PREPARED MUSTARD
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Largest Selling Prepared Mustard in U. S. A. TODAY!

NOT DAN THE MUSTARD MAN

alarmed over the damage that might result. Actually, the only recorded instances in which contraceptives have had any effect on fertility resulted from the use of "intracervical stems"—metal attachments almost never used in America—which have sometimes caused inflammation.

The late Dr. Hannah Stone reported the case histories of 250 women who became pregnant after abandoning the use of the popular type of birth control: 215 of these women conceived within six months, some of them within the first month; 28 more became pregnant within a year; and 7 more after a year. Every woman in the group eventually became a mother under this "planned pregnancy" scheme.

Other records of birth-control-using families suggest that the general public largely misunderstands the relationship between the use of contraceptives and the childless family. Birth control certainly must bear much of the responsibility for the smallness of the modern family, but authorities agree that the great majority of those who practice contraception do so to postpone and space wanted pregnancies, not to suppress them permanently. Doctor Dickinson's study of 229 families which used contraceptives showed that 184, or more than four fifths, of them already had children.

We know that only a very small percentage of American marriages are childless by design—nearly all the eight million men and women who are married but are not parents regret the lack of children.

And that brings us back to the Lowells, one of the many much-maligned couples whose friends all believe that selfishness, rather than incapacity, causes their childlessness. They are one of the approximately sixteen families out of every hundred which have, to date, been unable to have babies; they may be greatly cheered by the news that of the sixteen, at least seven or eight couples can now have a child within a year, if they will take advantage of the latest medical knowledge.

For the old, discouraging beliefs, which doomed families like theirs to lifelong childlessness with no adequate explanation, are no longer held. Sterility has a tangible, physiological reason behind it—or, as is more usual, a combination of several reasons. Diagnosing these, and correcting them, is among the most gratifying tasks modern medicine has enabled the present-day physician to perform. The Lowells can have a baby before another winter comes! And so can some two million other American couples whose greatest sorrow today is a sterility which they mistakenly believe to be incurable.

The Higher Aim

There are two things to aim at in life: first, to get what you want; and, after that, to enjoy it. Only the wisest of mankind achieve the second.

—LOGAN PEARSALL SMITH:
All Trivia
(Harcourt, Brace & Co.)

OUR READERS WRITE US

(Continued from Page 3)

His name was Habibullah. No one paid much attention to his poems. Certainly nobody ever paid for them, nor was he held in any great esteem, though he was a diligent worker, fervent in inspection. With unswerving courage he wrote in English, though he did not speak the language very well, but he did not let a little thing like that deter him. Genius leaps obstacles. On receiving a rise of pay, which I am sure he richly deserved and which was probably long overdue, he had his verses printed at his own expense, and presented me with a copy. It is a small book, on that grayish kind of paper that blots rather well. It has sullen pink covers, on which is printed:

POEMS BY
HABIBULLAH
SANITARY INSPECTOR

Poetry has a way of living in the mind, and turning up from time to time to fit the various happenings and occasions. And together with bits of Shakespeare, Wordsworth, Burns and the other poets, I have kept for many years a verse by Habibullah, which becomes truer and truer as time goes on, and is surely a unique picture of Europe today.

It is called, quite simply, Turtling. A golden word, derived from the verb to turn turtle, apparently. It runs as follows:

*World is going round and round,
Makes everyone go round and round,
Kings and princes, round and round,
Statesmen and high gentlemen
Turtle round and round.*

Has anybody drawn a better picture of this time of shifting alliances, broken treaties and abandoned friendships? A time in which none of us can say whose national anthem will be played with those of the Allies next Sunday, and whose will be gone forever. World is going round and round so fast we can hardly keep up with it all, over here.

I was glad you liked Love à la Mode. Did you get my letter telling you of the sensation your cable produced in our local post office, where messages are read over the phone, and they thought DELIGHTED ACCEPT LOVE. BRUCE was a trifle fishy?

But not quite as fishy as one I got about an article MS that was mislaid. HAVE LOST STRANGE BEDFELLOW. CAN YOU REPLACE the editor wired me. In the voice of the postmaster who read it to me, there was reproof, and a note of regret.

Yours ever,
DOROTHY BLACK.

Friends a Long Time

Wilmington, Delaware.
Dear Manager: Am enclosing \$2 for three-year subscription to JOURNAL. Would not care to lose even one copy for I was married forty years last December and have never missed one copy of the JOURNAL in that time.

My (new) husband (Dec. 1900) bought a copy and put it in my lap on the train as we started on our honeymoon and I have never missed one copy.

Sincerely yours,
FLORENCE M. BURTON.

The Journal Goes to College

Brooklyn, New York.
Gentlemen: I am a student at Hunter College in New York City. Out of the five major courses I am taking this semester, I found pertinent and current material in your magazine for three of them. My instructors enthusiastically recommend the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL and I do too.

Very truly yours,
E. MANN.

Psalms 133:1*

Athens, Maine.
Dear Editors: Maybe you'd be interested in two brothers who married two sisters and lived in one and the same farmhouse and later one sister had a child. There never was any trouble here, though one pocketbook was used by the four for fifty years. Last spring one of the wives died at age of seventy. I can verify this as the child born to the deceased is now our postmaster (Edgar Fox).

MRS. P. S. POLAND.

*Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!
ED.



GAME "Guess what good food I represent. In sandwiches you've met me. My flavor's rare beyond compare. I'll treat you if you get me."



NAME "You're UNDERWOOD'S—you're Deviled Ham. Now for that promised treat!" "It's ready, gang," the hostess said; "come on, come all, let's eat!"



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RECIPE
APRICOT NECTAR RAINBOW
Float a scoop of ice cream in a scant glassful of frosty Heart's Delight Apricot Nectar. Contrasting flavors and colors make this an exquisite drink. Serve with sipper spoons. For variety try the other whole fruit nectars.

RECIPE

Drink HEART'S DELIGHT Nectars

WHOLE FRUIT Liquefied

APRICOT · PEACH-NECTARINE · PEAR · PLUM · PEACH AND HEART'S DELIGHT PRUNE JUICE

ASK YOUR GROCER · RICHMOND-CHASE CO., SAN JOSE, CALIF.

FROM THIS DAY FORWARD

(Continued from Page 23)

someone and you came in. When I looked up and saw you in the doorway, my heart turned over.

Do you remember those two weeks in Boston? I saw you almost every day. We went walking in the snow. I wore my new Christmas fur coat with the hood and once I fell down on the Common and you picked me up and brushed me off. You said you had never seen roses growing in the snow before, roses blooming out of beaver.

We talked so much, and all the time. We liked the same things, or very nearly. I didn't mind your not liking opera and you didn't mind my being scared of horses.

It was exciting, it was new, it was different. But I remembered that the winter before I was still in school, and Alan Merrit came up to the dance. He came with Debby—but he spent his time with me; and every time I saw him across the room, my heart turned over too.

And you, last winter, you were supposed to be in love with Jennie's cousin Edith. Jennie told me so.

So it wasn't very serious for either of us, was it? Just excitement and fun and looking forward to tomorrow and waiting for mailtime.

THEN I came home and you started coming down week ends, at first at the inn and then at the house.

I thought I must love you. Because I saw Alan again and he didn't even register. He bored me, rather. I saw George Peters and Tom Pearson. Not that I ever thought I was in love with George, but he was the first man to propose to me. And once I had liked Tom more than a little—last summer. I hadn't thought of him especially until one night at the club. We had been dancing; we walked down along the dock and looked at the boats, moored far out, and the water. We could hear the music, and the sky was thick with stars. Tom kissed me. I liked it and my heart went drumming and I thought, "Perhaps I'm in love with Tom." But the next day on the tennis courts he was just Tom again, the second man to ask me to marry him.

When you first kissed me, last March, it was quite different and there had never been anything like it before. I couldn't remember Tom or Alan or George. I thought because there had never been anything like it for me that it must be real, it must be *you*.

Last night mother talked to me before I went to sleep. She said that I was modern, I was of this generation, and knew all the answers—theoretically. She said she wouldn't burden me with a solemn maternal lecture, because she had talked to me frankly since I was a little girl and she thought I possessed the best kind of wisdom, which was the innocence of knowledge, not the ignorance of curiosity. She said that loving you was right, that living with you and bearing your children would be right, because we loved each other. She said that marriage was difficult, I would have to make a great many adjustments, but that because I loved you I would make them quite easily. And that, because you were right for me and loved me, you would help me.

SHE said that I was not to come running to her when anything went wrong. Some mothers might want that, but she didn't. I must make my adjustments with no help but yours. It wasn't fair to you if I came to her every time something upset me. Mothers, if worth their

salt, stood by. They were there, always. I knew that. But you and I, she said, would belong together. That's what marriage was supposed to be—two people against the world. A wife who became, for one reason or another, unhappy or bewildered or angry, should go to her husband and not to her mother. "Don't," she said, "don't ever lock your door or your heart against John."

LATER she said, "You see, I'm cutting you off—after a fashion. I know. My mother was different. She still is. She wanted me to come to her with every bruise and every cut. She sent me to your father comparatively unprepared and then waited for me to return. So I did, for the first five years of my marriage. It was a mistake, which only much later was rectified. I told myself no daughter of mine would ever make that error—for I never stopped hoping there would be a daughter, Lydia. Perhaps because you were born after we had thought you never would be, ten years after our marriage, we have loved you more than most children are loved."

Aunt Mary has told me a lot about my being born, John. Perhaps because she is mother's old-maid sister and a lot older, perhaps because she likes to talk about the things which never happened to her. She told me how ill mother was and how frantic father became and how no one had thought mother would live or that I would be born alive. She went into detail. It made me sick.

Remember, mother said I knew all the answers, theoretically? I did. And I had had that course in homemaking, cooking, housekeeping, budget building, child care. Our class had a baby to look after; it was scary but it was fun. I loved it when my turn came. But it wasn't my baby—someone else had had it.

During that course we had lectures by doctors and nurses, with slides and moving pictures, and we went to the hospitals. And when I wanted to know more I went to mother or to Uncle Ned—it's convenient having a doctor in the family.

But when, last week, Aunt Mary told me about mother, it was different. She was ill for almost a year after I was born; that was when her hair turned white.

I'm afraid—of having children, of responsibility, of managing a house, of spending your money wisely and saving it well. But most of all, I'm afraid that we'll grow like so many other people, settled and indifferent and bored.

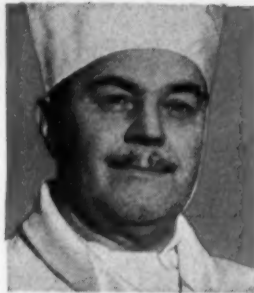
I've seen so many—girls older than I who have been married a few years. My own cousins. And people of mother's and father's age. Some of the men drink too much, some of the women too. Some become interested in other people. There are divorcees or patched-up marriages. There are horrid little rumors.

And the world's such a mess. War and death and terrible things. Before you registered for the draft you wanted to volunteer. We hadn't met then. But your mother wasn't well, she asked you not to; and then, when we fell in love, you didn't want to leave me any sooner than you had to, you said. Your number's a long way off, but it will come and I'll be alone, unless they defer you, for a long time.

It isn't that, though. I wish I could make you see. What we have is so very wonderful. I mean, when we look at each other and there's that magic between us. It will go—everyone says it must, that something better takes its place. Could anything be better? (Continued on Page 63)

Two Summer Salads From California

...New Dressings, Too!



RENÉ NUSELE, chef of San Francisco's famous Mark Hopkins Hotel, says, "Mrs. America, you taught the world that a salad can be a real thrill to the taste, a delicious part of a meal, or a delicious meal in itself! And to you the world owes its greatest thanks for your most important contribution...the use of pure, delicate-flavored Wesson Oil for salad dressing. It's your good judgment that has made Wesson Oil America's most popular brand of salad oil."

SUNSHINE SALAD (Serves 4)

1 head romaine lettuce 1 bunch green onions
1 cup shredded raw carrot 4 tablespoons minced parsley

Separate head of romaine; wash, drain, break into small pieces. Wash onions. Scrape or peel carrots and shred. Chill vegetables. Arrange romaine in salad bowl, previously rubbed with cut clove of garlic. Sprinkle over this the finely minced parsley, then the shredded carrot, and lastly, the finely sliced green onions. Add Garden Dressing and toss thoroughly before serving.

GARDEN DRESSING

½ teaspoon salt 6 finely chopped radishes
½ teaspoon sugar 2 sieved hard-boiled eggs
¼ teaspoon paprika ¼ green pepper, chopped
Dash white pepper 2 tablespoons finely chopped onion
½ teaspoon dry mustard 2 tablespoons finely chopped parsley
¼ cup WESSON OIL
¼ cup cider vinegar

Combine first five ingredients in a jar; blend well. Add vinegar; cover and shake. Add WESSON OIL; shake well. Just before serving add last five ingredients and shake thoroughly. Or simply beat ingredients together until well blended, about 3 minutes.



MELODY SALAD (Serves 4)

1 large cantaloupe or honeydew melon
1 medium can pineapple chunks
Few mint leaves and cherries

Seed, peel and slice melon in inch-thick rings. Place melon rings on individual plates, fill centers with pineapple chunks and melon balls cut from end pieces of melon. Sprinkle with chopped mint; garnish with mint leaves and cherries. Serve with bowl of Mint Dressing.

MINT DRESSING

¼ teaspoon salt ¼ cup WESSON OIL
½ teaspoon sugar ¼ cup cider vinegar or lemon juice
¼ teaspoon paprika 4 tablespoons chopped mint leaves
Dash white pepper
½ teaspoon dry mustard

Combine first five ingredients in a jar and blend well. Add vinegar; cover and shake. Add WESSON OIL and shake again thoroughly. Just before serving, add mint leaves and shake again. Or simply beat ingredients together until well blended, about 3 minutes.

24 NEW DRESSINGS FOR 24 ALL-AMERICAN SALADS



FREE! These new, easy-to-make recipes, all included in folder. Write for yours. Sent with complete Wesson Oil cook booklet which shows the many helpful ways you may use WESSON OIL...when ever your recipe calls for salad oil, olive oil or cooking oil.



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210 Baronne St., New Orleans, La.

Please send me your new, free folder of salad-and-dressing recipes, together with complete Wesson Oil cook booklet.

Name

Address



...Flattering Active Moderns for Sport

★ To wear with your tweed skirt and sweaters—these classic spectators; oxfords with the simple casual lines America loves; jaunty moccasin slip-ons with slashed tongues and gay braiding; shoes with lazy lines and lots of country-and-campus appeal. Plenty of squared-off heels, walled toes, thong lacings and other sporty details distinguish this "playtime" group.



...Smart Styles for Daytime

★ These will take you shopping with a maximum of comfort plus fashion tailoring. They "belong" definitely with your mannish suit, your chic military coat. Notice how these models cleverly employ horizontal rows of perforations, up-curving toe-caps, walled toes to foreshorten the foot. And "V" throats, long lines of stitching from the throat to the toe, "T" shaped perforations to slenderize the foot and ankle.

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Stunning Slenderized Shoes for Dress

★ Look here for that important "dress-up" shoe for your best little black dress . . . the perfect flatterer for afternoon tea or dinner-and-dancing-for-two. Elasticized suede pumps with sleek, slenderizing lines. Smooth slip-ons that show off a pretty instep and ankle; peek-toes, fly-away bows and pert little buckles—all the graceful little touches that make you proud to "step out."

★ ALL SHOES SHOWN ARE CARRIED IN STOCK AT THE FACTORY
 \$8.95 TO \$12.95 SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN WESTERN STATES AND CANADA

PRESENTING
The Fall Style Preview
Selby Arch Preserver Shoes
 ON PARADE

Did you ever dream that Arch Preserver shoes could offer you such an endless procession of glorious styles in shoes so famous for their comfort features? . . . Indeed they can—and today. Your favorite shoe designer is featuring Arch Preservers' dramatic Fall Style Preview for the 1941-42 season. . . . So please accept this invitation to the Style Preview at your Arch Preserver store today.

MADE BY *Selby* . . . THE WOMAN'S GREATEST WANT IN WOMEN'S SHOES

5 Reasons Why

twice as many women wear Arch Preserver Shoes as any other feature shoe in their price class

- 1 Selby Arch Preserver shoes are far ahead of any competitive shoes in smart styling.
- 2 Selby Arch Preserver shoes alone support the long outside arch of the foot with a patented, invisible steel shank.
- 3 Selby Arch Preserver shoes have a scientific metatarsal pad adjustable to your foot.
- 4 No other woman's shoe gives you a perfectly flat sole to insure ample room and to prevent distortion of the toes.
- 5 Selby Arch Preserver shoes alone offer you such a variety—with smart street shoes, slenderized dress shoes, Active Modern sport shoes and Orthopedic shoes.



THEY'RE SO EASY TO WEAR

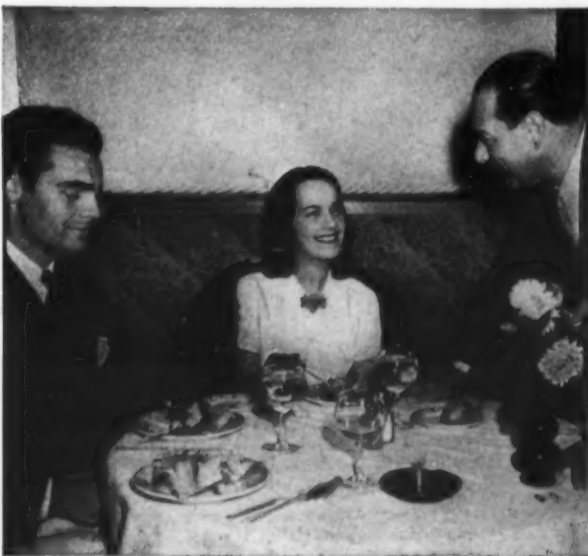


DEB TELLS HOW TO START ROMANTIC EVENING

Josette Guevara Daly, lovely New York deb of this season, dances the Conga at the smart new supper club, the Copacabana. Asked by Cholly Knickerbocker, America's ace society reporter, how she manages to look so fresh at "going on 2", Josette says:

"Before a date, I give my complexion a rousing Woodbury Facial Cocktail. It's surprising how make-up and that gray feeling disappear together, leaving my skin fresh and clear. My skin is so much softer and smoother since I learned about Woodbury."

For "the skin you love to touch", try the Woodbury Facial Cocktail way (see recipe below). Get a cake of Woodbury today and for ten days use no other soap but Woodbury for your complexion. This famous facial soap with its special beauty oils is kind to sensitive skins, removes make-up and the day's soil gently but thoroughly. You'll like the clean, fresh feeling it gives your skin. The clearer, softer look . . . the velvety "feel". So this very day switch to Woodbury Facial Soap! After ten days, let your own mirror decide.



Cholly Knickerbocker, America's society reporter, jots down Josette's recipe for a Facial Cocktail. "First, work up a rich lather with warm water and Woodbury Facial Soap. Then cleanse the face thoroughly with this wonderful Woodbury Soap lather.



"Now rinse in cold water—how fresh it makes you look! What's more, this Woodbury Cocktail freshness lasts. Wins you compliments on your skin hours later, when you're dancing. I'm mighty glad I know about Woodbury—the special facial soap!



"So tonight and every night, and whenever I remove make-up, I use Woodbury. Naturally, Woodbury is my bath soap, too. Even when I pack in a hurry, I never travel without Woodbury. Isn't it nice, a long-lasting cake costs only 10¢?"

(Continued from Page 59)

Is it, as I believed, our special magic? Other people have thought that. But they have married and lived together and the magic has gone. It must have or they wouldn't want to look at anyone else, would they? But they do look, and there's a new magic, as good, they think, as the first. It must be as good or they wouldn't do the things they do to keep within its circle, or hurt the people they must hurt. So it isn't special, is it?

You're a man, you won't understand this. You fell in love with me and asked me to marry you; that's all there was to it for you, I suppose. You want me and I have said that yes, you may have me. Men aren't afraid of marriage, only women. Only me, perhaps?

We have to be everything to each other. That's what I've dreamed of in marriage. Everything. But we can't, the world won't let us, other people won't, we can't let ourselves. That's something else people say; that no one can belong, really belong to anyone else, and that we are strangers to each other, no matter how long we live together.

A FRIEND of mother's, an actress—you met her last month, Rita Harley—said that love was a matter of chemical attraction. That's why you couldn't fall in love with someone suitable, who had everything you might really want—there wasn't *that* between you. That's why you fell in love with the wrong person quite often, someone with whom you didn't want to fall in love, and why you could fall in love more than once. Because not just one person could hold that chemical attraction for you, but several—if you happened to meet them. I remember mother answering that maybe Rita was right. But the Greeks had a different idea; they thought that every pair of real lovers was once one person—divided, and forever after seeking their right, the only perfect, half. Rita laughed and said, "The Greeks had a word for everything, didn't they? And even if it were true, how many people found the right halves? Most of us had to compromise with someone else's half."

John, this is for our lives. A girl I know said to me this spring that she was engaged and terribly happy, but that if it didn't click after marriage she could get out of it, and thank heaven for Reno and the other places where you could shake off marriage quickly and painlessly. She said, "If I make a mistake I'm not going to stick to it because of some silly idea that it's my duty. I've only one life to live and I want the best out of it."

But I'm not like that. This has to be for all our lives. I can't face the thought that it might be wrong and that there would be perhaps forty, even fifty years ahead of boredom and reproach, of nagging and bickering.

There's another thing. Suppose we haven't forty or fifty years? Suppose one of us — John, the other night when you were to come up from the inn around eight and we were going to Ellen's party and you didn't come till nine because you had a telephone call from your father and then there was something wrong with the car, and the wire at the inn went out of order in the thunderstorm, right after your father called, I was beside myself. I tried to call the inn and couldn't. And the rain came down and the thunder crashed and the lightning was bright as sunlight. I thought you'd been in an accident, driving here, slippery pavement, or the lightning, or a tree falling. And that other time when you had the flu

last February. If we were married, and things were as right as I've dreamed they'd be, and anything happened to you? I've imagined waking up beside you every morning. And then to wake and not find you? Or if something happened to me, if I had to leave you?

When I think of these things, and now when I'm trying to write them, I am sure that I love you. I just put down the pen and thought if I didn't love you would I feel like this, just imagining, all hollow and empty and dreadfully frightened?

Then I thought again of what I have just written of waking beside you every morning, and I've started to tremble again and my hands and feet are cold and my hands shake and I made that blot. Because I don't know you. Because we are strangers to each other, after all. Because I'm not sure.

How are people sure? I was quite sure about Alan for a little while. I was sure about Tom during the moment he kissed me. When I was fourteen I thought that if I didn't grow up and marry Billy Reid—he was sixteen then—I'd die. That's how sure I was.

You're sure. Perhaps men are like that. Black is black, white is white, there isn't any in-between gray. Perhaps they see straight ahead along a straight road, perhaps women see around corners.

What right have you to be sure? Suppose around that corner there is someone else, for you—for me—or for us both? Perhaps that doesn't make sense, John; *how do we know?*

So I can't marry you, John, because I'm not sure. And I have to be. If I don't love you enough for that—not to spoil your life —

I don't know what I'm going to do. I'm going out now, to find some way to get this to the inn. I'll tell mother and father. I can't run away and let them face it alone. Afterward maybe they'll take me away somewhere.

I won't ask you to forgive me.

Her fingers were cramped. She laid down the pen and clenched and unclenched them. The sheets were scattered on the desk. She picked them up, sorted and folded them. Too thick to go into an ordinary envelope. There was a big one in the drawer. She sealed the letter in it; she thought, *I'll find Lem, he'll be here early, he will take it to the inn.*

New light beat against the curtains. Lydia turned out the desk lamp, drew

the curtains and opened the window. The day was pale gold. She washed in cold water, combed back her hair and dressed—an old tweed skirt, a pull-over sweater, bare legs, tennis shoes. She took the letter and went softly from the room.

The stairs squeaked; she held her breath. The house was polished from top to toe. This was Wednesday, the eleventh of June. It would be a flawless day, the sun hot and heady, the breeze cool, sweet with roses, spiced with salt; the sky a sapphire arch, empearled with drifting clouds as fat and soft as cherubs' wings.

Lem was not in the garden, but his roses and peonies, his delphinium and iris, his lilies and flax and coral-bells were washed with dew.

LYDIA left the garden and went across the lawn to the water whispering at the edge of the white beach. She did not go down the steps to the little dock, but over the retaining wall. She would sit there awhile in the sun and wait until she believed Lem had come. She dropped down off the wall to the sand, still cool and a little damp from the night. There were fishing boats on the Sound, and small waves, talking to one another, and the water was as blue as the sky.

"Hello," John said.

He was sitting against the wall. He wore old tennis trousers, a shirt open at the collar, and disreputable shoes. He was smoking. Lydia clutched the envelope. John was on his feet, he was steadying her, she was against his heart in the early sunlight, his lips were on her hair, his lips were on her mouth.

"Sit down. Sorry I haven't a coat." She said, "I didn't expect—that is —"

John said, "I couldn't sleep. I had a terrible night, so I went for a walk. I suppose I came here without volition. My feet know the way." He grinned, looking a little drawn in the sunshine, his blue eyes tired. "I sneaked in across the orchard way to the beach and walked up. I've been here since sunrise."

"I slept until a while ago."

"What's that in your hand?"

Now was the time—give him the letter. Better still, just say, looking at him, honest, unmarred by cowardice, "It was for you. But I'll tell you what's in it." She couldn't speak except to say, flushing, "It's nothing. I mean —"

He put his arm around her. He asked, after a moment, "Lydia, are you scared?"

The envelope slid to the sand. She did not answer for a moment. The magic, the new-old magic in his touch, in his strength, in the awareness of his nearness — She said, "Terribly."

"So am I." He laughed, knocked out his pipe, put it down beside him.

"I've been fighting devils all night."

"What devils?"

"Oh, can I make you happy, will things be right with us? Lydia, can't you see? A man doesn't think beyond falling in love, that's all. He doesn't think ahead to responsibility, to the things which might happen. All I thought, last night—if you grew tired of me, if anything happened to you —" The arm tightened. "Or to me. And you're nineteen, Lydia. I'm ten years older. That's a lot of years. You're nothing but a kid. I kept thinking, 'Will I be kind enough, gentle enough? Will I frighten her, will she hate me?' And the other things—Money and war and —"

She said clearly, "And you weren't sure that you were sure?"

"No," he said, "I wasn't. And I got to thinking about being free."

She whispered, "That's something I never thought about. John,

A BRIDE ON A BUDGET

...BUT I TAUGHT MY MOTHER-IN-LAW SOMETHING NEW



SHE CALLED MY NEW TOILET TISSUE AN EXTRAVAGANCE...

I Proved It's a Luxury That's Easy to Afford!

MOTHER-IN-LAW: For a bride on a budget, you certainly like nice things! This beautifully soft toilet tissue for example. It must be *terribly* expensive...

ME: But it's not "terribly expensive." It's a luxury that even a bride on a budget needn't pass up. Test*Mark Doubl-down sells at regular prices, and there's a thousand sheets in a roll. Why not take some home with you?

MOTHER-IN-LAW — (Chuckling): I've already put a roll in my bag!



Truly a luxury bathroom tissue, new Test*Mark Doubl-down is soft as the finest facial tissue—made stronger for bathroom use. The full 1000-sheet roll makes it an extra good value. Ask your dealer for Test*Mark Doubl-down.

And... YOU'LL LOVE THIS NEW SOFTER FACIAL TISSUE!

Actually, Test*Mark facial tissue combines extra softness with superior strength. Absorbs faster, too. And so free from lint it's a blessing for hay fever sufferers! Try it. Economically priced in handy 150, 200 and 500-sheet boxes.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR
TEST*MARK
HOUSEHOLD PAPERS

TESTED PAPERS OF AMERICA, INC., CHICAGO



"Darling, whatever became of that nice little Princeton boy we all liked so much?"

Here's the way I help my skin
deal with that
Summer hangover



RARE is the skin that comes home from a summer vacation without a hangover of sunburn, windburn, skyshine, and a general weather-beaten look.

Now's the time to get after that summer skin hangover. Put Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Creams to work on it!

And also give these special creams a chance to help if you are bothered with such blemishes as rough scaly dryness, oily shine, and enlarged pore openings.

PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA SKIN CREAM
(Formerly Texture Cream)

Get the full benefit of this cream by using both as a night treatment and as a day foundation. It softens and neutralizes accumulations often acid in nature in the external pore openings. It also contains cholesterol which by retaining moisture acts to keep your skin more supple and pliant.

As a foundation women agree that Phillips' Skin Cream "does something extra." It removes excess oiliness and softens dry rough skin so that powder and rouge go on evenly and adhere for hours.

PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA CLEANSING CREAM
A new experience awaits you in the way this different cream cleanses! You see it not only loosens and rolls away the surface dirt and make-up but penetrates the outer pore openings and cleanses away the accumulations which daily lodge there. Leaves your skin clean, softened, and refreshed!

PHILLIPS'
Milk of Magnesia
CREAMS

SKIN CREAM
(FORMERLY TEXTURE CREAM)
30c and 60c

CLEANSING CREAM
30c, 60c and \$1.00



perhaps most girls don't want to be free. Perhaps —"

"Then you did think?"

She nodded. She said, "I thought about—not being sure."

He said, "I was walking to think things through, because I was scared. Because I wanted to run away. Because I was so frightened I —"

"You were going to ask me to let you go!"

"How do you know?"

She touched the brown envelope. She said, "I was going to ask you. In this letter. I was going to find Lem and —"

He said, "I wrote you last night. It's back at the inn, that letter." He looked at her and began to laugh, and presently she laughed with him. He held her in his arms and they rocked to and fro, helpless with laughter.

"When I saw you —" he said.

"When I saw you —" she said.

"Darling, you're sure?" he asked.

This was not the lonely night. The nights would never again be lonely. This was not darkness, wondering, uncertainty. This was day, sunlight, surety. Magic all around them, and each other's arms. They spoke again, once more together. "Will you give me the letter?" they said.

"Never," said Lydia, and "Never," said John.

They were silent for a moment and then he said quietly, "Darling, it won't all be easy. There will be hard times, tough times. We'll hurt each other. We'll be angry and sorry and bewildered. But we'll be together. We'll be sure. We'll love each other. And we can take it."

"Of course. . . . John, if they miss me from the house? I'm supposed to be asleep. Breakfast in bed." She thought of her wedding dress hanging in the closet with a protective sheet on the floor beneath, of her veil in its big box. She had not dared look at them last night. Now she could not wait.

He rose, pulled her up and held her in his arms. He said, "Happy the bride the sun shines on, Lydia."

She asked wonderingly, "What makes us so sure now? John, I'm glad you weren't."

"You should be furious, hate me."

"But you don't hate me!"

"That's different. And this is how I hate you. And this. And this is what makes us so sure. This, and liking the same things and knowing that we belong.

Wanting to belong, wanting to be together whatever happens. What else do we have to go on? What else has anyone? You can't prove love like an equation. You can talk and argue and be clever about it. But you can't isolate it under a microscope. What we have is ours. It belongs to us. We're sure. We don't know why or how, but we are. It's like a belief in God," he said gently. "You don't ask for proof or scientific explanations. You just believe. Perhaps you waver, perhaps you doubt now and then, but it doesn't last."

"I know." She released herself and stooped to the envelope. She asked, "Have you a match?"

He watched her kindle the little fire, he stood beside her until the flame was high and bright, until it dimmed and the edges of the paper glowed red and curled and were black.

"You'll burn yours?" she asked.

"I'll bring you the ashes."

"We were fools," she said. "I wonder if anyone has ever —"

"Of course not," he said. "It was—don't you see it now? I do—it was because we loved each other so much that we were afraid, not because we didn't love enough."

He lifted her over the wall, jumped up beside her. Lem, in the garden, watched them approaching, hand in hand. Mrs. Weston, in Lydia's empty room, looked out and saw them. She opened the door and called her husband.

"Look," she said.

"What in the world —" he began.

Lydia's mother smiled. She said, "I wonder if they had stage fright. Do you remember, David, the night before our wedding?"

"We quarreled," he said.

"We broke it off," she reminded him.

"We were scared. But next day —"

"How foolish it seemed, how trivial. Girls get overtired," she said, "and nervous and high-strung."

"And men," said her husband with a grin, "suddenly watch domesticity approach. The turn of a key, the warning clang. There's a sort of wild, desperate snatch at the vanishing promises of freedom."

Mrs. Weston smiled. She leaned from the window and called, "Lydia! John! Come in and have some breakfast, but don't wake up the rest of the household." She thought, turning away, *How young they are, how confident, how sure!*

Ask Any Woman

BY MARCELENE COX

She doesn't have to watch her figure; others do it for her.

When my husband makes coffee, we are out of it next day.

Portrait: She could endure any sorrow, provided the blow struck when her house was clean.

We have two stairways in our new-old house—one for family use and one for me to put things on, according to my husband.

Filigrees of fancy: Water winking its eyes in the dark . . . freckles dancing like notes in a song . . . a little face buttoned against the windowpane . . . eyes which hit the gong.

There is nothing more wonderful in the heart of a child than the confidence

that he exactly suits his parents—that if they had taken a special trip to Babyland and been given a chance to look over all the babies, eventually they would have stood directly in front of him and said, "Here he is—just the one I want—wrap him up. We are in a hurry to get home."

I wonder at what age a little boy's reason catches up with his energy.

There was no stopping her—she talked like a jar of fruit which has decided to open.

Favorite quotation: Sometimes I wish, like the Cardinal in A Royal Family, that "we could be born old, and grow younger and cleaner and ever simpler until, at last, with the white souls of little children, we lay us down to eternal sleep."

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Honey's Boy is not always so angelic. Usually he's into something—mainly the roses or my salad garden.

Diary of Domesticity

By Gladys Taber

CLOVER and I got greatly excited this morning over a baby owl that was huddled doubtfully in the maple near the house. The mother owl, from the tree near the barn, was trying to persuade her offspring to come with her. She did her best, and on the ground Clover added to the furor. The baby owl seemed to be a confused sort of person, and he couldn't quite decide to get off the branch he was on and try the deep air.

Clover and I had to go in the house to answer the phone, and when we got out again both owls were gone. But there was a hummingbird quivering in the perennial border, incredibly bright and incredibly tiny. We seldom see one, and I wanted to move as close as possible. Above all birds, the hummingbird gives me that feeling of the mystery and wonder of life. Such a vibrant little body, such color, and wings that beat faster than thought. I felt as if I would catch the whole of life if I could hold a hummingbird in my hand once. But as I stepped softly nearer, a bright unafraid eye seemed to inspect me briefly, then the wings quivered and the bird was gone.

The orioles are gay in the old orchard branches. The swamp is full of birds, but I can't get out in the middle to see them. Their liquid notes make the air sweet, and they are all very busy. A beautiful male pheasant came along the stone wall yesterday, stepping proudly and glittering with bronze and purple.

How sweet are the country sounds! Keats was right, as he generally was: "The poetry of earth is never dead. . . . The poetry of earth is ceasing never." The soft tapestry of bird songs comes first, then the sound of water running cool under dark branches, the creak of a wagon deep with hay, the fiddling of grasshoppers; all the good country sounds make poetry.

Snow's puppies come out on the lawn now, to tumble in the sun. Snow is bored with them; she wants to stay in the house. Time for them to go away to boarding school, she thinks. The supplementary feeding has made super puppies of them. They rush to the feeding pan now and lunge into it all over, swimming happily in milk and egg. They make ex-

cursions into the vast, vast world. The grass is very tall for them, it is hard work to get around in it.

Now and then the boy, filled with male ego, gets way off and then discovers he is alone. He is a *voyageur* in unknown country, and he lifts his voice and adds to the summer sounds the desperate wail of a lost puppy. Wooo—wooo—wooo! Everybody drops whatever he is doing and runs to fish him out from the rose bed. Then what joyous reunion, what snufflings and pantings and lickings and waggings as he settles his fat self in the rescuer's neck and yawns.

The first meal of scraped beef is always a celebration. The babies are dozing in the sun when I come out and hold a fairy-size meat cake under a sleeping nose. There is an instant convulsion through the whole litter and they all fling themselves violently at the luscious smell. "Why didn't anybody tell us about this? Why didn't we get this before? Where is more? Gracious, you expect us to live and grow up on milk and mush?" Long after the meat is gone, there are smacking sounds, then finally they give up and fall asleep, paws in air, fat stomachs turned up to the sun.

Bob, my husband, has been weeding my salad garden, and Star is perfectly furious to be kept on the inside of the fence. She loves to help weed, dashing after every weed that is pulled up and bringing it briskly right back again. Then she sits down on the best plants while waiting for more weeds. Finally Bob puts her inside and she sits with her nose thrust through the wire, complaining bitterly.

When he carries a basketful of weeds away to the swamp he has to cross the yard, and all the dogs go with him so he can hardly move at all. I can see him stop and set down the basket and throw a ball for them, and then go on a few more steps until they all gallop up again. Saxon swings on his pant legs helpfully.

The salad garden is a great joy. I planted radishes, red and white, and parsley, and upland cress, and early May King and Oak Leaf lettuce, and endive, and sage, and chives and leeks. Of course I use the other (Continued on Page 67)

The Heroine Is Always Young

by Margaret West

IT is part of woman, it is part of you to want to be loved, admired, envied; to be the heroine of your own life story. And because the heroine is always young, we've become a nation of young women, young of heart, young of dress, young of step. We've flung away the age limit on youth. The fascinating, attractive young woman who swings along with that eager, vivacious, school-girl stride may be daughter, or mother. We're living in an ageless age... a stay-young age. And we like it, don't we? It's fun. Today, you



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America's unchallenged shoe value at

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Write for illustrated style folder. The United States Shoe Corporation, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Red Cross Shoes

A BEAUTY TREATMENT FOR YOUR FEET

Ry-Krisp

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...flattering new color for fall
...smart plan for figure control



Brigance dress and Sally Victor hat in Ry-Krisp® beige. Worn by Kay Hernan, famous Powers' model. Miss Hernan, 5'10" tall, weighs 125 pounds. Her measurements:

Bust 35" Hips 35"
Waist 25" Thighs 19"

"For a trim, slim figure, try the Ry-Krisp plan" suggests Miss Hernan. Send 1c postal for:

New Ry-Krisp Reducing Booklet free. Gives plan for normal overweight person to lose about 7 pounds a month. Address Ry-Krisp, 731F Checkerboard Square, St. Louis, Mo.



Thomas F. Brigance, gifted designer of Lord & Taylor.

"Beige and brown are very important in fall fashions and Ry-Krisp is one of the smartest shades of beige being shown. It can be worn with a variety of accessory colors and is extremely flattering to everyone. Important as color is, however, figure control is even more important. A slender woman can easily find becoming styles and can wear more youthful clothes, too. Since the Ry-Krisp plan permits a normal overweight person to lose about seven pounds a month, it really shouldn't be difficult to achieve the slim silhouette that fashion demands."

Thomas F. Brigance

New Ry-Krisp Wafers are Exciting, too! Smart to serve any time, with any food

Whether you're planning a formal dinner or serve-yourself buffet luncheon, it's smart to serve Ry-Krisp.

The toasty color of new Ry-Krisp catches the eye. The exciting rye flavor brings quick praise from everyone. And the fact that each crisp, dimpled Ry-Krisp wafer has only 23 calories is sure to please weight-watchers.

Made from whole grain, Ry-Krisp has important nutritive value, too — furnishes vitamin B₁ and minerals, provides bulk to help keep you "regular."

Start now to enjoy Ry-Krisp as an every-meal bread. Serve it with soups, salads, fruit juices, cheese and spreads. It's a grand sandwich cracker—each wafer breaks into easy-to-eat squares.

Try this for lunch: Open Ry-Krisp sandwiches of cream cheese topped with carrot and pimiento. Closed Ry-Krisp sandwiches of ground boiled ham mixed with hard-cooked egg and catsup. Served with tomato-cucumber salad on lettuce with artichoke hearts, pickles, olives, pickled onions.



*Ry-Krisp dresses, suits, coats in Stroock fabrics and Ry-Krisp hats by Sally Victor featured at Lord & Taylor, New York and other leading U. S. stores.

Enjoy Delicious Ry-Krisp as bread at every meal

At your grocer's in the famous red-and-white checkerboard package

(Continued from Page 65)

vegetables, too, but the little special salad garden is comfortable to pick in. We have tried many kinds of lettuce, and like the May King and Oak Leaf best. The Oak Leaf grows even when it is hot and dry, and the May King forms beautiful hard heads. The upland cress is not so crisp and delicate as water cress, but so far we haven't been able to maintain a cress bed in the brook because the brook changes its course so often. We have mint, though, in the brook.

Chopped or minced herbs mixed with butter make a very good sandwich spread. Also honey worked into butter is delicious for hot toast at breakfast.

I have a new salad recipe which I like better than any for potato salad. It is supposed to come from New Orleans, via Virginia and North Carolina, but anywhere it comes from is a good place! We call it "Martha Fitzgerald's potato salad." It can be served cold, hot or lukewarm, so for picnics or late guests it is perfect.

It CALLS for 3 pounds potatoes cut fine and cooked in boiling salted water until firm but not too done. The potatoes are put in a bowl hot and the dressing poured over. The dressing has 8 tablespoons olive oil, 2 tablespoons vinegar, 2 teaspoons salt, 1/2 teaspoon black pepper, 1/2 teaspoon red pepper, 1 teaspoon prepared mustard, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley and some chopped onions—to taste. I use 1 tablespoon. In a big wooden chopping bowl garnished with fresh garden lettuce, this salad is a meal in itself.

I never can wait for our potatoes to be ready for digging. I keep sneaking up to the potato patch, which lies at the edge of the wood in the far meadow. The ground there is light but well drained and rich enough for potatoes to do well. We have grown Golden Coin and numbers of other kinds and have settled down to Green Mountain, which are better adapted to our soil and climate. As soon as a single plant looks at all brown, I take the fork and dig hopefully, and when the first small round potatoes roll out I feel like a queen. It's like digging for buried treasure. I bring in a pan of nuggets and sister Jill says, "Can't you wait until they develop?"

I scrub them with a brush and cook them with a little mint in the water, and serve them in a yellow bowl with melted butter. It is a high spot of the year for me, when those first potatoes come to the table. No boughten potatoes are comparable to those fresh from the damp earth, rushed from garden to the pot.

AFTER supper last night I went out under the apple trees to look at the moon. It was one of those hours that I have when the world is so lovely I can hardly bear it. All the rich and beautiful things there are come home to my heart at once. Sensation is an ache. If there were nothing lovely but the deep serene evening sky, that would be enough, I think. But there are the trees, heavy with leaves, there are the roses opening in silence and beauty under the moon.

There is the grass itself, strong enough to bear the heavy feet of mankind and yet to grow, to be mown, and grow again.

There are the vegetables, and every one different, a whole world of taste and texture to bless the hunger of man. I am almost dizzy thinking about how the crisp cabbage can be so different from the melting sweet of ripe tomatoes, how the golden, tender wax beans grow beside the sturdy, round onions with their compact rings, translucent and heady.

As if that were not enough, sounds assail the ear with mystery and magic. I heard a fox bark on the distant hill. I heard the soft stamping of a horse in the neighbor's barn. I heard the brook.

COLOR alone would be enough of beauty for the world, I thought, sitting down on the terrace. Surely it would take all my life to have enough of that pale, pale green that sometimes lies along the horizon when the sun has gone. Or the cool dark amber of brook water over stones. Or the faint ivory in the heart of a white rose.

A thousand textures have their burden of beauty too. The smooth suave feel of a petal rubbed between the fingers, the softness of a spaniel's coat, the hard good sensation of a stone in the hand, the incredible feeling of a cobweb which is hardly texture at all but the dream of texture. Wool and silk and ivory and ice—the mind cannot call them all up at once.

Scents—these are the special evocators of memory. Almost any smell will bring a whole train of remembered hours with it. Violets—one whiff of violets carries me magically back to a field of violets I walked in twenty years ago. Smoke of burning leaves—a whole enchanted autumn lives in that odor. White sweet clover —

All this physical beauty of the earth is not half either. Music, and poetry, the remembrance of things past, love, and friendship—all the infinite riches of the mind and soul itself are spread for us as we move through the world. Rupert Brooke said, "I know what things are good: friendship and work and conversation. These I shall have."

WHAT infinite riches we inherit from the world of books! "Music, when soft voices die, vibrates in the memory —" and in books we have what Keats calls "the reperception and ratification of what is fine," a regal heritage in these days.

The moon was just coming higher and at once I remembered Romeo: "Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear, That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops." I wonder what kind of fruit trees they were—probably apple trees like ours, but apple trees wouldn't fit the meter. Even Shakespeare may now and then have felt the exigency of verse making. No, that wasn't it—it was because he wanted the long oo sound in fruit to resolve in melody in the long e and then lift again in the short o in tops. It was not to fit the meter but to enchant the ear.

In any case, the apple-tree tops at Stillmeadow were now being silvered by that same moon, and there were shadows and moonlight on the grass. My effort to compass the varied beauties in the universe left me strangely tired.

I needed someone to tell it all to. And this led me to thinking about people. Shared experience is the priceless gift in love and in friendship. The people who have loved me and whom I have loved

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- Life is not a spectacle or a feast; it is a predicament. —GEORGE SANTAYANA: Articles and Essays.
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FIFTH AVENUE STYLES

for a long time—old friends who have stood the test of passing years—these are enough to make life significant. I am sure it's true "there's nothing worth the wear of winning, but laughter and the love of friends." I stopped to recall the rest of that, but couldn't. It was Belloc who said it. Laughter and the love of friends, they are worth the wear of winning above all else.

"You cannot plant an acorn one day," Saint Exupéry says, "and expect to sit under the shade of an oak tree the next." Human relationships must be tended with care, they must be cherished, they must take the best we are, the best we have, and then, as the slow seasons roll, there is the oak tree to shelter us.

When I got to this point, I thought of the ones I love and what they have meant to me, and then strangely it came to me that as far as my personal life is concerned, death doesn't conquer. Death cannot destroy the warm sweetness of my love for my mother, and it seems to me that she still shares my life with me. I cannot understand this, I cannot explain it; I am a simple person and I only know what I feel. It seems to me we lose

what we love only by our own weakness, our failure, not by outside circumstance.

If you see a child, eager and glowing, run to a mother to share some excitement, and you see the mother push the child away, and you catch the sudden lost look on the face of the child, then you have seen something destroyed. A moment that was precious. Anger and irritation between friends drain the sap from the tree, and many marriages wither at the root for lack of simple kindness.

All the loveliness in the world, and our own responsibility toward it—my thoughts had come full circle. Yes, in spite "of the gloomy days, Of all the unhealthy and o'erdarkened ways, made for our searching: yes, in spite of all, Some shape of beauty moves away the pall from our dark spirits."

A cool wave of air from the heart of the meadow came to me and I filled my lungs with it. I turned back to the house, white in the moonlight, and I thought, *Yes, in spite of all, I am in love with life.* There is more beauty than we can measure in this old world of ours. There is more beauty than we can measure in a single night.

TOP HAT GOES TO TOWN

(Continued from Page 17)

to change his mind on that. The car, though, was a horse of a different color. He couldn't cut school, but he had to have a job and make the money quick. There was a night shift at the paper mill now from eleven to five. Misery gnawed at him as he went past Elaine's and climbed the long hill across the railroad tracks. He went to the employment office and got a job pushing trucks loaded with paper. That part was easy—the defense program had boomed everything.

The trouble with a small town, though, was you always went past Elaine's. He also went past March's Kennels, and there sat that puppy still by the fence, a small, dark, lonely object.

"Oh, my," said Gordon. "Look here, Top Hat, you better go inside with your family. I got to hurry. I got to. I got so much trouble already —"

Top Hat quivered. He sat on one hip and cocked his head on one side. He put one of those funny big paws up and batted the wire suggestively: "When you getting me out?"

Gordon tried to think up what to tell his family. In the past he'd been O.K. with both of them. But they wouldn't even listen to him any more. They just pushed him off. He'd be able to go to bed and then get up and sneak out for the job and get back in and go to bed again—that was all right. He could put the alarm under his pillow. He could get, anyhow, close to four hours' sleep.

It got pretty hard after the first few days to get to school and work too. But he figured he'd have the car in time for the big prom at the country club. This was a date he had had with Elaine since last year. He'd call for her in the new snazzy car and get her a corsage too. All the humiliation of the past months would melt away; he would have his place in the sun again. On the way home they'd go to the lake for hot dogs and coffee. He would kiss her quite a lot. His heart galloped and he pushed the truck faster.

Then he came home one day to find his mother gone. Dad was there and he looked sick. "Where's mother?" Gordon asked. He began to have a funny feeling in his stomach.

"Your mother's gone away," said dad.

"Where?"

"To Aunt Ella's, in Morrystown."

"Smatter, she sick?"

His father gave him a desperate look. "Listen, son, I'm not very good at this. But you've got to know. Your mother thinks perhaps she and I—that is, she feels maybe—well, she's left us."

Gordon said blankly, "What for?" "Well, you know people often separate when they aren't happy with each other." "Not my parents!"

The explanation was not very clear. There was a lot about dad neglecting mother, and more about women liking attention and being gay —

"Like Elaine," said Gordon suddenly.

Then there was something about some man who had a lot of everything who had been crazy about mother for years. Dad said wearily, "He's got horses and a yacht and he raises show dogs; he doesn't work for a living, so he has lots of time to just play around and—make love to women. Your mother, you know, is a very beautiful woman."

"Is she?" Gordon hadn't thought about it. After all, she was his mother. At mother's age, you didn't think of being beautiful. Mother was at least thirty-five or six. Anyway, she was old.

Dad said she had gone away to think things over a while; it wasn't settled absolutely. Mrs. Harriman was coming in to cook for them.

He said, "If she decides to come back, I'll do better. We'll have to wait until she makes up her mind."

Now Gordon felt he had known it all along. He remembered hearing them quarrel an awful lot. Dad yelling around about playboys. Mother making speeches about what life was for anyway. He went upstairs and cried. Everything had fallen out from under him. A fellow couldn't count on a thing, not a thing.

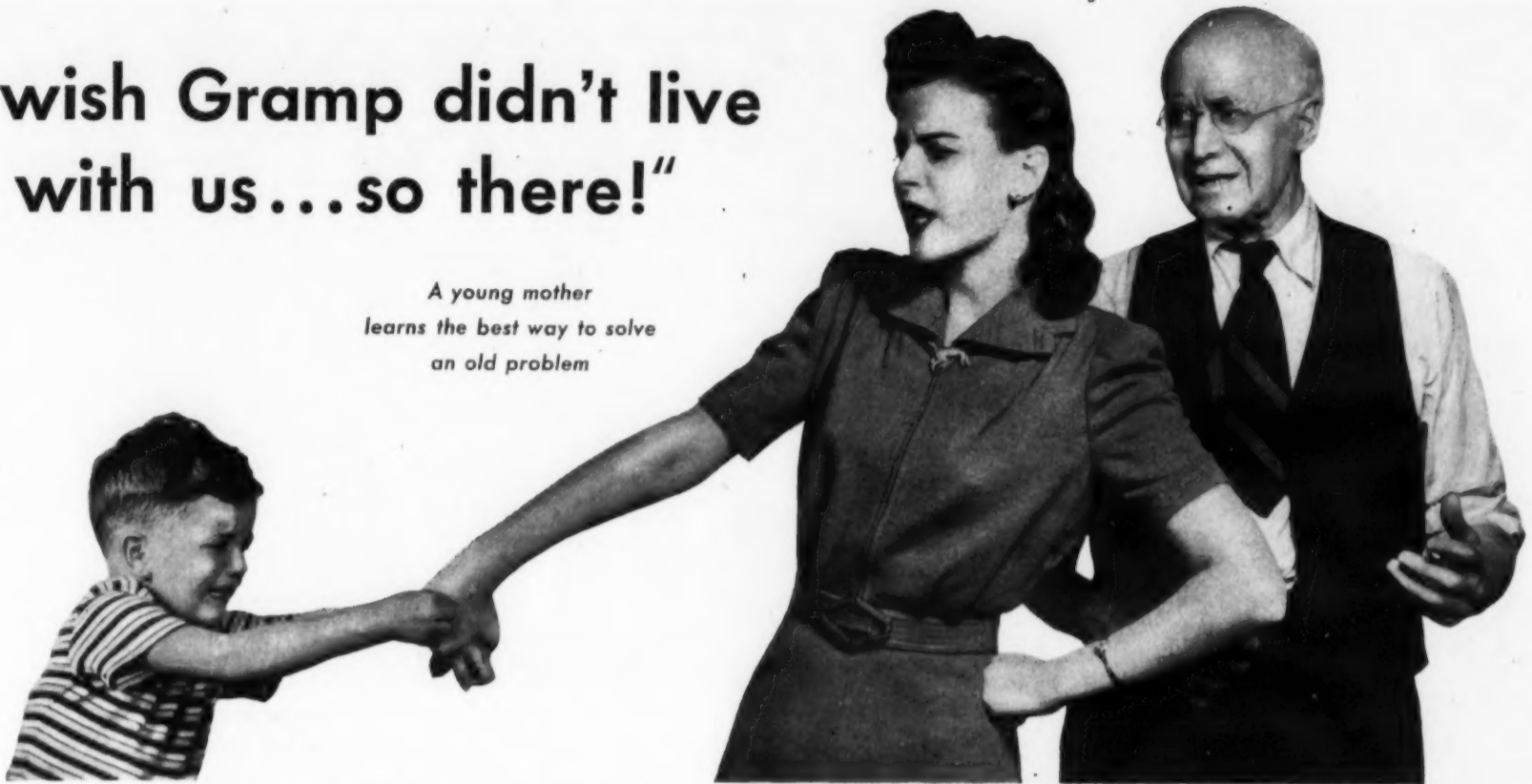
Why, mother and dad were kind of like him and Elaine. Sure, everything was the same. Well, that was how it was. You knew what to expect. But he was going to get forty dollars by the end of the week and he'd have the car. He turned on the alarm and lay down without taking off his clothes.

Dad went to Minneapolis on business. He was gone a week even though he flew. Mrs. Harriman plodded around the house and fixed beef and potatoes for supper every day. Gordon's bed never got made up and all his underwear was dirty.

(Continued on Page 70)

"I wish Gramp didn't live with us...so there!"

A young mother
learns the best way to solve
an old problem



1. I try never to spank my little boy, Stevie. I don't believe in it. But when the little imp was so rude to his Grandpa, the

other day, I could have whaled him! My husband's father is a darling and he's so sensitive about having to live with us.



2. The fuss started when I asked Gramp to give Stevie a laxative. Stevie set up a howl. He hated the taste of it and he flatly refused to take it. So Gramp forced it down him. Then Stevie yelled he hated Gramp and wished he didn't live with us.



3. I had to punish Stevie for hurting Gramp's feelings. That's why the three of us looked so miserable when my cousin, who's a registered nurse, stopped by. When I told her what had happened, she looked startled. "Why run the risk of forcing him to take a bad-tasting laxative?"



4. "You could shock a child's delicate nervous system that way," my cousin went on. "Children should get a nice-tasting laxative—one made especially for children—not a harsh, adult's laxative. Why don't you try Fletcher's Castoria? Kids love the taste of it. And you can be sure it's safe and efficient."



5. "You can really rely on Fletcher's Castoria," she added. "It's thorough, but mild. There isn't a single harsh purging drug in it. Try it... I know you'll agree with me." So I walked her down to Main Street and bought a bottle right then and there.



6. Well, the next time Stevie had to take a laxative, I let Gramp give him Fletcher's Castoria. Sure enough... Stevie *did* love the taste. He hugged Gramp and they've been great buddies ever since. Fletcher's Castoria sure solved *my* youngster's laxative problem... the *safe* way!

HERE IS THE MEDICAL BACKGROUND

AN ANALYSIS of Fletcher's Castoria shows that its chief ingredient is *senna*.

In medical literature, *senna* is recommended as an active ingredient in laxatives because... (1) *Senna* has little or no action in the stomach and small intestine where the digestive process primarily takes place. Therefore, in most cases, *senna* does not disturb the appetite and digestion or cause nausea... (2) *Senna* works primarily in the lower bowel, or colon, causing a bowel movement... (3) In regulated dosages, it produces easy elimination and has little tendency to cause irritation or constipation after use.

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Genius of color and fashion, Alix now helps Jergens perfect a new ideal in face powder. So exquisitely spun, it appears like a natural tissue of loveliness on your skin.



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But those shades are the luscious treat! Among the 5 Alix creations is one shade expressly designed to bring out all the latent bloom and radiance in your skin tones.

Don't let a dull or chalky shade of face powder tell any more lies about your looks. Send today for all 5 of these Jergens powder shades, Alix styled. Your mirror will quickly reveal the one shade Alix dedicated to your heart-winning loveliness. You'll change to Jergens Face Powder right away!

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(Continued from Page 68)

But Friday night he was paid off, and he had in his filthy pants pocket forty solid dollars—his own, he'd made it. So he'd get the car Saturday noon and there he was, fixed up. Should he give Elaine a ring or just drive up?

He had a bath and cleaned up and his haggard thin face shone with scrubbing.

The sun was shining as he started downtown. He felt kind of good, in spite of everything.

There was Top Hat, at the fence, wild with joy. He gave loud, happy barks, and they were practically grown-up barks now. He was getting bigger.

Gordon looked at him proudly. "Hiya, fellow," he said. "Know what? I got me forty bucks."

Top Hat was enchanted. He bounced and hopped. He ran dizzy circles around the end of the run. Gordon, he said, was wonderful. Perfect.

THE kennelman came up with a pail of water. "Hello," he said. "This is the last time you'll see the little fellow."

"What do you mean?"

"Some people are coming to buy him tomorrow. They looked yesterday."

"You—sold him?"

"Well, they didn't leave a deposit but they'll be here. They want him for a pet for their baby."

"But you can't do that!" Gordon was on his feet. "This isn't a baby's pet, this is a man's dog."

The man laughed. "Well, they figured he was too small to bite much if the baby pulled at him."

"Pulled at him?" Gordon stared as if the man were a monster.

Top Hat began to moan softly. His eyes, dark and bright, looked at Gordon with anxiety and adoration.

Gordon said hoarsely, "How much is that pup?"

"Thirty dollars," said the kennelman.

Gordon looked down at the puppy and the puppy looked up at him. "You give him to me. Here's your money."

"Well—" The man hesitated. "They will be kind of mad."

"Let them take some other dog," said Gordon. "They can't have mine!"

THE kennelman unlocked the gate. The door swung. Top Hat came out like a cavalry charge. He flung himself at Gordon. Gordon picked him up. Top Hat bit his ear, slobbered over his face, pawed his clean shirt, made frantic noises of joy. His tail went like a crazy merry-go-round.

"Funny," said the man, as he made out the papers, "he wouldn't go up to those other people at all. He ran away and hid." He said, "We're going to show the other male at Morris and Essex. Too bad this's so small."

I'm the world's biggest dope, thought Gordon. I'll never have a car now.

Top Hat pulled at his pant legs. He frisked. He ran around and around.

"Come on, then," said Gordon, "we got to go home."

He was pretty busy with Top Hat. The house was not empty any more. The puppy ate a couple of sofa cushions and tore the covers off some books the first day. He got in the garbage can. He delivered ultimatums to the neighbor's cat. He dug up quite a pile of bulbs from the border.

GORDON went back to ask the kennelman about diet, and he got some old dog magazines from him. "You going to show him?" asked the man.

"Maybe I will," said Gordon. Top Hat was good enough for anything.

Top Hat learned to walk on a leash. He carried it in his mouth mostly and chewed it. Instead of heeling he flew through the air like a maniacal butterfly. He wound around Gordon's legs, knocking them both down. His spirit was unquenchable. He ate everything—beef and lamb and lettuce and biscuits and old whisk brooms and dish mops. On this varied diet he grew like mullein, sturdy and stocky. His ears hung down. They fell in his food, in his water dish. They flew back like wings when he ran.

Gordon made him a nice bed in the kitchen in a ginger-ale carton. Top Hat hoisted his fat self up the stairs and sat outside Gordon's door, sobbing under his breath for two hours. Then Gordon got up and took him in. Top Hat laid his head on the pillow and gave a last sob of relief. He licked Gordon's hand. He slept with his paws up, ears limp. His muzzle was softer than vel-

vet. He learned to pose, motionless except for his bright, anxious eyes. They followed Gordon's every movement. He learned all the things Gordon read about in the dog articles.

DAD came home, thin and gray in the face. He said, "Where'd you get the pup?"

"I bought him," said Gordon, "with the money I made for a car. I'm going to show him."

Top Hat smelled dad carefully, and then sat on his feet and worked his shoelaces out. And dad laughed for the first time since mother left. "Say, his I. Q. is all right." This ironed out the last financial worry, because dad paid the entry fee for the show.

All at once, overnight, Top Hat grew older. He walked proudly on his leash. He had feathers on his strong legs. Gordon kept feeding and feeding him and running him hours a day in the greening fields. He brushed (Continued on Page 72)

Boy on a Stump

BY ROBERT P.
TRISTRAM COFFIN

The town boy playing skip and jump

Could not resist the maple stump
Higher than his shining head;
He embraced it, and he spread
His thighs far round as they would go.

He worked his knees and went up slow,

Worked his elbows, belly, heart,
His seams all threatening to part;
He tautened up with strength, his pride

Bulged his breeches out backside;
He drew a deep draft from his soul,
And stretched out face down on his goal.

He righted up and stood profound,
Higher up above the ground
Than he would be again in life
When he walked out with a wife
And had a boy with itching knees
Wanting to climb all the trees.

He drank in more things in his view
Than confident and tall men do.
This was a top to things, this look;
Every deep breath that he took
Made him in his body's span
So much less boy, so much more man.






MEAT

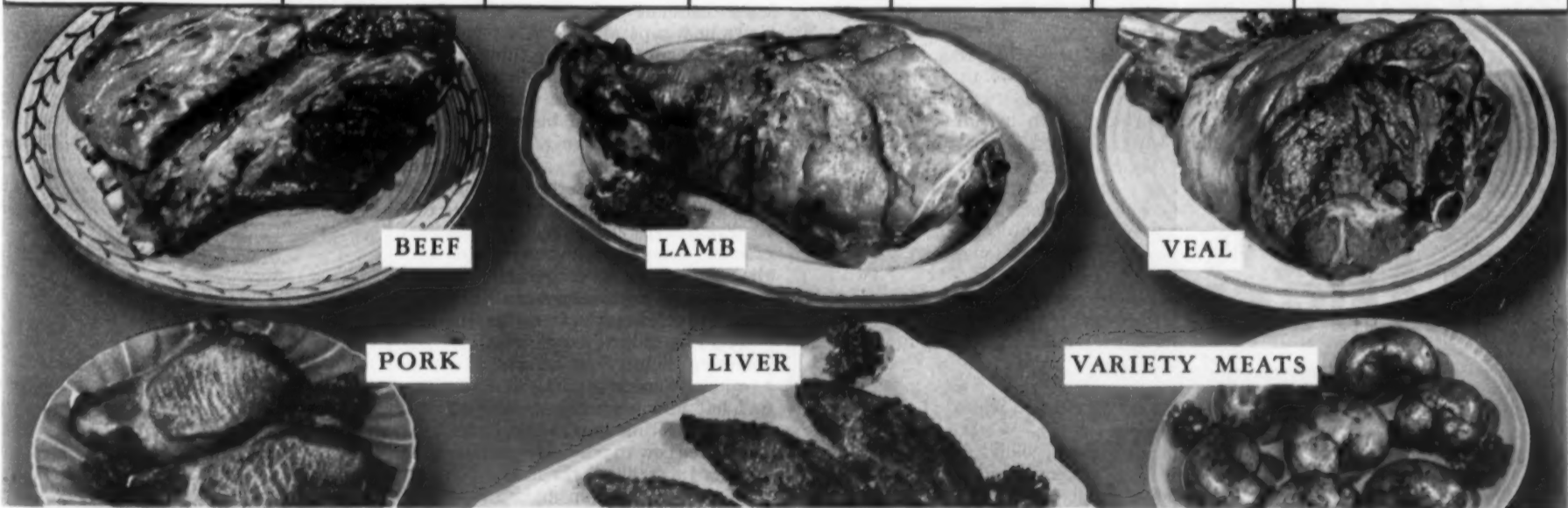
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	 PORK	 BEEF	 LAMB	 VEAL	 LIVER	THE VARIETY MEATS such as kidneys, heart, sweetbreads and brains are equally rich in these nutritional essentials.
B₁ THIAMINE (Milligrams)	1.60	.22	.33	.31	.38	
B₂ RIBOFLAVIN (Milligrams)	.34	.29	.39	.41	3.34	
NICOTINIC ACID A vitamin needed for prevention of pellagra (Milligrams)	11.0	8.4	10.0	16.2	35.5	



When you're planning meals, your instinct tells you to balance them around meat.

Now science tells why it is good that we like to eat meat—because meat does good things for us.

The chart shows the natural B vitamins of meat. These vitamins are now recognized as necessary to healthy nerves, good appetite, and the best possible growth of children. Your government urges an adequate supply of these vitamins

in the interest of a healthy and vigorous nation.

In addition to B vitamins, meat is an excellent source of complete, first quality proteins, and contains important minerals, especially iron and copper which help build good, red blood, and phosphorus, another dietary essential.

Many of these food essentials are not stored in the body to any extent . . . must be supplied daily in the food you eat.

All meats are 96 to 98% digestible.

It's good sense and good dietetics to balance your meals around meat.

A M E R I C A N M E A T I N S T I T U T E . . . C H I C A G O

"PIGTAILS, BUCK-TEETH AND FRECKLES..."

I had 'em all



"WHEN I WAS 16 and ready to graduate from the awkward stage, I bought my first lipstick... TANGEE NATURAL. And I've used TANGEE NATURAL ever since! I'm always thrilled by the way it changes from orange in the stick until my own most flattering lip-tint of warm blush rose is produced."



"ON MY WEDDING DAY I gave each of my bridesmaids a beauty kit... a Tangee Natural Lipstick, the harmonizing rouge, and their own correct shade of Tangee Face Powder. To each of them Tangee Natural Lipstick gave a different lip color."



"TODAY, my 16 year old daughter and I both use Tangee Natural. Its pure cream base keeps our lips smooth for hours. And Tangee Natural is so economical—the new de luxe cases hold much more lipstick than before!"



TANGEE

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"WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS LIPSTICK"

SEND FOR COMPLETE MAKE-UP KIT

The George W. Luft Co., Dist., 417 Fifth Ave., New York City
Please rush "Miracle Make-up Kit" of sample Tangee Lipsticks and Rouge in both Natural and Theatrical Red Shades. Also Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)

Check Shade of Powder Desired:

Peach Light Rachel Flesh
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Name _____ (Please Print)

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City _____ State _____ L91

(Continued from Page 70)

him by the clock, and the cod-liver oil went down in the bottle like sand in an egg glass. Dad got to coming home early with a piece of top round.

Dad even walked with them some. Gordon got to know dad quite well. But he never told him about the letters that came from mother. She wrote to Gordon a lot, and Gordon pinched his mouth tight and threw them all in the range.

He saw Elaine only in passing. She tried to speak to him several times, but he was too busy figuring about Top Hat's ring manners. He greeted her absently and went on. Once he ran into Russ at the drug, while he was getting calcium tablets for Top Hat.

"Thought you were getting a car," said Russ. "You change your mind?"

"Yeah," said Gordon, "I did. I don't need a car."

Russ laughed. "Don't need a car?" "I got other things to do," said Gordon, counting out change.

"What you doing that's so important?"

"I'm getting my dog ready for the show."

THE night before the show, Gordon couldn't seem to sleep. His stomach was tense. Top Hat caught the mood, as he always did, and made little anxious whinings. Gordon licked his lips and concentrated on sleep.

He and dad and Top Hat rode to the show in the car. They got up about five and got ready and drove away in the fresh, soft morning.

"He feels all right," said dad.

"Sure," said Gordon. "He's O.K."

Gordon was pale. He kept going over and over everything he knew and everything he'd done. He was terribly worried about the trimming, though he had spent a lot of time hanging around watching the kennelman. He still thought Top Hat's neckline was a shade ragged.

The nearer they got to the show, the more the roads were full of cars loaded with dogs. Three thousand of the best dogs in the world were riding in toward the fluttering flags and the big tents.

Officials in white coats checked the enormous procession through the gates. Gordon was shaking when he handed over his entry blank and Top Hat was admitted: One black cocker spaniel, male.

Dad parked the car and the three of them went across the great meadow. Indescribable confusion in the benches. Barking. Men in riding clothes lifting wirehairs and Kerry blues into the labeled niches reserved for champions and sons of champions. Braces of sleek, triumphant setters swinging down the green aisles. Old English sheep dogs rolling comfortably along, huge, shaggy.

Top Hat went crazy. It was a world of dogs, of noise, of running feet, of smells. Top Hat's nose ached with smells: damp leather, fresh sawdust, dog fur, perfume, soap, mustard and hot dogs, coffee.

THE next bench was a whole kennel of lordly spaniels, veteran campaigners. A silver kennel sign backed them: Swift-river Cockers. Top Hat had one single cubicle, big enough for one single puppy dog. Gordon lifted him in and fixed the leash to the staple in the rear wall. No silver sign for Top Hat. No fancy gadgets, either; just an old towel to lie on.

Dad said, "Well, I guess I'll take a little walk." He jerked at his tie. He said, "You won't feel too bad. After all, it's a big thing, I guess."

Gordon said nothing. He took his brush and began to go over Top Hat. Top Hat was shaking in every direction at once. He was panting too. "Now

lookit," said Gordon, "I feel the same way. It's just us two, so you pull yourself together." He looked at the dark, anxious eyes. "Dumb, prob'ly," he said, "thinking we could come to a shindig like this. But now we did come, we're going in the ring. You and me aren't quitters."

A French poodle tiptoed by, wearing a lovely scarlet hair ribbon over one aristocratic eye. Top Hat rose and lunged and barked, loud and strong.

"O.K.," said Gordon. "So we don't like hair ribbons. Me either."

MAYBE it was a little while, maybe a long while before Gordon went out to the ring with Top Hat. All the people and the trees and the tents and the flags and dogs hazed together in Gordon's eyes.

"Hey, look out!" A slim girl in dirty dungarees looked up from the grass. She was combing a golden spaniel.

"Sorry," mumbled Gordon. "Where do you get in the ring?"

She sat back on her heels and looked him over with gray, clear eyes. "Your first go? Let's see your dog."

Her hands ran over Top Hat. "Not bad. What's the breeding?"

Gordon told her.

"Nice front," she said. "Of course it's hard to get anything your first time. There are so many tricks—and the big kennels get the breaks. Look, don't get between your dog and the judge. Never take your eyes off the judge, and pose every second. Don't run him too fast—a new dog is apt to break. Take it easy."

"Thanks," said Gordon.

"And look the gang over when you get in," she added. "Pick out the worst-looking dog and try to get next. It helps yours to look better. There's a lot more to winning than just having a good dog." She had a warm, friendly smile. "See you later."

Gordon stumbled on. A steward gave him an arm band of stiff cardboard with Top Hat's number—93.

There were fourteen dogs in the ring. The judge was at a table taking a drink of water from a glass pitcher. A black-board stood beside the table and an assistant ring steward had envelopes for prize money, and piles of ribbons ready.

GORDON couldn't see the dogs clearly; he set Top Hat on the grass and tightened the show lead. From his stomach down he was paralyzed. Whatever made him think he could win anything? Elaine and his mother and the talk at school—his whole life was just a washout.

"Puppy dogs, male, black!" cried the steward. "All in the ring."

The judge waved a hand, and the procession came sedately around in a circle. Top Hat began to wag his tail, his bright eyes shone. A few timid ones crawled along on their stomachs with the frantic handlers encouraging them to be big brave boys. One beautiful puppy went to pieces and yelled with fright.

Top Hat walked like a sailor. He was shivering slightly, but he kept an eye on Gordon. Gordon's paralysis had gone, and left him a watery weakness in his legs. It was time to pose and he couldn't remember how to pose. He got down and managed to take off the lead.

Then he looked up and saw that he was next to a man who looked oddly familiar. Where had he seen this guy before? Then Gordon knew. He didn't exactly remember the face but he remembered the hand and the ring. It was the hand that opened the door to that snazzy car that mother used to go riding in before she went away. He went so hot all over he thought he would suffocate.

"Why—hello," said the man. "You're Gordon Knight, aren't you? How did you get in with a dog?"

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Gordon gave him one look. "I came in the gate," he said.

"Hope you won't feel bad about not placing," said the man with an easy laugh. "I bought this puppy from a litter of champion stuff. Firelight Melody's. My two handlers have the next best in the ring. Can't be beat."

Gordon bent over and lifted Top Hat's front and set his legs firm and straight. He put his hand under the puppy and pushed his hind legs out a trifle.

The judge came down the line. He spoke to the man, and they laughed. He went over the man's puppy carefully. Gordon looked away. Somebody spoke outside the rope. He looked up. There was his mother in a pale yellow dress. She was much thinner and kind of pale under the brim of her soft hat.

"Gordon," she said.

His world rocked. She must have come with the man. She came to see him pull down the blue ribbons and purple rosettes and silver platters.

"Gordon," she said again.

"Hello," he said.

"Keep a stiff upper lip," she said.

The world whirled back again. That was what she always said: when he broke his arm, when he had to have his tonsils out, when he went in in the big basketball game. It was a kind of password meaning she wanted him to win!

"O.K.," said Gordon.

HE COULD see everything now, as distinct as a knife blade. Everything. His eyes swept the circle outside. Women marking catalogues. The girl in dirty dungarees, outside, golden dog in her arms. And Elaine in a picture hat and a poppy-red print with Russ in white pants. They were eating hamburgers.

Dad was kind of pacing around and around, not looking at him. As the judge finished going over the dog that stood next to Top Hat, mother suddenly ran away and caught dad's arm and pulled him over.

So they were standing together, just outside the rope, when the judge ran a lean hand down Top Hat's firm barrel, filled out by all those days and days of work and careful feeding. Down his straight front legs. He looked at his teeth. Gordon had brushed them with tooth paste. They were white and even. Top Hat's tongue lolloped out and kissed the judge's hand and everybody laughed.

THE judge waved him up to run the length of the ring. Gordon trotted, and remembered what the girl said. Top Hat had a floating gait, easy and strong. He kept looking with a proud eye at Gordon.

Time went on. Dogs lined up again and posed. The man moved up to the head, two other dogs were placed next. The judge passed Gordon, came back, waved him up to fourth place. Then they were all walked again. Gordon was moved up above two dogs.

Top Hat stood steady while the judge squeezed his legs again. Looked at his front, looked at him from the back. Then

the judge walked to the table and took the ribbons. It was all over.

Gordon looked at the man and the dog who was Top Hat's brother. The other dog was lighter in bone, he knew it. That dog hadn't been worked with like Top Hat, it wasn't so well filled in the barrel. Then his hand went to Top Hat's muzzle. He didn't care. He cared fiercely. But anyhow, Top Hat had done him proud. Prize or no prize, he had done his best.

GORDON was still looking down at Top Hat when the judge nudged his shoulder. He jerked up, and there was a blue ribbon in the judge's hand and he held it out to Gordon. Gordon got to his feet and mumbled, "Thank you." The crowd clapped wildly. The judge gave the red ribbon to the man who was mother's friend. The man was very red and angry. He jerked his dog out of the ring.

And the judge said to Gordon, "Come in the last class with your puppy."

Gordon didn't know what that meant. The steward told him the winner of every class went in for a class for best. A puppy couldn't be best but he could be reserve winner, second best, if he was good enough.

Top Hat pranced happily across the grass. Mother and dad were there, arm in arm.

"I'm so happy you won," said mother. She meant it too.

Dad was grinning all over his face. He said, "Your mother and I are going to get some food. Want to come?"

"I'll just hang around," said Gordon casually. "I got to go in for reserve winner."

"We'll be right back," said mother. Her face wasn't pale any more, it was glowing.

THEN Elaine came floating up and she was just as beautiful as a girl could ever be. "Oh, Gordon, I'm excited to death," she said.

"Think of you being a winner! Why you—you're important! You're wonderful."

"I got a good dog," said Gordon.

Elaine hung on his arm. "Look, how about coming over tonight and telling me all about dogs? Maybe I could take a dog in the ring sometime. It's terribly exciting."

Gordon looked down at Top Hat. "Thank you," he said coldly, "I'm too busy. I got to train my dog for the obedience trials. I'm busy all the time." He walked deliberately away and found the girl in dirty dungarees and said, "You helped a lot. How's for a hot dog before your class comes up?"

"Swell," said the girl. "There's five more classes before they'll get to the solid color other than black, bitches."

They walked off together and the two dogs trailed pleasantly along, Top Hat bouncing and making playful nips at the golden girl. When he swung on her ear she put him in his place.

"You going to get to the Blueridge show next month?" asked the girl. "Or is it too far?"

"I guess maybe no place is so far," said Gordon, "that Top Hat and me can't get there."

Horrors of War

Camp Stewart, Georgia.

Only the dungaree-clad legs of a soldier protruded from beneath the auto he was repairing when another soldier came up.

"Working on the Old Man's car, eh?" the second soldier asked.

"Yes," the first replied.

"Gettin' paid extra?"

"No."

"How long you been in the Army?"

"About thirty years."

"Noncommissioned officer?"

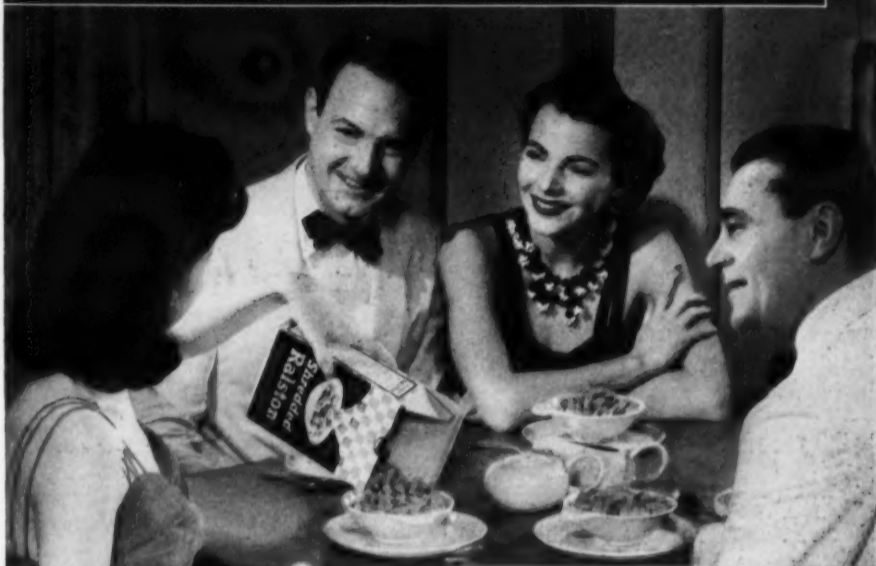
"No."

"H'm-m-m! You must be pretty dumb."

And the second soldier walked away before the first—Maj. Gen. William H. Wilson, the Old Man himself—could scramble out from beneath the machine.

—NEW YORK POST.

*Tops off an evening
as gaily as it
starts off a day!*



No midnight "snack" more delicious, or better for you, than a bowl of Shredded Ralston! Wholesome, easy to digest, this nourishing whole wheat cereal is just the kind of light meal that aids restful sleep. And what a *taste treat* you'll find in this cereal—flavored by a process so unique it was awarded a U. S. Government Patent!

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"NO MORE LUXURIOUS COMFORT ON EARTH." It has been said that no other man-made invention gives a deeper, more thoroughly satisfying sense

of complete rest and relaxation than the Beautyrest. This famous mattress cradles every tired inch of you in unshamed, toe-wriggling, luxury comfort.

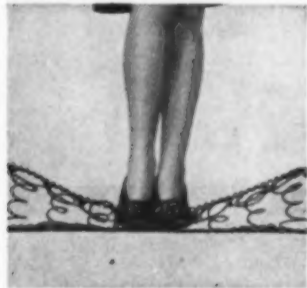
The inside story of mattress comfort



1. Did you ever walk on a bare mattress?

The kind of "bare" mattress we mean is one whose cover and padding have been ripped back to expose the "inner works"—the coils. A few steps on only *two* such mattresses (a Beautyrest and any other) will tell you the whole story of mattress comfort.

For *looks* can tell you nothing about comfort. Comfort depends solely on what's *inside*. And there are two main types of mattress "insides."



2. The ordinary mattress sags under your weight

This is the usual type of mattress "insides." The springs are joined one to another. So, when you push one spring down, the others around it must go down, too. This is the age-old principle of "sag" support. The whole mattress must slope toward the spot where your greatest weight lies.

Now see how the Beautyrest operates: why it is the only mattress that offers you *luxury comfort*.



3. But the Beautyrest cradles you

The Beautyrest is different from other mattresses. Its 837 coils are *separate*—not joined together. Set in its own muslin pocket, each coil acts independently. That's why the Beautyrest gives you that blissful sensation of *floating . . . of buoyant support*. Your body is gently, evenly cradled from head to toe—in its *natural* position.

That's the secret of Beautyrest's *luxury* comfort. Other mattresses just don't give it!



4. Can such luxurious sleeping comfort last?

Let a famous independent laboratory answer this question. The U. S. Testing Co. tested seventeen makes from all popular-price lines on their Mattress Endurance Machines (Cert. Test #11760). *Beautyrest lasted three times longer than any other!*

So our staunch guarantee to rebuild your Beautyrest free of charge if any structural defect occurs within ten full years—is really *conservative!* With care, it will probably last *much* longer.



5. Here's why it stays firm and "fresh"

The Beautyrest has eight ventilators around its deep sides. Ventilators that really work. Sit on a Beautyrest and feel the air breathe out. As you rise, fresh air is drawn back in, to keep the mattress fresh and clean and sanitary always.

Thanks to a patented "sag-proof" border, the edges of a Beautyrest stay firm and neat and even. Lumps and hollows won't form, either. So you need turn your Beautyrest only 4 or 5 times a year!



This is the Beautyrest label.
Beautyrest Box Spring, for use with Beautyrest Mattress, \$39.50. Or get the Ace Coil Spring, \$19.75.

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Why, many mattresses priced far *less* than Beautyrest's \$39.50 (slightly more in Canada) actually cost far *more*—over the years! Remember, no mattress tested stood up one-third as long. So get the *most* for your mattress money. Beautyrest.

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BACHELOR FATHER

(Continued from Page 19)

regretted the hat. He glared at it—and looked outrageously disappointed. "I thought you were a telegram," he said. "What in the world do you want here?"

"The records show that you are planning to bring an infant into this city from some other state," said Margaret stiffly. "Illinois, to be exact."

"That's right," said Peter excitedly. "That's what I thought you were the telegram about—they've got a marvelous baby boy all lined up for me in a home out West. All they're waiting for now is some sort of silly license. What's that got to do with you?"

"Only that I'm here to find out whether yours is a fit home for a child so that you can get that silly license," answered Margaret sternly. "So far, I can't say that I'm impressed."

Peter threw the door wide open, grabbed Margaret's arm and pulled her across the threshold.

"Oh," he said fervently, "why did it have to be you when I had decided to lie my head off? Now I'll just have to impress you or break your neck in the attempt."

MARGARET looked around the studio suspiciously. It was a relaxing sort of place—two stories high and only moderately untidy.

"You see," said Peter proudly, "neat as a pin. Almost. At least it could be worse. Or don't you think so?"

"Where's the kitchen?" asked Margaret noncommittally.

"Well, now, that's not such a rose," answered Peter. "Do you have to see that too?"

"And the bedrooms and the bath," said Margaret. "There is a law in this state that a child must be allotted a room which is entirely its own."

Peter nervously led the way into the largest bedroom. "I made the bed myself," he confessed, "because the cleaning woman doesn't come until noon. But it's got hospital corners, you'll notice."

Margaret relaxed a little more. The apartment really had great possibilities—all it needed was an honest house-cleaning and a little shifting about to make it quite lovely. She made a mental note that Peter Thompson must be a very successful young artist to afford it.

They trailed back into the living room. There Margaret sat down and began taking notes. Peter watched her silently for a moment. When he spoke, he sounded just plain scared.

"What are you going to report?"

"You know," Margaret answered weakly. "I told you the official attitude the other day."

PETER roared, all his humbleness gone, "And then they think I should have a woman around! Why, you have the souls of weasels—and the imaginations of rabbits." Before Margaret could move he had snatched the notebook out of her hands.

She made no attempt to get the book back. She sat back and stared at Peter's face leaning over her, and wondered vaguely why she wasn't perfectly furious.

Her silence was probably more effective than her temper would have been. After a few seconds Peter gave the notebook back to her, stamped over to the window and turned his back.

"I'm really sorry," she said gently. "I'm not concentrating on being mean, you know. I honestly don't believe that a young bachelor can give a child the happiness that it deserves. And it's my job to do what is best for the children."

Peter didn't turn around. "Why don't you go file your prissy little report?"

Margaret started for the door, then stopped. "How did you persuade them in the West?" she asked. "I mean, persuade them that you were a suitable parent?"

"I GAVE them a howling big check," Peter said sullenly. "They said that if I could get away with it here—with the child-welfare snoops—that it was all right with them."

"I'm sorry," Margaret said again. But there was finality in the way she said it.

Strangely enough, when she got back to the office and wrote out her report, she found that it didn't read too badly. Income: ample. Home: above average. Intellectual level of home: high. Personality of husband: Margaret wrote "interesting" at first and then changed it to "good." Personality of wife: that was the sticker. She shrugged her shoulders and simply wrote "none" after "Personality of wife." That would stop the license, and she firmly declined to give any more thought to Peter Thompson and his over-developed paternal complex.

It was two weeks later, and only six o'clock in the morning, when Margaret's telephone scolded her into consciousness. She gave one wounded look at her bedside clock and managed something that vaguely resembled hullo. But she snapped awake as she realized what the telephone was saying.

"—so thank heaven you are in the phone book, and if your job is supervising, well then for heaven's sake come down and supervise," Peter's voice went on. "All the books I read stopped at one year."

"What in the name of humanity is the matter with you?" Margaret asked fogily. "Are you drunk?"

"Oh, please concentrate," groaned Peter. "He's over by the fireplace again and I'll have to hang up in a minute. He's so much older than I expected—walks all over the place. And I don't know if he should have a bottle or a cup of coffee for breakfast. Won't you come down?"

AT THAT precise moment there was a thunderous crash, a yell from Peter, and he hung up.

Must have knocked over the fire tongs, Margaret thought as she jumped out of bed. She scrambled into her clothes, gulped a cup of coffee. It was only seven o'clock when she reached Peter's apartment. She was nervously thankful that no one came down the broad stairs as she ran up the two flights to his studio. She was even more thankful that no one passed by as he opened the door.

He had his coat off and his necktie was fantastically arranged under one ear. His face was smudged all over with a macabre gray substance which she quickly identified as ashes.

"Here," he said hoarsely, and pushed something at her.

She looked down at a very small, efficient-looking baby with the reddest hair she had ever seen in her life.

The baby stared up at her thoughtfully and seemed to decide that she would do. He smiled radiantly and delivered a remark which summed up the situation neatly. "Skree," said the baby. Then he burst out laughing and staggered across the studio with surprising speed.

Peter Thompson sank into a chair. "Skree," he said feebly. "That's all he says; and you'd better grab him, because

No wonder neighbors were asking:

"What has happened to Valetta Cole?"

Tired, overweight wife and mother becomes vital slender beauty in six weeks at home.



These before and after photos tell better than a thousand words the thrilling success story of Mrs. Valetta Cole, of Nebraska City, Neb. Above, Mrs. Cole when she started the DuBarry Success Course. Right, the charming beauty she became by following at home the personal program Ann Delafield planned for her.



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More than 27,000 women—wives, mothers, business girls, teachers, students, nurses—have now found, like Mrs. Cole, that the DuBarry Success Course really is a practical way to beauty at home. It

Streamline Story — Continued!

Having lost 29 pounds in six weeks, Mrs. Cole kept on with her routine, achieved almost perfect body proportions.

	Nov. 1940	Jan. 1941	Apr. 1941
Weight	153	124	115
Height	5'4"	5'4 1/4"	5'4 1/2"
Bust	37	34 1/2	34
Waist	29 1/2	26 1/2	25
Abdomen	37	31 1/2	29 1/2
Hip	39 1/2	34 1/2	32
Thigh	24 1/2	21 1/2	20 1/2

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New Beauty Test for Teeth

...as important as make-up



Learn Beauty's final secret...

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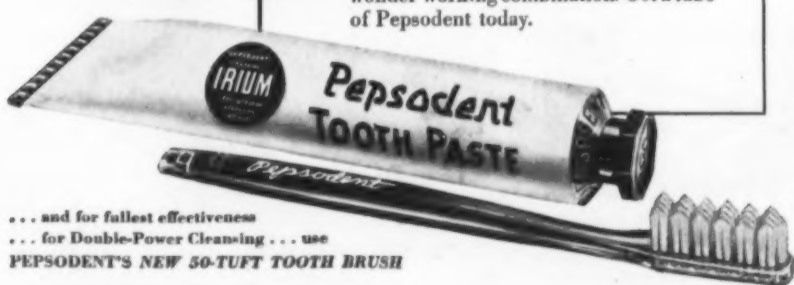
- 1-DO THIS . . . Run the tip of your tongue over your teeth . . . Feel that filmy coating? That's Materia Alba . . . and it doesn't belong on teeth!
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- 3-SWITCH TO PEPSODENT with Irium. You'll know the power of a flashing smile when you feel the smooth sparkle of shining teeth.

• Only Pepsodent gives you Irium, super-cleansing agent that loosens and flushes away filmy coating.

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Remember

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... and for fullest effectiveness
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PEPSODENT'S NEW 50-TUFT TOOTH BRUSH

he operates on very much the same principle as a bolt of lightning. I certainly never thought I'd be so glad to see you."

Margaret decided to ignore the insult. There was enough to do at the moment without being offended.

By the time the baby had been bathed, fed a glass of warm milk and some cereal, and then penned into one corner of the room with some up-ended chairs, Peter was looking at her with sneaking admiration. Margaret gave the baby a few pots and spoons from the kitchen to play with, and sat down with a pencil and paper.

"Now," she said in a businesslike tone, "how long before you can get him back on the train for home? I'll have to buy a few essentials, even if he's going to stay only a couple of hours."

"You look much nicer without a pencil and paper," said Peter irrelevantly. "But what sort of essentials?"

"Oh, a supply of pants, for one thing. He's only eighteen months old, you said, and that means that his housebreaking is probably tentative. Then he'll need some chopped baby food for his lunch, and some more milk."

The baby had discovered that by banging one pot against another an effect similar to an earthquake in a hardware store was obtained. So they waited in silence until he dropped one pot outside his circle of chairs and the racket stopped. He struggled to reach it through the legs of the chairs for a while, then stood up and looked arrogantly at Peter.

"Skree," he commanded.

PETER got up and gave him the pot before he answered Margaret. Then he started talking very fast, as if he were afraid she would interrupt. "Listen to me," he said.

"I was alone with him for hours in that compartment on the train and I could have got off and headed back for the home loads of times—if I'd wanted to. If you won't help me, I can find out how to take care of him from someone else. He likes me—and he likes it here—and here is where he stays."

Margaret stared down at the list she had started. Perhaps it was because she hadn't had much sleep and so weakened easily. Perhaps it was because she hated to see the last of any living thing with hair redder than her own. And perhaps it was just because no normal woman can start a list of articles to be bought and not be filled with a delirious desire to complete it.

Almost without her volition her pencil went on: full-size crib, fire screen, collapsible stroller, high chair, baby seat, clothing, hot dish, spoons, bibs, educational toy, brush and comb, play pen (sturdiest in stock), toothbrush—maybe he didn't need one yet—She was having such a good time that she didn't even notice that Peter was watching her with the gleeful grin of a man who is about to get his own way.

"How many teeth has he got?" she asked.

"I haven't the slightest notion," said Peter cheerfully, "but it doesn't matter—he doesn't bite very hard."

"Skree," said the baby, socked himself briskly on the head with a soup spoon, and burst into tears.

Margaret was always surprised at how smoothly the next few weeks danced by,

considering what had gone before and what came after. She did a fine piece of organizing at Peter's studio. The extra bedroom was transformed into a pleasant and comparatively babyproof nursery. An abundant, gentle, colored woman named Beulah was hired to arrive early in the morning and run the house.

While Margaret was arranging all this she naturally saw quite a lot of Peter. And even though most of their conversations were limited to the subjects usually discussed by serious young mothers on park benches, she did manage to find out a few things about Peter himself.

His determined distrust of women had apparently been started by his own mother. She had run off with a dashing mustache when Peter was six, and Peter's whole outlook had been shaped by his father's bitter condemnation of her. Later on, his suspicions of anything female were heightened by an unusually heartfelt college romance. He had obviously followed his father's lead there—the girl he had fallen hard for turned out to be a featherweight who preferred a very rich young man to one who had to lick the world with a paintbrush.

But there was certainly no suspicion in Peter's attitude when he did permit himself to become attached to someone. He would hardly permit Beulah to do anything at all for the baby. He pushed him around the park in a gocart, and spent patient hours trying to teach him to talk. This latter enterprise was spectacularly unsuccessful. The baby's vocabulary was distinct and forceful. But it still consisted of only one word.

"We might just as well go right on calling him Skree and like it," Peter told Margaret one afternoon. "He not only doesn't want to talk—he deliberately circumvents the English language. He has a whole repertoire of football signals worked out—there, look at that."

SKREE had trotted over to a big lamp in one corner of the studio and was delicately hissing at it.

"Wants it turned off," explained Peter. "The other day when I was taking him uptown in a taxi he hissed at all the traffic lights on the way."

"I wouldn't worry about it," said Margaret defensively. "Sometimes very clever children hold out until they are dead sure they can do it right—then they talk beautifully."

She was amused, and a bit disconcerted, at how indignant she felt at the mere hint that Skree wasn't an eighteen-month-old mental giant. She tried to explain her protective feeling by telling herself that she would feel the same way about a stray kitten. But that didn't work at all—nothing, she admitted to herself, could be more unlike a stray kitten than Skree, who was obviously the gayest, funniest and most wonderful baby in the entire world.

No matter how she felt about Skree, this habit she had slipped into of dropping in at Peter's every day after work was a very dangerous pastime. At first it had been necessary. Then she kept it up with the excuse that Peter still felt uneasy about bathing Skree alone.

Now she made a businesslike commotion about starting Skree's bath water. Perhaps she was making a fool of herself hanging around (Continued on Page 78)

Reflections

◆ Nobody ever sees his own face in the glass. What he observes there is a compound divided into three parts: one part himself as he really is, one part representing what he expects to see, and a third part, what he wishes to behold.

—RICHARD BURTON:
Little Essays in Literature and Life
(Century Co.)

"I'm keeping cool
on the

Self-Starter Breakfast *"

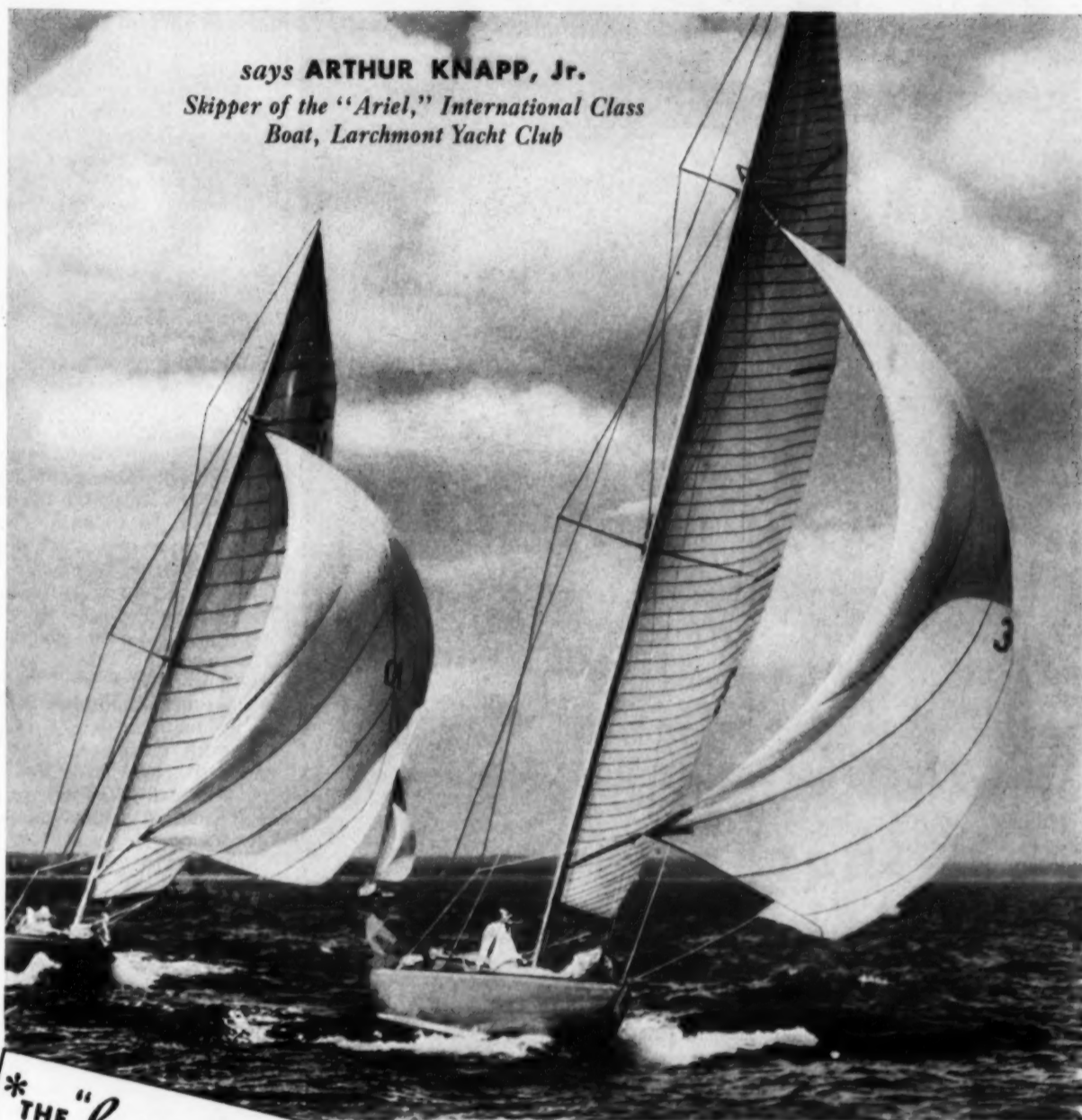
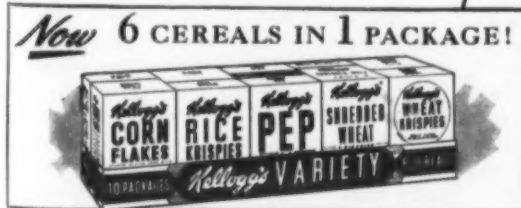


"WHEN THE THERMOMETER HITS THE HIGH SPOTS," says Arthur Knapp, Jr., "the breakfast for me is a big bowl of Kellogg's Corn Flakes with some fruit and plenty of milk. It's as cooling and crisp as a fresh morning breeze—and it keeps me feeling on top."

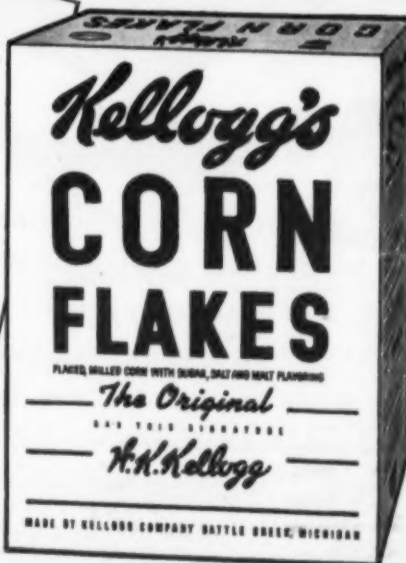
Active, "heads up" people who have to be at their best even in the hottest weather say that this crisp, appetizing breakfast of Kellogg's Corn Flakes with fruit and milk gets them off to a perfect start!

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The famous FLAVOR of Kellogg's toasted Corn Flakes has made them America's best-liked ready-to-eat cereal for more than thirty years. Top these crisp, golden-brown flakes with your favorite fruit . . . add cool, creamy milk and you have a summertime breakfast that's good—and mighty good for you. Try the Self-Starter Breakfast* tomorrow! Also ask for Kellogg's Corn Flakes in Restaurants, Hotels, Dining Cars.



*THE "Self-Starter BREAKFAST"
A big bowlful of Kellogg's Corn Flakes with some fruit and lots of milk and sugar.
It gives you—
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plus the famous FLAVOR of Kellogg's Corn Flakes that tastes so good it sharpens your appetite, makes you want to eat.



"BIG-CITY NEWSPAPER REPORTERS have to be constantly alert and 'on the go,'" says BEVERLY HEPBURN, reporter. "I've found that eating a breakfast of Kellogg's Corn Flakes with fruit and milk helps a lot to keep me feeling that way right through to lunchtime."

GOOD AND GOOD FOR YOU . . . MORNING, NOON AND NIGHT

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No wonder these informal beauties are becoming the rage! Rhythm Step Shoppers give you low-heeled tailoring with high-heeled lightness and flattery, too! PLUS a buoyant, cushioned "lift" at heel, arch and ball of your foot—with no extra, restraining weight! In so many perkily young styles—you'll find glamour and extra ease in this new, casual mood.



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| Brooklyn, N. Y., Abraham & Straus | Los Angeles, Calif., J. W. Robinson Co. | Portland, Ore., Meier & Frank |
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| Chicago, Ill., Carson Pirie Scott & Co. | Miami, Fla., Burdine's Inc. | Rochester, N. Y., McCurdy's |
| Cincinnati, Ohio, Rollman's | Milwaukee, Wis., The Boston Store | St. Louis, Mo., Sitts-Baer & Fuller |
| Cleveland, Ohio, Higbee's | Minneapolis, Minn., The Dayton Co. | St. Paul, Minn., The Golden Rule |
| Dallas, Texas, Titcher-Goettinger | New York City, N. Y., Stern Bros. | San Diego, Calif., The Marston Co. |
| Denver, Colo., Daniels & Fisher | New Orleans, La., Gus Mayer Co. | San Francisco, Calif., O'Connor, Moffatt & Co. |
| Detroit, Mich., J. L. Hudson Co. | Oakland, Calif., Peters Bros. Shoe Salon | Seattle, Wash., The Bon Marche |
| Hollywood, Calif., Broadway-Hollywood | | Washington, D. C., Joseph De Young |

(Continued from Page 76)

this way. It would certainly mean the end of her job if they found out about it at the office. She had never been able to figure out how the license for Skree had gone through after her report anyhow. And now that she thought about it, she was puzzled that she had never been assigned to do the regular checkup job on how Peter was making out with the baby. Probably she'd get the order at the end of the month. The tub was full enough, and she thoughtfully wriggled into what Peter had named "Skree's bathrobe." Actually it was a vast old one of Peter's—a necessary precaution for anyone undertaking the damp and exciting job of bathing Skree.

"Bath's ready," Margaret called. "Corral His Lordship."

Peter rode him in on his shoulder, Skree shrieking with glee. "He's all yours," Peter said, panting. "I'm going to make a pot of tea for us while you're polishing him off."

Skree was all bathed and being buttoned into his pajamas when the doorbell rang. Margaret began the nightly struggle to hold him still while she combed his thick red curls and paid no attention. Beulah would answer it.

"Peter," she called breathlessly, "this simply can't go on—he has got to have a haircut tomorrow or I shall resign."

"It will not be necessary for you to resign," said a painfully familiar, acid voice from the doorway. Margaret looked up into the white, outraged face of her supervisor, Miss Simpson. "You," Miss Simpson quivered, "are discharged. I might add that no one has ever been quite so discharged as you are in all my long experience in social-welfare work."

"Oh, my," said Margaret weakly. Then she didn't say anything else for several seconds. Peter loomed up in the doorway with a teapot in his hand. Skree made a successful dive for the soap and took a small bite.

Margaret sat quietly and considered carefully how this must appear to Miss Simpson. After she had studied the picture for a while she felt that there really wasn't any use saying anything else anyhow.

Unfortunately, Miss Simpson didn't share this viewpoint. She talked steadily for something like five minutes. As far as Margaret could make out, Skree's license had gone through by mistake—her report on Peter had been so good right up to the fatal question that Miss Simpson's assistant had misunderstood the answer. It wasn't until this very afternoon that Miss Simpson had seen the report, and instantly suspected that Margaret had not meant that Peter's wife had no personality, but that Peter had no wife. She had hurried downtown to check up. And now she knew that what had appeared to be simply a ridiculous irregularity had in reality been a deliberate, irresponsible, highly suspicious, untruthful scheme. Why, the very fact that Margaret was obviously living right here —

"SHUT UP," said Peter suddenly, and snatched Skree away from Margaret. "Don't you child-welfare people know any better than to talk like fishwives in front of an intelligent child?" He stalked into the living room, with Miss Simpson and Margaret on his heels. "I'll ask Beulah to give him his supper in the nursery," he told Margaret haughtily. "And you"—he glared reproachfully at

Miss Simpson—"can just sit down and wait to hear what I have to say."

Rather to Margaret's surprise, Miss Simpson sat down. Margaret knew that she should start some sort of explanation. But every sentence she thought of sounded so silly that she was still struggling with her silence when Peter came back. He smiled—first at her, then at Miss Simpson. It was such a complete change of pace, and such a phony smile for Peter, that she knew something was up.

"WELL," he said sheepishly, "I guess there's nothing for it but to confide in this lady, is there, Margaret? But first, perhaps you should introduce us."

Margaret steadied herself on the back of the sofa and clutched at formalities while she tried to figure out what Peter was planning. "Miss Simpson—Mr. Thompson," she said nervously.

"Miss Simpson," Peter murmured sweetly, and Miss Simpson bowed ever so slightly. *If he thinks he can charm her into anything constructive, he's wasting his time*, Margaret thought. But she was amazed at how smooth Peter was at this polite-to-the-death act. "There will be some things that I must tell you which will be a great surprise," Peter went on. "And I might as well get the most important one over with right now. Miss Gray and I are married."

"Married?" said Miss Simpson stupidly.

Margaret merely gulped.

"Yes, married," said Peter sternly.

"Is there anything funny about that?"

"Nothing funny at all," Miss Simpson sniffed. "Nothing in the least funny," she said, "except that you must have a very peculiar reason for keeping your marriage secret—and adopting someone else's baby in the bargain."

That will fix him, thought Margaret.

Peter looked a little desperate for a moment, stalling for time. He was saved by Skree's abrupt entrance from the nursery, his bib streaming out behind him. He grabbed Skree automatically as he trotted past and perched him on his

knee. Then he seemed to have floundered upon some sort of explanation, because he turned solemnly to Miss Simpson.

"There are some things," he said earnestly, "which it would be too difficult to explain—even to such a broad-minded and sympathetic person as you seem to be. But can't you see —"

"PERHAPS I do see," said Miss Simpson thoughtfully. Margaret saw her expression and followed her gaze. It swung with snakelike rapidity from Skree's flaming curls to Margaret's copper head, touched lightly on Peter's wavy mop, then came to rest contentedly on Skree's head again. In that endless moment of study Margaret guessed exactly what was in her mind. Miss Simpson, however, was not one to let things go with a mere guess. "Yes, yes," she said slowly, "the red hair is a dominant characteristic, of course."

"Oh, really," Margaret broke in, "how can you think —"

"And curly hair is also a strong hereditary factor," went on Miss Simpson inexorably. "The implications are plain."

Margaret gave an anguished squeak and rushed out of the room. She made the safety of the bathroom, buried her face in Skree's towel and thought hysterically that there was nothing, absolutely nothing, that

(Continued on Page 80)

What's it Worth?

The way to love anything is to realize that it might be lost.

—G. K. CHESTERTON:
Tremendous Trifles
(Dodd, Mead & Co.)



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ROCKEFELLER PLAZA, NEW YORK

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FROM YOUR AVON REPRESENTATIVE

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(Continued from Page 78)

she could say or that ever would be said by anyone, which would take that look off Miss Simpson's face.

She stopped crying almost immediately. But she waited where she was until she heard the outside door slam. The things she intended to say to Peter Thompson required the strictest privacy. When she marched out, one quick glance at her face made Peter swallow hard.

"Margaret," he said quickly, "I couldn't help it. The old horror would have sent him back."

"I think," said Margaret levelly, "that you are more than a little crazy. I probably should have known it the very first day when I saw how obsessed you were about adopting a child. You don't care about anything else—you don't care what you do to anybody. You've ruined my career, and my reputation, and—and everything. You deliberately made her think that Skree is our own baby."

"That's right," Peter admitted, and even had the effrontery to grin. "She thinks that Skree is a youthful mistake and that we have belatedly decided to make an honest baby of him. The idea made her so happy—she went away rolling the scandal around on her tongue."

"Oh, heavens," Margaret wailed, "if only I thought she'd keep it on her tongue and not spill it to everyone in my whole office. I can't ever go back there again—even to get my galoshes."

PETER did have the decency to look a trifle ashamed now. "Well," he began, "I have sort of a suggestion to make."

"If it's on a level with your other ideas today, I don't want to hear it," Margaret snapped. "All this idiocy isn't going to do you any good, you know. Miss Simpson will simply report us as an immoral couple and have the baby sent back anyhow."

"She will do nothing of the sort," said Peter. "I tell you she loved the whole business. The last thing she said was that even though the situation was highly irregular, she had handled a similar case in 1936 by allowing the parents to adopt their own child. She said she supposed it was only Christian to give people a chance to correct past errors."

"All right, that's fine today," Margaret agreed grimly. "But what will you do next month—and every month after that when she comes to check up? You can't put the legal adoption through for five more months—and I certainly will never be here again."

Peter lifted the forgotten teapot. "That's what I was getting around to before," he said nonchalantly. "Why don't we get married right away?"

MARGARET stared at him quietly for almost a minute. There really wasn't any reason why she should feel so betrayed by the question. It was a trifle compared to the other things that had been said in the last half hour.

"Get married so that you can keep Skree?" she asked finally.

"Well, there's that, of course," Peter granted. "And then I've sort of decided lately that maybe I've been wrong about things—you know what I mean, about women. Or maybe you're different."

"You mean that there are certain things which I can give Skree which you might just possibly be lacking?"

"Yes, I guess that's it," Peter said gratefully. "And we'd get along rather well, don't you think?"

Margaret started for the door, snatching up her hat and purse on the way. "No," she said, in what she hoped was an entirely dignified voice, "I do not. Good-by."

IT WASN'T until she reached the front door that she noticed three things: Peter hadn't answered her good-by, she was crying again, and she still had on Skree's bathrobe. When you've said good-by to someone forever you're certainly not going to climb back upstairs to return a worn-out bathrobe. She took it off and hung it on the newel post of the banister.

The next week was definitely uncheerful. Margaret mailed a stiff little note resigning her job. Then she moped around her room at the hotel for women, trying to decide whether to look for another job or go home to Boston.

Peter's messages started arriving on Tuesday. The first one was an apology, and sounded most sincere. The next one started coaxing her to come back and start work as Mrs. Thompson. But he couldn't have selected a worse approach—he concentrated all his arguments on the problems of taking care of Skree. He wrote plaintively:

Only yesterday Skree decided that if I could paint all those fine magazine pictures, why, he could paint too. He got hold of my shaving brush and shaving cream and now everything in the apartment below the level of two feet comes off sticky on your hands. Come home at once. All is forgiven.

The Oracle Speaks

▶ To be sure of failure, attempt to jump the abyss in two leaps.

—DAVID LLOYD GEORGE.

Margaret tore that one up. The telegram which arrived on Thursday didn't make out much better. It read:

BUILT A TOWER OF FOUR BLOCKS. ONLY TWENTY-ONE MORE SHOPPING DAYS BEFORE MISS S COMES DOWN THE CHIMNEY.

Margaret decided that it wasn't a very funny telegram even when viewed through the top of the wastebasket. She also decided that the city was a dreadful place and wrote her mother that she might be coming home in a few weeks. But she somehow didn't get around to buying her ticket.

THEN Peter telephoned, and mercifully stopped being funny. "Look," he said earnestly, "I've been making a mistake. Skree doesn't miss you very much—but I do. Won't you have dinner with me?"

Margaret's heart made her furious by performing a sort of sinking stunt. Then she pulled it right back where it belonged. Peter wasn't stupid. He was going to pretend that he really wanted her as his wife, and not as Skree's nursemaid.

"I don't see any sense in it," she said firmly. "My mind is made up. And besides, no matter what you said now, I couldn't believe you."

There was a long pause, so long that Margaret became conscious of the weight of the telephone.

"Margaret," Peter said finally, "I'm awful at this sort of thing. I know I've done everything wrong—but couldn't you let me rescue your handkerchief from a lion or something? Won't you help me even a little?"

"No," said Margaret faintly, and hung up.

Maybe Peter loved her. She didn't know exactly what she wanted him to do. But she did know that Peter had to do it. If she gave in now—when everything had been so mixed up and dubious from the very beginning—she would never feel sure.

Why I switched to Meds



—by a model

Even on those "certain days," I have to parade around and smile. I just couldn't do it without *internal* sanitary protection. So when Modess came out with Meds—a new and improved tampon—I bought a box quick! What a blessing! I never dreamed I could be so gloriously comfortable! Meds make protection so sure, too—they're the *only* tampons with the "safety center." And thrifty? Say, Meds cost only 20¢ a box of ten—an average month's supply—or only 98¢ for a box of sixty! No other tampons in individual applicators are priced so low!



Meds

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KVP HEAVY WAXED PAPER

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But when she got his next note, three endless days later, she was so shocked that she didn't feel sure or anything else. The letter was very short. It said:

Dear Margaret: I don't know how else to show you. I am putting Skree on the train at nine tomorrow morning.

All my love,
PETER.

The letter was postmarked 11:30 P.M.—so he must mean this morning. It was exactly half past eight. For one hairbreadth of a second she toyed with the idea of thinking this thing over—coolly and deliberately, as a sensible woman should. Then she upset her coffee snatching up her purse, and fairly tumbled across the dining room to the street.

She spilled out of a taxicab in front of the station in less than twenty minutes. She found the nine o'clock train for the West, talked her way past the train guards and ran down the ramp to the Pullmans.

It was no trouble at all to locate Peter—he was marching up and down the platform with Skree on his shoulder. When he saw Margaret he didn't look particularly surprised, but he didn't smile.

"Did you come to see him off?" he asked.

"Peter, how could you?"

"Well," Peter said slowly, "you told me plenty of times that it wasn't fair to Skree to deprive him of a normal family. And I figured that he's such a wonderful little fellow that he really doesn't need me to get along in the world. He can take care of himself—and I obviously can't."

"Aren't you even going with him?" Margaret asked.

"I hired a trained nurse to go with him—she's inside in the compartment. Would you like to come in and look her over?"

Margaret walked toward the train door in a daze. It's always exciting when a big train pulls out, but even the rush of porters bumping by with too many bags, and the lumbering luggage trolleys, shouldn't have caused quite such a trancelike condition as Margaret found herself in. She felt like a sleepwalker, fighting feebly to come awake.

"All aboard . . . board," she heard floating down the platform.

"I guess we haven't time to see the nurse," Peter said.

Then Skree burst Margaret's dream just as thoroughly as if he had suddenly blown a trumpet in her ear. He had twisted around on Peter's shoulder, and was staring at her, big-eyed. "Maggie," he called in a decided, ringing voice. "Maggie."

"Peter," Margaret gasped.

Peter didn't seem to hear. He started into the train without looking around.

"Peter," Margaret screamed so loudly that it made her head ring. "Stop this nonsense and come back here this minute. He can talk!"

She was in Peter's arms and Skree was sort of mixed up between them before the last echo had died away. By the time she had dug her face out of his shoulder, the train was gone.

"Oh," she said breathlessly, "what about the nurse?"

"She can get off at the next stop," Peter said carelessly. "The important thing is, when will you marry me?"

Margaret didn't even try to get away now, although they had quite an appreciative little audience.

"You must have known," she told Peter, "that I couldn't let him go, or—well—or you either."

"I knew—and then again I didn't," Peter said happily. "But I'll have to admit that I kept Skree up till nine o'clock last night teaching him to say Maggie."

BE LABEL-WISE "Buy Botany"



These are days when quality and durability are prime considerations in your choice of "season into season" clothes, so be label-wise about your shopping. For the past 52 years, while the BOTANY label has been setting quality standards for wools and worsteds, women have been learning the wisdom of buying by a label that is a guarantee of value. Ask for the Botany label in fashions for the entire family. It means leadership in style, and superiority of fabrics, "tested for durability and color fastness."

Look for the Botany label in coats, dresses, suits, infants' and children's wear . . . men's wear, ties and robes. No-dye-lot yarns for hand-knitting. Botany Lanolin beauty aids.

BOTANY WORSTED MILLS

Passaic, New Jersey

free! To Help You Select Your Fall Wardrobe...

Botany has prepared two booklets illustrating nineteen fall fashions in Full Color . . . suits, coats, dresses . . . available at your favorite store. Write Department F-4, Botany Worsted Mills, Passaic, New Jersey, for your copies.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

Test Your Skill

BY JEROME S. MEYER

1. MAIMED ANIMALS Par: 11 minutes

The hunter who shot these animals certainly didn't do a good job of it. All he did was to shoot the consonants out of them and leave the vowels. How quickly can you supply the missing consonants and restore these poor animals to their natural form? The answer to No. 1 is bull. What are the rest?

1. _ U _ _
2. _ A _ A _ O O
3. _ I _ A _ _ E
4. _ _ I _ A _ _ E E
5. _ A _ I _ O U
6. E _ E _ A _ _
7. _ O _ _ E _
8. _ O _ _ U _ I _ E
9. _ A _ _ I _
10. _ _ U I _ _ E _
11. _ I _ _ O _ O _ A _ U _
12. _ A _ _ U _ _
13. _ O _ _ _ E
14. _ _ I _ O _ E _ O _
15. _ O _ U _ E _
16. _ U _ A _ O _
17. _ O _ I _ _ A
18. _ _ _ U _ _
19. _ A _ O O _ _
20. E _ _ _

2. TROUBLE IN MY FAMILY Par: 5 minutes

My son's grandmother is my son's wife and my grandson is my son's uncle! How is this possible?

Answers

1. Maimed Animals
1. Bull
 2. Kangaroo
 3. Giraffe
 4. Chimpanzee
 5. Caribou
 6. Elephant
 7. Monkey
 8. Porcupine
 9. Rabbit
 10. Squirrel
 11. Hippopotamus
 12. Walrus
 13. Horse
 14. Rhinoceros
 15. Mouse
 16. Buffalo
 17. Gorilla
 18. Skunk
 19. Baboon
 20. Elk

This is quite possible. My son married a woman of thirty-six whose eighteen-year-old daughter completely captured my affections. As I was a widower, I married this lovely young girl. Both my son and I now have sons. My son's son is therefore my wife's mother's son, my newborn son's uncle. My newborn son's grandmother is, of course, my son's wife!

Listen, Mothers! Guard Your Children's Feet with All-leather Shoes*!



LEATHER COUNTERS withstand wear and weather. They hold their shape—and give vital heel-hugging support.



LEATHER INSOLES are the best known shoe foundations for lasting fit and long service. Flexible, safe, and comfortable, they hold their shape for resoling.



LEATHER HEEL BASES. Leather makes the most substantial heel base for wear and for reheeling when necessary.

IMPORTANT! Always have shoes fitted to the feet!

The proper shoes in last and size for your child can only be determined when fitted *directly on the feet*. Guesswork is dangerous. Children's feet grow very fast, changing constantly in length, width and thickness. Be sure to see a trained Poll-Parrot or Star Brand dealer for an accurate and reliable fitting.

Start Them Off to School Right!

YOUR children will enjoy better health and be better scholars if you guard their feet properly.

Genuine all-leather shoes* are vitally important for growing boys and girls! They not only protect and support growing feet properly, but are a real economy because they retain their shape, afford better protection against rain and snow . . . wear longer, and fit and look better.

Don't take chances . . . insist on Poll-Parrot or Star Brand shoes . . . and be sure of shoes for your child that do not contain paper or fiberboard substitutes for leather in hidden counters, insoles or heel bases. Roberts, Johnson & Rand, Branch of International Shoe Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

ASK FOR A SHOWDOWN
Insist on shoes bearing these trade-marks

DEMAND



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FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



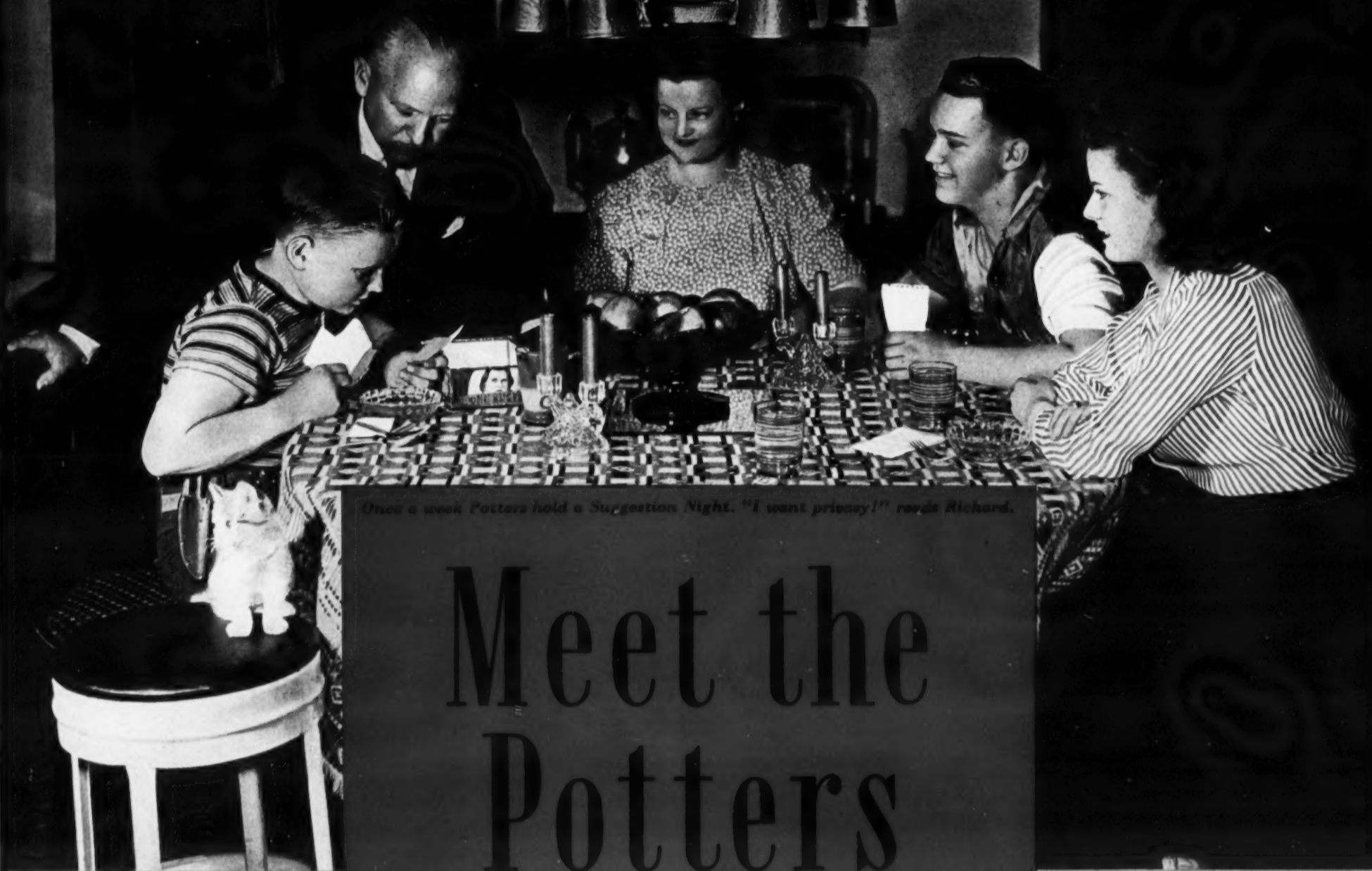
*No paper or fiberboard in counters, insoles, or heel bases



How

America

Lives



Once a week Potters hold a Suggestion Night. "I want privacy!" reads Richard.

Meet the Potters

OF WOODBRIDGE, N. J.

2.86% of American families have incomes of from \$3500 to \$5000

★ With some of us it's an emergency operation, a long sickness, buying a house; with the Potters it's putting three children through college.

"How will we manage?" they're asking.

Americans have a way of managing, devising, enduring—if they're out to accomplish something they believe in. Like fighting to preserve a way of life for their children. For if democracy exists and works, if it is worth blood and sweat and heartbreak, if it is not just a mask of words wearing thin over the same violence, poverty and hatreds which are wrecking Europe, America is the place to see it prove something.

Here is that proof, here in the lives of these flesh-and-blood men and women. Here, day by day, in their hopes, their struggles, their profound satisfactions, is the validity of the American dream.

Come meet them. They are yourself. And you are democracy.

SOUR-FACED Manhattan subway riders aware that there is a place called Woodbridge, New Jersey, probably think of it as one of those spots people commute from and to, with a New York job at one end of the five-twenty-four and a lawn to sprinkle at the other. The sort of thing that nicknamed Jersey "New York's bedroom."

Being just the proverbial forty-five minutes from Broadway, Woodbridge has its share of commuters. When Stanley and Hope Potter want a special evening out, they step in the family Olds sedan and drive in to a show at Radio City's Music Hall. But even though you can almost see the Empire State Building from Edgar Hill, Woodbridge is solidly a place in its own right. Its antique churches and the way the whole town turns out for the Woodbridge High School football games—plus any number of confirmed Woodbridgers like the Potters—all make that very clear. For all of being only three miles from New York's city limits, life goes on here precisely as it does in Ottumwa or Springville—so much so that Woodbridge Memorial Day services have been broadcast as coming from "the typical American small town."

"Is a college education necessary? For girls as well as boys?" Yes, say over a million American families who this year will spend \$500,000,000 to send daughters and sons in equal numbers to college.



Doors bang, people pour in; all day long 108 Freeman Street, Woodbridge, N. J., seethes with activity. Stan Potter, local real-estate agent, is known as the King.



Easygoing, full of fun, the Potters are revered by younger crowd as the only Woodbridge chaperons who jitterbug. "They're good," says Bootie, who taught 'em.

Sundays the King is tenor soloist for Westfield's famous Methodist choir. Hope, a Christian Scientist, sits raptly in family pew, claims "It's wonderful!"



The old Presbyterian graveyard is full of two hundred years' worth of Potters, earlier ones commemorated by bloated cherubs with wings for ears. Stanley was born in Woodbridge—like his folks before him—forty-seven years ago, went to the same high school his kids attend, centers his business interests right in town, helped found its American Legion, has been its Red Cross chairman and its postmaster, and knows so many of the citizenry that he can't drive a hundred yards down any street without stopping to pass the time of day with somebody. After a look at the world in the Navy during World War I, he settled down in the home town as solidly as a baseball into a catcher's mitt. Now rearing a family and making the money to pay their way, he gets a big bang out of both activities.

Coming from near-by Rahway, thirty-nine-year-old Hope Potter is a local girl. Ably she abets the King—family nickname for Stanley—in making their roomy Tudor house a neighborhood rendezvous for all sizes and ages of Woodbridgers. He is, she says, "the invitingest man I ever saw." Their first breakfast together in their first little home proved that. Spying a painter finishing off the back porch, newlywed Stanley hauled him right in for bacon and eggs and coffee. Between the painter in grimy overalls eating with his knife and the percolator's refusing to perk anything but hot water, the occasion was not easily forgotten. But by now Hope only chuckles when saying Stanley's favorite speech is, "Come on up to the house for lunch—Hope will love it." Since marriage, she has learned many things more difficult than stretching meat balls on short notice.

Young as well as middle-aged Woodbridgers know how deftly Stanley handles steak or frankfurters on the elaborate outdoor grill out back when the Potters entertain, summer evenings. A pretty eighteen-year-old daughter named Gloria, a handsome Stanley, fifteen, and a bulletheaded and chunky Richard of eleven busy years mean lots of youngsters underfoot. The high-school contingent finds equal attraction in playing the local collection of Glen Miller records—Glory and "Bootie," as the whole town, even teachers, calls Stanley, Junior, are both crazy about the Miller orchestra—and in raiding the kitchen for soft drinks and cookies.

Glory early found that her parties would never go until she had wailed upstairs to daddy to come down and think up some new games. Now her boy and girl friends no sooner step inside than they ask if Mr. Potter is on tap. Both he and Hope have let the kids teach them capable rug-cutting for such occasions. And other occasions too: as chaperons for Junior Women's Club dances, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Carleton Potter break all precedents by trucking in the middle of the floor with the virtuosity of sixteen-year-olds.

UNTIL this year the Potters had a stay-in maid. But with the youngsters so close to grown, Hope now prefers to handle the nine-room house alone and save the maid's pay out of the \$35 a week she gets to do everything on—beauty shop, stockings, club dues, odds and ends, as well as family food, which comes to a lot for five hungry Potters. A little sign over the sink—"Defrost icebox Friday"—shows the systematizing she goes in for. By scheduling time and energy, she usually manages afternoons free, even though she does all the laundry but Bootie's and Stanley's better shirts with electric washing machine and electric ironer. Putting the wash through the ironer with the radio going at your elbow, she says serenely, is a very pleasant way to spend a morning. And enables her to understand somewhat better how Glory and Bootie can study—by preference—with their bedroom radios on full blast.

One of the most successful occasions in Hope's club life was a little down-to-earth talk on how to keep your housework from getting you down. Stanley is sometimes heard to remark, to nobody in particular, that there can be such a thing as too much efficiency. Which does not mean that he fails sensibly to value the smooth-running comfort

of a house managed by a lady who distinctly knows how. When you have in your family two people with as quick tempers as Gloria's and her father's—both of the flare-up-and-forget-it type—lack of agonizing about domestic details is a doubly good idea.

Further lubrication comes from a hall-table cigar box for suggestions about family management. One evening a week the family legislature convenes, with Stanley in the chair, to thresh out the week's bag. Bootie let it be known on a slip of paper that a new sports jacket is a necessity. If he can prove it, he gets it. Richard used the box last winter to protest against his room's being a thoroughfare between the rooms of Glory and Bootie, who are always visiting back and forth—"I would like some privacy," he scrawlingly noted. The family council hung opaque shower curtains Pullman style on the near side of his double-bunk bed, so he can now retire unobserved to his desk, airplanes or collection of ship pictures. Next week in the box was another note: "I am thanking for my privacy," it said gracefully.

BEING nuts about boats, water and fishing, Richard has tried to nickname himself "Salty." Failing there, he refused other nicknames, and has to put up with the promise of a rowboat of his own as soon as Stanley thinks his swimming is good enough, plus the privilege of being family handy man, fixing anything and everything with a hammer, a mouthful of nails and a preternaturally serious expression. Manual training is about the only thing in school that gets much enthusiasm out of Richard, although he did distinguish himself as first Woodbridger in line to buy defense-savings stamps this spring. His mother's description—"Richard is just folks"—fits.

Stanley has always wanted both boys to go to Annapolis. Imminence of war—Bootie might well have to fight—has not altered that. Stanley says that he'd hate to see his boys go, but he'd hate it worse if they didn't. He has no use for war, but if Washington figures we'd better go in, he says, they ought to know and everybody must rally round. An opinion worth noting because Stanley is a rock-ribbed Republican and correspondingly peppery about the New Deal.

But Bootie recently made an astounding showing in Johnson O'Connor's Aptitude Tests by scoring 100 per cent in four different aptitudes, a record reached by only about one in seven thousand. The Potters are now discussing an engineering college for him, like M. I. T. Bootie is a good student, particularly in math, although his special interests are music and art. He whacks the bull fiddle in a high-school "plectrum orchestra" and has dabbled with paint and pencils ever since he was knee-high. By now artistic ambition has reached experiments in surrealist painting, featuring fried eggs and eight-balls as favorite motifs. Sensibly, he has taken his father's advice to use this talent as a hobby, not for a career, as Stanley did with his own good and well-trained tenor voice.

Glory sings, too, but Stanley is the Potters' songbird. Friends used to tell Hope it was his voice she fell in love with when, as a youngster, she was sent to bed evenings while her mother was giving young Potter singing lessons belowstairs. "When you two fight," they said, "just get Stanley to sing a note or two and it will be all fixed up." (Bootie says, however, that, for propaganda purposes, his mother often expatiates on how Stanley's immaculate hands and nails impressed her.) In past years choir singing in local churches made a small but steady source of revenue. But now—because he just plain likes to sing—he contributes his voice free to the choir of a Methodist church in near-by Westfield, with a minister whose preaching he likes. Stanley often has much to say about how churches could easily be attractively bigger and better and preachers less long-winded and inconclusive.

No meal is ever served in the Potter household without one of the children saying grace. Although reared a Christian Scientist, Hope usually



Cheerleaders Glory and Bootie (with American flag) parade for Woodbridge High. Glory plugs, Bootie never cracks a book, both get A's. This fall she enters Wheaton College, Massachusetts.



And can they dance! Bootie (far right) and Glory (with George) are experts on Raritan, Woodbridge and Rahway styles of jitterbug—"Looks cheap, but it's fun!" Ignored parents are onlookers. Occasion: school Parents' Night.



One of the Journal's 10,000 Sub-Deb clubs: charter member Glory Potter (left) and friends prepare to give a juke dance. The receipts are splurged on a week's house party at the shore.

PHOTOS BY MUNKACSI



"Most invitingest man I ever knew!" Hope says of Mr. P., here cutting his forty-seventh-birthday cake with close friend Mayor Greiner and in-laws (the Martins) at Potters' fresh-air fireplace. Mad about the outdoors, the Potters "live in the sea" summers at Manasquan, N.J., own four bathing suits apiece.



"The ma-han I love," croons Glory at Potter jam session to trombonist George, current No. 1 man. ("All depends on who's around most," explains Hope.) Bootie, who scored 100 per cent on four O'Connor Aptitude Tests, "picked up" the double bass last winter, now plays with all-state high-school orchestra.

Virtuoso on the drums, family handy man, is 11-year-old Richard. He's nuts about fishing, boats, and loathes the name Dick.

After the ball is over, starry-eyed Glory creeps shoeless to bed. Next day she and Bootie will gab-fest "like man and wife; you can't get a word in edgewise!"

At high-school graduation Glory beams over wire from Harvard Med School beau, Carl Herbert. Voted "most popular girl," Glory was also tagged "class heartbreaker."

In loud cowboy shirt Bootie paints violent oils. His surrealistic picture "Oblivion" (right) shows fried egg floating over a grand piano.



How the Potters Spend Their Money

Mrs. Potter gets a \$35 a week household allowance, of which \$25 goes for food, \$3 for a cleaning woman, the rest for her personal expenses (not clothes). Mr. Potter does all other spending, never (he claims) on the installment plan. Car upkeep is charged to business.

Food, laundry, household maintenance, Mrs. Potter's expenses	\$1860.00	Insurance (life and hospitalization)	\$128.40
House payments and taxes	1300.00	Summer at shore	500.00
House maintenance	50.00	Telephone	57.00
Fuel	180.00	Newspapers and magazines	54.00
Light and gas	120.00	Clothes (\$100 for each member)	500.00
Dentists and doctors	50.00		\$4799.40

goes along to Westfield Sundays—sometimes Gloria, too—largely to hear Stanley. The youngsters all went to Christian Scientist Sunday school.

Since her Methodist-reared husband is no Scientist, Hope has never made difficulties about doctors. Not that the Potters have needed them much; barring slight brushes with scarlet fever, the youngsters have had practically nothing wrong with them. Regular twice-yearly trips to the dentist seldom show cavities. Their bodies, in fact, are as healthy as their minds. Both parents are pretty proud of the way unobtrusive spade calling has worked out in sex education.

Glory's further education has taken a lot of threshing out. She wanted college, but Stanley was worried about the expense, is no college-at-all-costs fanatic anyway—he got along all right without it. As a compromise, Glory is to be staked to a year at Wheaton College, Norton, Massachusetts, in hopes of a scholastic record good enough to get scholarship help from there on. Her chances should be good—she is an A student, with plenty of spare time for cheerleading and dates on week ends and being treasurer of the Junior Women's Club. Not that, when exams are coming up, she doesn't swathe her long bob in a bandanna and stick to her desk all week end, with boys who drop in being firmly ignored.

Failing a scholarship, she will leave college for secretarial training in New York. No living in New York, however, Stanley says; she will commute, as her grandfather did before her until he retired from his job with a New York title company. Stanley has now ceased worrying about his daughter's staying out late, sometimes till two A.M. on special evenings, till midnight often when it's just sodas and juke-box dancing at a local young folks' hangout. But the idea of his pretty little girl—who won a prize as most beautiful baby in Woodbridge—bucketing round New York on her own still sticks in the paternal craw.

Learning stenography and typing in high school did fine for him—got him his first job at \$60 a month and, with the war, moved him up from enlisted man to yeoman on the way to an ensign's commission. Even now, with Bootie answering the phone at the office while doing his homework afternoons, Stanley needs no paid secretary, being still up to typing his own letters with skill and style.

Few men making as much as Stanley Potter stenographize themselves. Most rules, however, fail to apply to his business activities, which are so mixed that, when the youngsters have to write down *father's occupation*, they just make it "Potter Enterprises"—a fictitious corporation that has become a standing family joke.

As licensed real-estate and insurance broker, Stanley has to keep a sign and office on Woodbridge's main street. He hasn't been in it for a year. His real office is out at an old empty tile works he owns west of town. Out beyond is a clay pit that is one of the more profitable Potter enterprises. A few miles out of town is a cemetery that is another. Here and there round town are small parcels of real estate that he has recently bought or sold or may make an offer on. It all brings in round \$5000 a year with gratifying and sometimes amazing regularity, what with a killing here, a

bad guess there. Stanley says he isn't much interested in making money—he would rather have just enough to get by on and do things to benefit others free of charge. Since nobody offers him such, he grinningly says, he has resigned himself to gradually becoming well-to-do.

Hope also knows how to play cards the way they lie. Being worried by people borrowing and not returning her numerous books, she started a lending library in the front hall on the usual dime-for-three-days basis. When tired of it at the end of the year, she had back the \$110 she had put into new books—and the books too. Several years ago she was asked to return as temporary filler-inner to her premarriage clerical job at a local hospital. She found she still liked job swinging, and the kids and Stanley and the maid were doing all right in the daytime hours she was gone—so she stayed on a year and a half and the \$80 a month additional revenue was welcome all round.

SHE has been pretty active as a Woodbridge matron during those nonhousework afternoons. A founder of the Mothers' Club she still belongs to, past president of the Study Club, sometime chairman of a couple of Women's Club committees, and den mother of the Scout Cubs that Richard belongs to. But these days she feels home and family are more interesting—a taste that breaks out in the periodic furniture rearrangings that make Stanley swear when he barks his shins in the dark over chairs that weren't there in the morning.

Glory and Bootie are thick as thieves. Glory won't buy a dress without Bootie's approval. Long ago Woodbridge salesgirls learned that the way to make a sale was to sell him first. Both are cheerleaders, both bedrooms are plastered with Glenn Miller pictures, including autographed photos, assorted by appropriate sexes, of the he and she crooners attached to the Miller band. When the gorgeous blond lady crooner cropped up all over the nation in a scarlet-gowned cigarette advertisement, Bootie laid worshipful hands on huge, full-color, life-size cutouts intended by the advertisers for window displays and lined his walls with them. His father contemplates the results and says a trifle helplessly, "Well, he likes it this way."

Stanley acquired the present half-timber house, with its large lawn and handsome trees, in a swap-and-cash deal for the smaller mansarded dwelling they had previously owned up on Edgar Hill. What with a complete change of landscaping—"A formal garden would never have done for us"—and building a two-story timber ell on back, there are still several thousands of Federal housing loan to pay off. The new garden won an honorable mention in a New York Herald Tribune contest. Stanley does a good deal of work on the place in fall and spring, with some help from the boys and occasional heavy heaving and lawn-cutting done by a man by the day, to match Hope's occasional one-day cleaning woman at three dollars.

His one horticultural trouble is violent hay fever that keeps him housebound on summer evenings. Since he doesn't have much faith in the injections—"It can't be good for you to have all

that stuff shot into you anyway"—his one summer lifesaver is to get down to the family's rented beach cottage at Manasquan, New Jersey, as often as he can. Summer is his busy season, too, so week ends are all he can count on.

The rest of the troop move to Manasquan in June and stay till September, so enthusiastically enjoying sun and surf that four bathing suits apiece are necessary. They often consider the possibility of some other summer doings, but always wind up in the same cottage with the same people in the cottages on either side—"It's like coming home every summer," Hope says. What with rent for cottage and icebox and odd expense, it isn't cheap. But then the Potters take no other vacation.

They can do themselves very comfortably. But they have to be careful, too, here and there. Nobody ever knows just how Potter Enterprises will do any particular month and how long they may have to live on any particular chunk of sudden profits. With Glory's college coming up, things will certainly be a little stringent.

This year Stanley tried a new system on personal expenses: each family member got a January-first credit of \$100 for clothes; anything left over to be credited to next year. With Glory's college outfit in mind, Stanley is somewhat gloomy about the success of the scheme. Hope's wardrobe is little strain—she never goes over \$6.98 for street dresses and \$7.98 for evening. She even belongs to a dress club from which members always get a dress at a price they would pay anyway, and which gives the drawer of a lucky number a free dress now and again. Stanley's wardrobe is no worry to him at all. Hope picks it for him, at \$35 for suits and round \$6 for shoes: "If I live with you long enough," he says, "you'll make me look like something." He doesn't even make much fuss when he misses a necktie and later finds it draped on the doorknob of Bootie's closet.

Stanley's father and mother—the old gentleman is eighty-six—live right down the street, and never a day passes that he isn't down there to take them for a ride or just chat. Perhaps that is why he and Hope are so fond of planning what they will do when they are old and the youngsters are all scattered to homes of their own. Stanley isn't sure just how he will work it, but he is pretty definite about a small house out in real farming country and a small income for the two of them.

Hope keeps a diary. Someday, she says, she will write a book out of it about the Potters. Stanley has already volunteered to take her dictation on the typewriter if her writing hand tires. She also collects clippings and snapshots and odd souvenirs, each associated with some Potter goings on or other, calling it her "old-age drawer" and thinking of when she will be looking them over as an old lady, while Stanley sits and smokes his corn-cob pipe and reads—through bifocals, no doubt—the new detective story she got him because she knows just the kind he likes.

"Baseball's Like a Roller Coaster"

"All ups and downs," grins Lonnie Frey, of the Cincinnati Reds. "One day you're a star, the next you're a bum. Six months a year you earn thousands, in the next six—nothing. Past thirty, you're through!"

When Lonnie's out on second, pretty wife Mary mutters about frogs—just for luck. When Lonnie thinks of the future, he crosses two fingers. But they've planned—plenty—with three youngsters under five to consider. You'll learn a lot from the Freys about how to save. Next in our How America Lives series.

In the October JOURNAL



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A daily supply of Vitamin B₁ helps convert food into energy.

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Food authorities say that Vitamin B₁ is essential to growth.

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When Vitamin B₁ is lacking, science proves, the appetite lags.

IN THIS WHOLE WHEAT BREAKFAST MILLIONS GET *Vitamin B₁* as **NATURE** provides it

and in one delicious dishful, 7 other needed food values*

More than 1/3 of the minimum adult requirement of Vitamin B₁ (nearly 1/2 the child requirement) comes to you in 2 National Biscuit Shredded Wheat with a cupful of milk.

And in this refreshing dishful, with its Vitamin B₁, you get also seven of the other vital food essentials. For instance, National Biscuit Shredded Wheat is a good source of Vitamin B₁ and phosphorus, and milk is a good source of calcium and phosphorus. The panel below tells the whole story. When eaten with stewed

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National Biscuit Shredded Wheat is made of 100 per cent whole wheat. The vital wheat germ, natural vitamin source, is included.

From America's golden wheat fields we take our grain. The pure, cleansed kernels are softened in steam to the bursting point, and pressed into delicate, filmy strands to bring out all their goodness, then made into biscuits and baked brown, to just the right degree of crisp-

ness. From the sun-swept fields to your breakfast table come the flavor and food values of whole wheat, in Nature's own way.

Be sure of getting your Vitamin B₁ as Nature provides it. It is well to ask for this grand cereal by the full name—National Biscuit Shredded Wheat, in the familiar National Biscuit package.

Baked by "NABISCO"
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3 Delicious Ways To Serve It

1. Slice a ripe banana over the biscuits and pour on milk or cream. Sweeten to taste.
2. For a hot breakfast, dip the biscuits quickly into hot water, drain, and serve with hot or cold milk and your favorite fruit.
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* See for yourself, what this grand breakfast means to your family!

Analyses show the following nutrients naturally present in 2 National Biscuit Shredded Wheat served with a cupful of milk:

VITAMIN B ₁	Over 1/3 the daily minimum adult requirement
CALCIUM	Over 1/3 the daily minimum adult requirement
PHOSPHORUS	Over 1/2 the daily minimum adult requirement
IRON	Over 1/3 the daily minimum adult requirement

There is also a generous part of the daily energy requirement (CARBOHYDRATES and PROTEINS) and other nutritional necessities including VITAMIN A and VITAMIN G.

**COLD OR HOT...
SPAM
HITS THE SPOT!**



Says Mrs. Milton Fuller, Springfield, Mass.

SPAM never lets us down! Cold or hot... sliced, diced, grilled, fried or baked... my husband and two daughters, Claire and Gail, just love it. Here are a couple of our special SPAM favorites:



SPAM 'N' SALAD To make jellied vegetable ring, dissolve 1 pkg. lime gelatin in 2 cups water. When thick add 1 cup shredded cabbage, 1/2 cup shredded celery, 1/2 cup shredded carrots, 1 tsp. vinegar, 1/4 tsp. salt. Keep in 2-pint mold in refrigerator until firm. Serve with lettuce, radishes, SPAM.



SPAM 'N' EGGS Cut SPAM in 1/4-inch slices, brown quickly in hot frying pan, serve with fried eggs. Fried SPAM also goes great with pancakes or waffles. And if you want to have a picnic just slip your grilled slices between buttered buns, add a dash of mustard, and call 'em SPAMburgers!

I WISH YOU COULD SEE HOW CAREFULLY WE MAKE SPAM—WITH JUICY PORK SHOULDER AND TENDER HAM. THEN YOU'D KNOW WHY "COLD OR HOT SPAM HITS THE SPOT!"

—Vero Adams, of the SPAM family



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Eat Meat



It Helps You Keep Fit

**COLD OR HOT...
SPAM HITS THE SPOT!**

Should Parents Sacrifice to E

BY JOSEPH COOKMAN

In consultation with Johnson O'Connor, Director of the Human Engineering Laboratory

BEFORE bedtime the lights glow upstairs and down in the Potters' home. Upstairs the children are studying—or maybe just fooling around. Downstairs Mr. and Mrs. Potter are talking again about something they have discussed a thousand times before—ever since their first child, Gloria, was born eighteen years ago.

It is the kind of talk heard under the living-room lamps in hundreds of thousands of American homes:

"How can we give the children a good start in life? What is the best education we can possibly provide for them? Is college the answer at all? After all, it hasn't been for a lot of people we know, people who thought that a college education was the sure way to wind up behind the boss' desk, but who have wound up behind the ribbon counter instead—and much less happy about it than if they had never gone to college.

"Do we really know our own children? Do we really know what is on their minds—and in their hearts? Or are we just a couple of doting parents who are letting our love for them blind us to their faults? What really are their strengths and weaknesses? Shouldn't we get some outside advice?"

So the talk goes on, but it is different this time from what it was on so many other nights when all these questions and doubts and hopes had been hashed over. For now the time has come for action. Gloria finished high school this year, with honors, and is now ready for college. Stanley, Junior—known to everybody as Bootie—won't be ready for a couple of years yet, and Richard, the baby, is only eleven.

Neither Stanley Potter nor his wife ever went to college. Mrs. Potter graduated from high school, Mr. Potter didn't get quite that far. But neither of them ever felt that their own lives would have been much more happy or useful if their parents had been willing and able to sacrifice for them, to give them better schooling. It's just that they think a college education is a good thing, and whatever is good they want their children to have.

OF COURSE, there has always been that question of money. The Potters found, as so many parents before them have found, that there is a wide spread in the costs of a college education. If Gloria went to a good women's college several hundred miles away—not the most expensive, but not the least expensive either—it would cost about \$1000 a year, board included. But there was an opportunity for Gloria to win a scholarship. They figured that they could swing it for \$600 a year if Gloria got the scholarship.

And that brought up again the point that had kept cropping up more and more in the long talks under the living-room lamps. Just what are the children best fitted for? The Potters were glad to accept the suggestion that they send the two oldest children to the Human Engineering Laboratory which is sponsored by Stevens Institute of Technology, in Hoboken, to be given aptitude tests. (Human Engineering Laboratories are also operating in Boston, sponsored by

Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and Chicago, sponsored by Armour Institute of Technology; on October first a fourth laboratory will be opened at Chestnut Hill Academy, in Philadelphia.)

These tests, which have been evolved over a period of about twenty years of study and experiment—and which the laboratory likes to apply to children much younger than Gloria and Bootie; the ideal age is nine or ten—are intended to determine with scientific exactitude just what one's natural, inherent abilities are; just what are those inborn qualities of mind and nerves and intuition which do not change through the years but can be developed and used to their best advantage once they are recognized. In short, to steer youngsters into occupations where they have the greatest chance of financial success and, what may be even more important, the greatest hopes of finding that happiness which comes with the sense of fulfillment.

GLORIA and Bootie spent two afternoons of three hours each doing things which seemed more like parlor games than anything else. For example, they watched one of the laboratory staff take apart a Wiggly Block, which is a block of wood cut up into wavy sections. Then they were asked to put it together again as quickly as possible. This is the test for structural visualization, an aptitude essential for success in such work as engineering, surgery, tool-and-die making and architecture—any work calling for the ability to picture solid structures in the mind's eye. In another test they looked at a photograph of an assortment of small articles such as might be found in a woman's handbag. Then they looked at another almost identical picture and tried to tell almost immediately what was missing or how the articles had been rearranged. This determines observation aptitude, a faculty needed by such workers as factory inspectors. In still another test they hurried down twin columns of figures, checking slight differences or noting whether they were the same or different. They were given no time to go back looking for errors, even after they had realized how a 9 in one column and a 6 in the other can trip you. It had to be right the first time. This is accounting aptitude, a necessity for real success as a statistician, a stenographer



Should Gloria go to college? "No," said her father. Aptitude tests proved "Yes!"

★ HOW AMERICA LIVES ★

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to Educate Their Children?

or a banker. Other tests included finger dexterity, pitch discrimination, creative imagination and inductive reasoning.

When they finished the last of these parlor games with a purpose Gloria and Bootie went home to wait for the verdict, and the staff of the laboratory studied the results. They tabulated them, relating a strength to a shortcoming, interpreting the whole in the light of long experience.

THE Potters waited eagerly for the biggest report card in the history of the family to arrive. And when it came the first reaction was, "This is great. No bad news. The children are all right; science thinks they're just about as bright as we do. Well, that's the important part. So now what?"

So then, as the Potters dug deeper into the findings, they were surprised and more than a little puzzled.

Here's Gloria: She has what it takes, including accounting aptitude above 90 per cent of her sex, to be a good secretary, and it's always an excellent idea to acquire shorthand and typing. But she would never be very happy doing secretarial work because she would have to suppress other aptitudes which incline her more strongly to other things. So if she is wise she will never think of stenography as a job in itself, but at most as a convenient way of getting a start, as so many girls do, in an office. That office should be an advertising agency, a newspaper city room or some similar business which influences public opinion, for she has a teaching quality that could find its best expression that way.

But if she could get into the department of an advertising agency which deals with radio programs, it might be an ideal beginning. For Gloria has a real flair for music, although she is short of the finger dexterity and pitch discrimination necessary to be a great performer herself. She has an aptitude for writing too. Consequently, she should aim at finding an opportunity to combine music and writing. In fact, Gloria could develop into the composer and librettist of musical plays.

THE Potters' first reaction to all this was summed up by Mr. Potter in about this way: "Forget the musical-play business. Here's what it boils down to: Gloria would make a good steno or secretary—but. She's got a talent for music—but. She could be a writer—but. I wonder whether it's a good idea to tell an impressionable kid that she's got lots of ability—but! I wonder if it doesn't undermine children's confidence in themselves at just the time they need it. She has to take her chances in life with a million other girls, and if she has to make a living as a steno she'll have to take a job wherever she can get one. And the chances are about a thousand to one it won't have anything to do with music. It certainly won't make her any happier if she feels she can never be a really first-class secretary and she's being cheated because the boss deals in bank notes instead of musical notes."

They turned to the findings on Bootie. These were surprisingly different from Gloria's. Bootie has the inherent faculties to be an engineer, an architect, a commercial artist, but—"There's that 'but' again," muttered Mr. Potter—he has inherent faculties to be almost anything, and that can be dangerous, for it

can lead to becoming a Jack-of-all-trades-and-master-of-none. Bootie's big problem is how to center his interests. His not-too-strong ambition to go to Annapolis might be the key. The discipline of a service school would tend to give him that direction he needs. And in the complex Navy of today there is a demand for a variety of talents, ranging from rowing a dinghy to designing a battleship.

But entering Annapolis is not exactly like entering other colleges. There are rigorous physical examinations and the political ins and outs of winning an appointment. In any case, architecture is probably his best bet. Marine architecture is good. But he has it in him not only to design buildings but to place them in relation to one another and do all the other things necessary to be a city planner—certainly a career for the man of tomorrow.

BY THIS time the Potters had become a little inured to visions which soared far above anything they had indulged in for their children. But still they couldn't quite get over that question which came up in Gloria's report: was it a good idea to tell an unformed boy of fifteen that he wasn't only in danger of falling between two stools but of sprawling over a dozen?

The children settled it for themselves. They insisted upon knowing everything and kept on insisting until they did. They were a little stunned at first, but not for long. When they finally gave their reaction it was summed up by Bootie: "Well, those people at the laboratory don't know everything, after all. But it is something to think about, at that."

The lights glowed later than usual in the Potters' living room for the next few evenings while the old problems were hashed over again in the light of the new information. Then the decisions were made—as finally as parents can make them. Gloria will enter Wheaton College, at Norton, Massachusetts, this fall. What she will do after that depends on how she makes out the first year. Bootie will continue to aim for Annapolis, but meanwhile he will read a lot of books on architecture.

The Potters now know what their children's talents are and can feel that in spending money to develop them they are not making needless sacrifices. Whether Gloria will ever fulfill her greatest promise or Bootie will attain to city planning will depend to a certain extent on opportunity, circumstance and their own efforts and ambitions. At least they won't be shooting in the dark if they set their sights high in those fields. Gloria need not head for just any office to get her first small job. She can try to get her foot in the door as a secretary in a radio production department and go on from there. Bootie can use the same technique when he looks for his first job.

Few men and women, of course, ever accomplish the best that is in them—chiefly because very few of even the most talented of them are willing to undergo the tremendous labor and concentration that are absolute essentials. If more men and women knew, not by guesswork but by scientific measurement, what their potential talents were, more of them would be willing to apply that necessary labor and concentration on their work and studies.

and Mother, he says he loves my
"peaches and cream" complexion



Smart girls avoid unsightly complexion flare-ups caused by soap irritation. Thousands use mild, gentle Cashmere Bouquet Soap

AFTER the heartaches that go with soap irritation—a trouble recently reported by one woman out of two—what a thrill to find Cashmere Bouquet Soap may be your lucky skin care! So try the mild soap three generations of lovely women have found agreeable to sensitive skin.

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First: Cream your face thoroughly with the mild, gentle

lather of Cashmere Bouquet. Work it gently, but well around large-pore areas of nose and chin.

Next: Rinse with warm water; then a dash of cold. Pat your face dry, don't rub. Now, skin is glowingly clean and refreshed.

For bathing too, the exotic lather of Cashmere Bouquet is heavenly. Leaves you scented all over with the fragrance men love.

Buy it today at 3 cakes for 25c.

Cashmere Bouquet
Soap



WITH THE FRAGRANCE MEN LOVE

GLORIA'S GIFT OF GARB . . . BY DAWN CROWELL

"Gosh, they're really mellow," sighed Gloria Potter's brother, Bootie, about the clothes she had chosen for her college wardrobe. Gloria, fresh out of high school—where she was chosen "most popular senior"—and freshman in Wheaton College, Massachusetts, awaits his approval before buying.

With a limited clothes allowance, Gloria got down to some fine figuring and came up with some advance freshman ideas on fashions. With a twist of her wrist, she changes her dressy calot to everyday, by removing the detachable veil and ribbons; her two wool coats—town and country—are each

under \$20. Voted "class heartbreaker" in high school, Gloria takes the title to college in her turquoise evening gown with gold trimming which costs under \$10. For informal fun she wears a black velvet jerkin and skirt with different-colored blouses. Behind her pompadour hides a plaid hat; and under her red wool coat, an oatmeal dress which she wears to classes when she's not wearing her red plaid suit, or plaid skirt and pink pull-over. The suit is about \$20. She never pays more than \$1.98 for blouses and sweaters, around \$5 for her skirts. Her total college wardrobe costs under \$100.



100% wool reefer coat with calot, for dress.



Pastel blouses with cotton velveteen jerkin-skirt.



Rayon jersey gown with gold kid trim. Full skirt; under \$10.

★★ HOW AMERICA LIVES

American college girls, half a million strong, will spend \$73,459,902 on their 1941-42 campus wardrobes, according to a recent survey. Among the items included: coats, \$28,670,000; dresses, \$16,545,000; shoes, \$6,446,000; sweaters, \$1,932,000; hosiery, \$2,302,000. Such figures offer impressive proof that Young America knows the value of good appearance, smart grooming. College girls' bills help bring the total amount spent by U. S. women for their own clothing to \$2,850,000,000 yearly.

PHOTOS BY JAMES ABBÉ, JR.



Wool-and-rayon dress with a sports coat; plaid hat. The dress costs around \$7.95; the coat, under \$20.



Two-piece suit with a long jacket and pleated skirt. The big safety pin is an "extra." Suit costs around \$20.



Pink pull-over atop a plaid skirt, to wear to class. The sweater costs about \$1.98; the skirt, under \$5.



Off to ask a personal question. These girls are all professional investigators. Between May 23rd and June 9th of this year, they conducted a softness test in Erie, Pa. Over a thousand women made the test. They were asked to feel two napkins—and say which was softer. One was a leading brand of “layer-type” napkin. The other was Modess, a “fluff-type” napkin. All these women were users of the “layer-type” napkin. Yet 870 out of the 1036 said, “Modess is softer”!

These girls ask questions for a living!

IN ERIE, PA., THEY FOUND THAT 870 OUT OF 1036 USERS OF ANOTHER NAPKIN SAID, “MODESS IS SOFTER!”



They didn't know which was which. Women making the test had no way of knowing which napkin they were voting for. All identifying marks were completely concealed. The investigator simply asked each woman to feel both napkins and say which was softer. And Modess won—870 to 166!



Investigator Arlene Larson relaxes while checking her reports. Reports so overwhelmingly favored Modess that each investigator was asked to sign an affidavit swearing her report was accurate and that she had conducted each test in an impartial manner. The investigators themselves didn't know who sponsored the test.



Astonishing figures. When the results were added up, 870 out of the 1036 “layer-type” users had said, after feeling both napkins, that the “fluff-type” napkin (Modess) was softer! Isn't it amazing that women could go on using one type of napkin without realizing that another and newer type might be softer?

Does softer to the touch mean softer in use? That is something you can answer only by actually *trying* Modess. Buy a box of Modess today. Learn for yourself if it gives you the same comfort that has won millions of loyal users. You can buy Modess in the regular size, or Junior Modess—a slightly narrower napkin—at your favorite store.

Modess

870 OUT OF 1036 ERIE, PA. WOMEN SAID—“IT'S SOFTER!”



This is the winter scheme, with homemade mirrored cornices and window box, snow-white walls, a rose-red rug, and draperies. The fresh new background brings out the real beauty of the Potters' antiques.

PHOTOS BY HAROLD FOWLER

"Our Dining Room Brings the Family Together"



The well-used Potter dining room was furnished with interesting antiques which did not show to advantage against the old scheme of tan and blue.

BY HENRIETTA MURDOCK

Interior Decoration Editor of the Journal

WELL-USED, fairly overflowing with family personality and friendliness, the Potters' dining room swept back a flood of memories of typical American family scenes of my childhood, revolving importantly around the dinner table. The place where father held forth as a good provider, flourishing his carving knife and telling tall tales of his day downtown. The place where mother preened herself over special dishes and trotted out her flourishes. Fete days when everybody gathered around the festal board—from "gran" to uncles. Quiet moments recalled with sudden warmth when heads were bowed in grace before the meal.

Here at the Potters' was that same intangible warmth and feeling identified with an America we cherish. But Mrs. Potter felt keenly the need for bringing her dining room up to date. Particularly now that the children had reached an age where the dining room was practically a community center for entertaining in the neighborhood. My eye quickly noted necessary changes. The room was crowded. That fine old furniture needed breathing space. The color scheme hadn't been changed in twenty years. I visualized new flowery prints at the windows,

snow-white walls to replace that dull tan, a rose-textured rug instead of that nondescript old one.

The Potters are interested in antiques, have managed to pick up some delightful pieces, guided only by their instincts and zeal—as Mr. Potter puts it. Yet without a background to set them off, the room looked stodgy and old-fashioned. Sometimes, as in this case, the real beauty of one's furniture is lost against old backgrounds.

Mrs. Potter herself had felt that lack of color. Loving the gaiety of modern decoration, she had been afraid to venture, questioning the effect of fresh newness upon her treasured old pieces. But, actually, antiques have a fascinating way of borrowing vitality from loveliness which surrounds them. Put them against drab backgrounds and they are merely old furniture. Arrange them with appropriate new things and they emerge the aristocrats they truly are.

So, delightedly, we tackled the transformation from the old scheme of tan and blue. Curtains, walls and carpet all were due for a change. We could start fresh all round with no holdover color handicaps. The *(Continued on Page 133)*

★ ★ HOW AMERICA LIVES

Although U. S. families have been growing smaller, the number of families made a big increase in the past ten years—16.6 per cent, compared with a population increase of only 7.2 per cent, according to the U. S. Bureau of Census. New homes established between 1930-40 numbered 4,956,962. To furnish these homes and make them cheerful, comfortable, attractive centers of family life, millions of women bought furniture, carpets, draperies, wallpaper—everything from ranges and radios to can openers. If all the bills for furnishings purchased by America's 28,551,680 housewives were laid end to end, they would add up to the impressive sum of \$1,422,000,000 yearly.

The Federal sideboard and corner cupboard were exciting antique finds.



For summer we dress up the windows with a gay rose print and make snap-on covers for the chairs.



"No More Blue Mondays"

BY GRACE L. PENNOCK

Household Editor of the Journal

IN THIS day of washing and ironing machines, doing the family wash is not hard at all," Mrs. Potter told the women's club in her talk on systematic housekeeping. "In fact, I enjoy doing it." Washing easily depends upon good equipment and good planning. Good results depend upon the methods used. It is important to use soft or conditioned water in washing and in the first rinse. Remove stains first. Soak white clothes twenty to thirty minutes in lukewarm, slightly soapy water. Wash in very hot, 140° F., water with plenty of soap, keeping a three-inch layer of suds, for five to fifteen minutes, according to how soiled they are. Before the second load goes in, add soap to keep the suds up. Don't overload the machine. Clothes should move freely through the water. If clothes are not soaked, wash in lukewarm water for a longer period, first being sure the soap is thoroughly dissolved. Use two rinses, the first as hot as or hotter than the wash water, the second cooler. Rinse thoroughly, in the machine if possible. Water for colored clothes should not be as hot as for white clothes, 110° to 120°. Wash special clothes, such as silks, rayons and wools, gently, with mild soap and lukewarm water. Most can be washed in the machine with a short-time run. Use bluing and mild bleach occasionally for cottons, to keep them white. A thin starch adds body and soil-resistant finish to some materials. In hanging out, shake clothes to remove creases and make ironing easier.



Mrs. Potter washes in the basement where she has tubs, washing machine, drying racks for rainy-day use. She makes an early start on washday. Gets her own cup of coffee, then breakfast ready for the others. While the children eat, she starts the tub filling, sorts clothes according to soil, color and kind of fabric, and gets the first load in.



In between loads, while the machine washes, she does breakfast dishes, makes beds and gives upstairs a quick once-over. By dovetailing daily work in with the washing, Mrs. Potter has the house in order and the washing and most of the ironing done by midafternoon on Mondays. It's the careful planning, and the energetic carrying out of plans, that gets things done.

If the clothes aren't on the line by 9:30, the neighbors wonder what's happened. After this, Mrs. P. has plenty of time to finish up the downstairs work—the dusting and picking up in the dining room and living room and cleaning up in the kitchen—while the clothes are drying, so the decks are cleared for ironing or an afternoon out, if it's club week.



On good days the clothes are dry before noon. Mrs. P. sorts and folds large things for ironing as she takes them from the line. Hanging sheets up "hem to hem" helps in folding.

Some things come from the line slightly damp, so need no sprinkling. The rest are sprinkled for afternoon or next-morning ironing. Avoids too much water in sprinkling.

Mrs. Potter settles down at the ironer for a thoroughly pleasant time. She irons all flatwork and many garments on the machine, listening to the radio as she works.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Spick-and-span housewife Hope Potter paid \$59 for her electric ironer (demonstrator's model), has used it two and a half years. Electric washer has been in service eight years. Both, she says, "paid for themselves in a short time." Electricity (for washer, ironer, refrigerator, vacuum cleaner, mixer, toaster) costs \$6 to \$7 monthly. Newest equipment in Mrs. Potter's kitchen is \$158 gas range—birthday present from her husband. U. S. housewives, who are the nation's chief purchasers, spend for such household equipment and operation (refrigeration, laundry, telephones, and so forth) a grand total of \$5,285,000,000 every year.

★ ★ HOW AMERICA LIVES ★ ★

Latest equipment makes Mondays even brighter.

BY MARGARET DAVIDSON

ENTIRELY unattended, automatic washers (\$160 to \$200) wash and rinse clothes. With these, wash whenever a machineful collects. Traditional washers offer improved safety wringers or spinner driers and easily used pumps for draining. Home-size electric driers (about \$100) dry four to seven pounds of clothes by tumbling in heated air. Ironers vary to fit space and purse, from portables (at \$30 up) to full-sized machines (\$50 to \$150). Ironer conveniences include heat regulators, knee controls and pressing controls. Hand irons are light-weight, speedy heating and temperature-controlled. Some irons can be used with or without steam.



Put clothes in an automatic machine, add soap, set the dials, then forget them till the washing is done.



The drier works rain or shine. Saves hanging out the clothes. Bone-dry or ironing-dry, as you wish.



Water hard? Same amount of soap and water. Note how conditioner increased suds. Try it yourself.

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BALONEY! How can they make Frankfurters with **NO SKINS?**



GIRL: "Well, I had them for lunch at school, smarty. And I can prove it. You stop in at the butcher's with me on the way home and I'll show you."

BUTCHER: "Yes, these are SKINLESS frankfurters, there's not a trace of skin on them. You see they're stuffed and smoked in clear 'Visking' casings. Then, after the smoking process, the cellulose casing is removed leaving only the tender surface of the frankfurter itself."



FATHER: "Say! These are wonderful frankfurters. Something new?"

MOTHER: "Tommy told me about them. They're SKINLESS frankfurters. The butcher says that practically all meat packers make them this way now. But I like this brand best. They're tender, juicy and digestible. And the children just love them."



HERE'S YOUR "SCHOOL DAYS" DISH

SKINLESS frankfurters or wieners on lettuce leaves garnished with sliced American cheese. The center is potato salad. School teacher's costume is black crepe paper with pipe cleaners for arms.

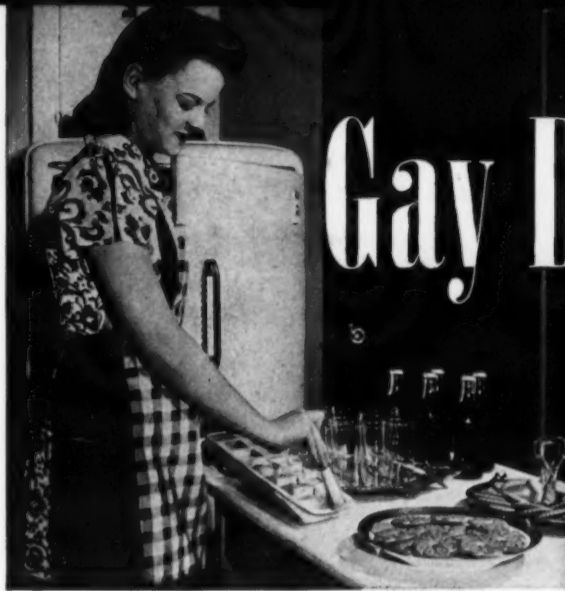


FRANKY SAYS: "HEY KIDS, TELL YOUR MOM HOW DIGESTIBLE GOOD FRANKFURTERS AND WIENERS ARE WHEN THEY'RE

Skinless
TRADE MARK



Gay Doings fo



ARE you a partygoer more often than a party haver? If so, it's probably your turn to have the crowd at your house for a little fun and "frolity." Once you've got the urge to have a party, get busy—*don't let it unwind!*

Gloria and Stan Potter are never at a loss for a reason to have a frolic. During the season the family is at the seashore, beach picnics are their most popular form of entertaining. When they are at home, the gang gathers for hamburger and hot-dog roasts around their back-yard fireplace.

If thinking up parties comes hard for you, here are some suggestions. You might call mother into your camp on the food details—but the fun part is up to you.

BROWN-EYED-SUSAN PARTY

Help yourself to armfuls of brown-eyed Susans—those country-cousin daisies that bloom along the roadside about now. An up-turned straw hat filled with them makes an eye-catching centerpiece. Tell the girls to wear play clothes and make paper sunbonnets for them to wear while the party is in full swing. A daisy-minded menu might include cheese-layer Susan salad, potato chips, buttered rolls or sandwiches, peanut-butter cupcakes, and punch or hot cocoa if the day is cool.

CHEESE-LAYER SUSAN SALAD

Drain 1 No. 2½ can pitted black cherries. Dissolve 1 package lemon-flavored and 1 package orange-flavored gelatin in 3 cups hot water. Add ½ cup lemon juice. Cool until sirupy. Reserve 1 cup jelly. To the rest add 1½ cups diced celery and all but 10 or 12 of the cherries. Pour into oblong pan—about eight inches by twelve inches. Chill until set. Work the 1 cup jelly into 2 packages cream cheese and 2 tablespoons crumbled domestic Roquefort or bleu cheese. Spread over cherry layer. Before it sets, arrange sliced canned peaches petal fashion, with black cherries for the centers, at intervals. When salad is cut into squares there will be a garnish for each salad. Chill until firm. Serve in lettuce cups with dressing. Serves ten to twelve.

PEANUT-BUTTER CUPCAKES

Cream ½ cup shortening with 1 cup brown sugar. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla and ½ cup peanut butter. Cream together and add 2 eggs beaten up light with another ½ cup brown sugar. Sift together 2 cups cake flour, ½ teaspoon salt and 2½ teaspoons baking powder. Add alternately to creamed mixture with ¼ cup milk. Beat until smooth. Bake in well-greased muffin pans in moderate oven, 350° F., about twenty-five minutes. Turn out. Cool. Frost with a brown-sugar icing and garnish each with blanched-almond-half petals and raisin centers.

ALOHA PARTY

Many of you will soon be going away to college. Why not have an Aloha farewell party?

HOW AMERICA LIVES

- ★ "Let's Get Away From It All" is song which heads 18-year-old Gloria Potter's private Hit Parade.
- ★ She loves juke-box dancing, movies, inviting "the crowd" in to raid the icebox. Thoughtful Mrs. Potter always keeps supplies on hand for such snacks. Supplies bought by other U. S. housewives, who do most of the nation's marketing, swell the yearly food bill to a mouth-filling \$14,753,000,000.

Pestered for a party plan? Here's a brown-eyed-Susan spread for a warm day that has lots of swish! Idea for a just-girls gab fest. The "daisies won't tell."



S for Gloria

LOUELLA G. SHOER



Hawaiian chicken-and-fruit salad for your precollege Aloha party.



Ice cream and cake go Hawaiian too.

Hawaiian feast. Chicken-and-fruit salad and buttered rolls will start things humming. Then bring on ice cream with a good caramel sauce and small coconut-frosted cupcakes. Mother might make these for you. To give the sundaes a Honolulu touch, you might sprinkle them with salted Macadamia nuts—native to Hawaii and sold now in many confectionery stores. Here are the intimate details of the salad:

HAWAIIAN CHICKEN-AND-FRUIT SALAD

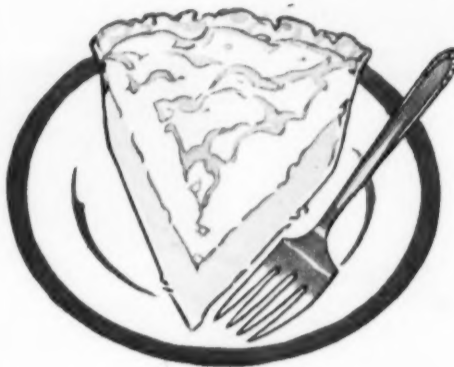
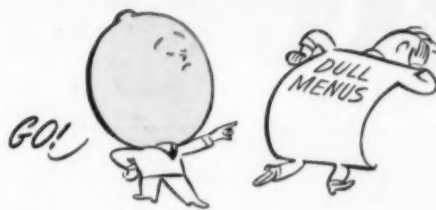
Dice meat from a large cooked roasting chicken or fowl. Add 1½ cups seeded red or green grapes, 1 cup orange sections, 1½ cups finely diced celery and ½ cup diced raw apple. Combine with ½ cups mayonnaise thinned with a little cream. Sharpen up the flavor with lemon juice and salt. Arrange in lettuce cups on large chop plate. Garnish with small rings of canned pineapple. Slip a few crisp carrot or celery strips through each ring. Decorate center of chop plate with a fresh pineapple top. Stick cherries on the tips of the leaves—a just-pretend coconut palm. Serves eight to ten.

Go Native. Props make a party more fun. Paper leis for the boys and girls to wear around their necks will have everyone doing hulas—and the girls would love paper flowers to wear in their hair. Crepe-paper palm trees and maybe a few little grass-skirted hula dancers would give your table an island atmosphere. Clever fingers can make these props, or you can buy them at a party-gadget shop. *Kau-Kau*—"eats" in our language—to go along with moonlight, dancing on the porch and ukuleles. Here is a menu for your

PHOTOS BY STUART



Drive Dull Fare Away!



LET'S HAVE MEALS THAT ARE
Flavorful!

Surprising what the brisk tang of lemons does for meals! Not only in pies, cakes and ices. But to bring out the flavor of fish and meat, cooked fruits and vegetables, juices and tea! And lemon dressing makes salads *super!*

Colorful!

Servings look more inviting, too, when you use a gay lemon garnish! For special effect you can cut fancy shapes and add paprika, chopped parsley or pimiento strips. But *always* include plenty of squeezable sixths or quarters.



and Healthful!

Meals thus made more inviting are better for you. For lemons aid normal alkalinity and digestion; are an excellent source of vitamin C, good source of vitamin B₁, and the *only known* source of vitamin P, or *citrin*... No wonder many make lemon-and-water a daily health rule—or that fresh lemonade is the favorite summer cooler!

MAIL COUPON FOR FREE RECIPE BOOKLET, complete from appetizers to desserts. Also gives household and beauty hints. Send today. Sunkist Lemons, in trademarked tissue wrappers, are the finest and juiciest produced by 14,000 cooperating California growers. For good health and good flavor, buy them by the dozen.

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"elegant" is what you'll call this French Apple Pie!

A RICH TOPPING (a brown sugar and butter "crumb" mixture sprinkled over the sliced, juicy, spicily seasoned apples before baking) gives it an air of true distinction. The blend of flavors is truly something to dream about. You'll need:

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|----------------------|
| Tart Apples | Cinnamon (or nutmeg) |
| GOLD MEDAL "Kitchen-tested" Flour | Butter |
| Granulated and brown sugar | Salt |
| | Shortening |

You'll find the recipe in the sacks of Gold Medal Flour. This flour contains dozens of similar recipes in a year . . . all tested and matched to the flour by the Betty Crocker staff!



Noted Cooking School Expert, Lucile Craven, says: "In my opinion the Betty Crocker recipes are the best of their kind. Used with Gold Medal Flour, they give assurance of success . . . I have tried almost every brand of flour, and think so highly of Gold Medal that it is used exclusively in our practical and fancy cooking classes and in all of our testing work. To me, it is 'tops' for large or small quantity cooking."

NEWS... ABOUT THE COUNTRY'S MOST POPULAR BRAND OF FLOUR:

The panel at the right brings you the most important news we have ever had the privilege of announcing about Gold Medal "Kitchen-tested" Flour.

This flour is now enriched with two important vitamins of the Vitamin B Complex, and Iron, for better health. Thus Gold Medal "Kitchen-tested" Flour becomes a "protective" food in much the same sense as milk, or eggs, or leafy vegetables . . . It's a good food made even better!

Baked goods made with Gold Medal "Kitchen-

tested" Flour are an excellent source of Vitamin B₁. Thus Gold Medal "Kitchen-tested" Flour helps to correct this important deficiency in the American diet.

Use Gold Medal "Kitchen-tested" Enriched Flour in all your baking. Its appearance and texture are unchanged . . . its baking characteristics are absolutely the same as heretofore.

It's accepted by the Council on Foods of the American Medical Association, and is made by General Mills, Inc., of Minneapolis, Minn.

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The average person consumes 154 lbs. of flour a year! Hence you can see the extreme importance of vitamin-and-mineral enrichment to your family's health!

Ask your grocer today for a large-size sack of Gold Medal "Kitchen-tested" Enriched Flour! Benefit from science's latest contribution to public health.

Gold Medal "KITCHEN-TESTED" **Enriched Flour**

. . . and the Betty Crocker Recipes in the Sacks

VITAMIN-AND-MINERAL
Enriched Flour
Copr. 1941,
General Mills, Inc., Minneapolis



Why Not Now?

Every batch of Gold Medal Flour is tested for all-purpose baking by the Betty Crocker staff. The vitamin-and-mineral enrichment of this flour has not affected its wonderful baking qualities. It acts exactly the same with all recipes.

Monday

Tuesday

Wednesday

Thursday

Friday

Saturday

MY WEEK

BY GRACE L. PENNOCK

Household Editor of the Journal

(Mrs. Potter's success story as a housewife)

1. Get a perspective on the importance of being a housewife.
2. Have a housework schedule to fit individual needs.
3. Keep this schedule flexible and change it as needed.
4. Arrange to have certain afternoons free by planning ahead, and getting things done by an early-morning start.
5. Keep an active and alert mind—a radio helps.

PHOTOS BY STUART

Monday



A.M. Wash, house in order.



P.M. Plan afternoon free.

Tuesday



A.M. Kitchen-cleaning day.



P.M. Ironing done by Tues.

Wednesday



A.M. This is odd-jobs day.



P.M. Shopping not phoned.

Thursday



A.M. Clean all upstairs.



P.M. Bathroom walls weekly.

Friday



A.M. Clean downstairs.



P.M. Polish metals weekly.

Saturday

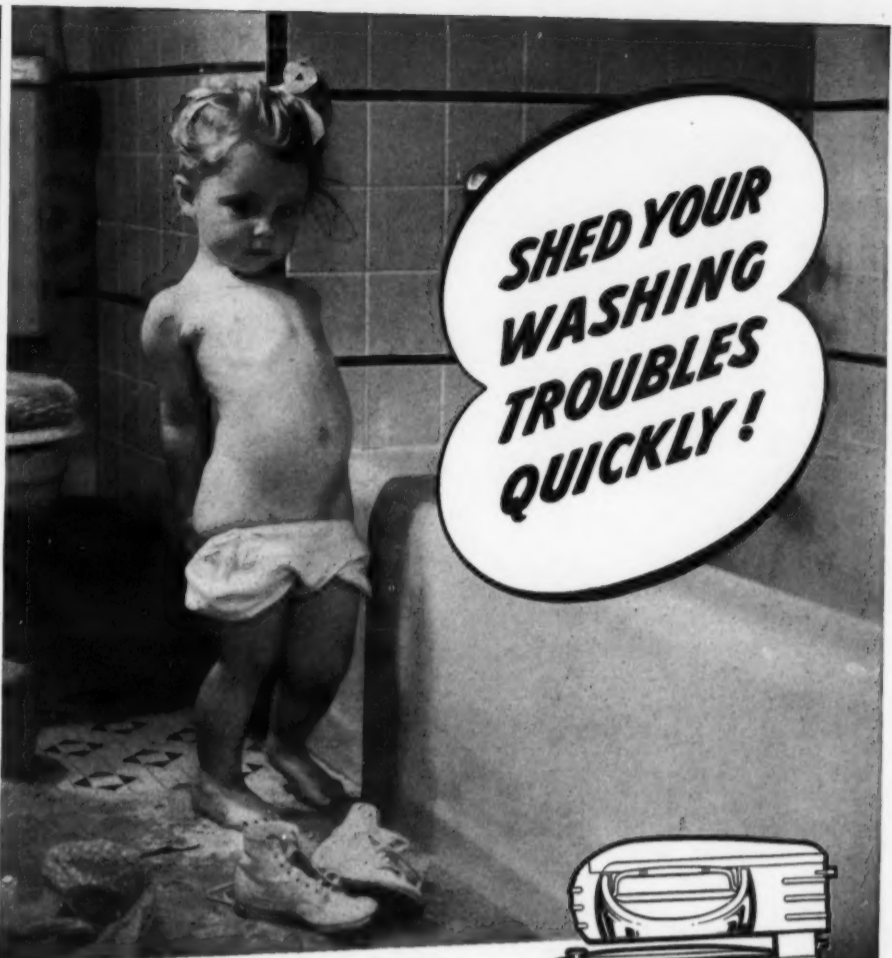


A.M. Bake, prepare for Sun.



P.M. Spent with the family.

★ ★ HOW AMERICA LIVES



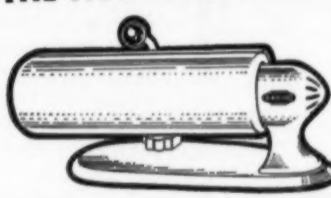
SHED YOUR WASHING TROUBLES QUICKLY!

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● Don't worry with an awkward, troublesome, old-style washer any longer. Let a modern new Blackstone take the toil out of washday right now . . . and for years to come. Blackstone's exclusive washing action gets clothes cleaner *faster* . . . and means longer wear from all your washables. Many other advanced-design Blackstone improvements . . . like automatic timers, life-time lubrication, complete rust-proofing, and centralized controls . . . help make your laundering easier, quicker, and more economical. Smartly styled, and finished in permanently lustrous, easily-cleaned white "Supernamel", every Blackstone is fully guaranteed by America's oldest washer manufacturer . . . and backed by an unmatched 70 year record for trouble-free service. *Now* is the time to buy; your Blackstone dealer will arrange easy terms.



THE NEW BLACKSTONE PORTABLE IRONER



Lets you do all your ironing while seated comfortably. Compact and lightweight, it irons large articles perfectly. Simple to use . . . and surprisingly low priced! You'll find a complete line of new, labor-saving home laundry appliances at your nearest Blackstone dealer's.

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J-9

"Now We Can Live In Our Garden"



PLANNING AND PHOTOGRAPH BY THE AUTHOR

Here in the Potters' back yard we've had a chance to show how open-air cooking and dining, more popular now than ever, can be decoratively combined with gardening, to the mutual advantage of both.



The bare elements—pool and fireplace—had stood this way for several years.

Though Mr. Potter is the more ardent gardener of the two, Mrs. P. is an able weeder.



BY RICHARD PRATT

THE situation in the Potter back yard was this—very similar, as you will see, to back-yard problems all over the country: The informal, foot-deep, stone-rimmed pool, built by Mr. Potter and the boys, seemed to sit off by itself, with not enough supporting background growth to bring out its full effectiveness. Yet right next to it stood the open-air fireplace, seeming just a little ill-at-ease; in fact, the two main features of the yard were like people at a party who hadn't met. Also, the ground in front of the fireplace was on just enough of a slope to make tables and chairs slant uncomfortably; in addition to which, grass in this particular spot was practically impossible. The thing, therefore, was to get the fireplace and pool into a single composition, bring out their decorative possibilities and provide a level, durable, outdoor dining and sitting area; and this is how we did it, as the pictures show. First we leveled off a rectangular space in front of the fireplace,

spread a three-inch bed of cinders, and laid a floor of flagstones—which could as well have been a surface of tanbark, gravel or brick. Then we carried two steps to the pool, and completed the connection by filling in the bank between flagstones and pool with a combination of spring-flowering perennials and low chrysanthemums for fall, there being no need here for midsummer bloom, as the Potters spend the season at the seashore. To fill in the emptiness that lay behind the pool, and to screen the garage that stands off to the left, just outside the picture, we put in one large shrub and one good-sized conifer—in this case a Carolina rhododendron and a hemlock, the place being suitably shady for both these plants. So now the Potters' garden setting is composed as to its planning; it is filled in as to planting and color; and is fully framed, as becomes any picture. All of which makes it possible now for it to serve its practical purpose with new comfort and pleasure.

The popularity of the open-air grill and outdoor eating has spread like wildfire; fifty times as many outdoor grills, both portable and built-in, are being sold today as five years ago—together with all the incidental furniture, equipment, costumes, fuel and frills. It only remains for garden design, as here, to catch up with and decorate this new alfresco pastime.

★ ★ HOW AMERICA LIVES



HAPPY THE BLONDE
who surrounds herself with colors like these

An inexpensive Alexander Smith rug or carpet and a few yards of well-chosen material will make *you* happy, too. You will be amazed how much a few dollars spent on *color* will do for your room . . . and for you!

It's easy and costs so little . . . this Alexander Smith Colorama idea. It simply means that you choose room backgrounds for your own type of coloring much the way you choose a dress and a hat. The colors *must* go with each other. But

they should also do something for *you*.

There are Alexander Smith rugs and carpets for redheads, blondes, brunettes, brown-haired and silver-gray. They all come in Tru-Tone colors, which means that they do not go off-shade in artificial light . . . an exclusive Alexander Smith feature.

If you want help in selecting colors, go to a store that has the Alexander Smith Colorama Selector. Also mail coupon for Colorama booklet.

ALEXANDER SMITH
FLOOR-PLAN RUGS & BROADLOOM CARPETS

Trade-Mark

"NEARLY RIGHT WON'T DO"

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TO HELP YOU CHOOSE COLOR SCHEMES—THE COLORAMA SELECTOR

You can really "try on" rooms by using the fascinating Colorama Selector, at right, which you will find at most good furniture and department stores. It has color combinations for redheads, blondes, brunettes, brown-haired and silver-gray. With the Colorama Selector the stores show a wide selection of Alexander Smith Floor-Plan Rugs and Custom-Cut Broadloom Carpets—at prices starting well below \$50—in sizes to fit almost any size room. For example: the Alexander Smith Floor-Plan Rug (K-183) illustrated above comes in 23 sizes.



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Name _____
PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS

Type _____
(Indicate blonde, brunette, brown, redhead or silver-gray.)

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Can you answer "Yes" to these wifely questions?

1. Do you groom yourself with as much care for home folks as when you are going out?
2. Do you have so many happy plans for the future that you wonder if the years will be long enough?
3. Can you give up an anticipated movie without a murmur because of your husband's small-boy eagerness to take you to a sports event?
4. Do you honestly believe you treat your husband with as much consideration as you would a fellow worker in an office?
5. Do you make a point of introducing new dishes in your menus from time to time?
6. Do you show appreciation when your husband does something for you?
7. Can you wear with gracious good humor the hat or dress your adoring husband selects for you, even though you are certain the one you preferred would have been more becoming?
8. When events prove you to have been right in an argument, can you resist saying, or even implying, "I told you so"?
9. Have you read three books in the past month you would be glad to hear discussed in a well-informed gathering?
10. Can you say "No" to rich desserts?
11. Do you keep up at least one active sport?
12. Do you plan nice surprises for your husband once in a while, instead of always expecting to be on the receiving end?

Mrs. Hope Potter believes a happy wife should say "Yes" to queries at top of page.

Facing Forty

BY LOUISE PAINE BENJAMIN

Beauty Editor of the Journal

★ ★ HOW AMERICA LIVES



Obviously, she herself knows the correct answers and is rewarded!

ANY wife who has stayed married to the same husband for twenty years, is still his favorite dancing partner, and is enough in love with him to get homesick when she takes the children to the seashore summers, because he isn't along, has learned something important about the art of living. And with the arrival of forty—that old-bogey birthday of our sex!—the woman who can face it with bright eyes, a genuine zest for life's daily adventures and a warm chuckle knows a trick or two worth borrowing.

And so, give heed to Mrs. Hope Potter, blond, rosy, fun-loving and forty—adored by her husband and children.

As you have probably gathered, the questions at the top of this page embody many of her precepts for a happy married life. But that is not the whole story.

We talked not only of husbands, but of children, especially daughters, for a woman's dreams for her daughter reveal more of her own innermost thoughts than she usually realizes. We talked, too, of friends, and discipline, and diet problems and make-up.

But read the questions for yourself, with Mrs. Potter's answers, which explain better than anything else why she is so buoyant and beloved.

In the majority of successful marriages, do you attribute credit to the man or the woman?

To the woman. Any woman who wants a happy home should study her husband's moods, and learn to recognize the moments when important matters may be satisfactorily discussed, and those other moments when no subject in the world is so important to the tired male as good food and quiet comfort. After all, that's the first thing a woman with a job learns: to adapt herself to her boss. And if marriage is your job, you ought to be willing to put at least as much effort into it as you would into any other career. If all girls were taught to consider matrimony as an important lifework, with rewards worth working for, instead of believing that happiness "just happens" or is their natural, unearned right, they would be better, and happier, wives.

Would you like your daughter to marry early?

Yes, I would be very happy if, after she finishes college, the right man came along and she could start a home and family of her own. (Could there be better proof of Mrs. Potter's own happiness in marriage?)

Do you think it is a good idea for a woman to have interests outside her home? Clubs, hobbies, and so forth?

Within limits. I am not a "joiner" and I think club activities can be easily overdone. One or two outside interests help to round out your life, but the woman who is managing her own house and bringing up a family should not take on too many extra responsibilities.

Do you think that a good quarrel ever clears the air?

I don't think so. I think compromise is better than quarreling any day, and if that is not possible, I would rather drop a controversial subject entirely. Least said soonest mended. And no "post-mortems."

Do you think a woman values her husband more if other women make a fuss over him?

Up to a point. I think husbands and wives should be good sports about each other's popularity, but should be extremely careful never to do anything to embarrass the other partner.

When couples don't entirely agree on some of their friends, what should they do?

It's a wise wife who, when her husband says he is going to see the old pal she doesn't like, says "That's fine," instead of "Oh, what do you have to see him for?," thereby building up resentment. And the same rule applies to husbands who are critical of their wives' old school chums!

Is a woman ever justified in using tears to gain a point?

I suppose there are few brides who haven't had a good cry, privately or otherwise, during their early days of matrimonial adjustment, but the sooner a woman can learn to sit down and reason her way out of a crisis instead of giving way to emotion, the better off she is. Tears aren't a convincing argument; they are more like a form of blackmail, and every red-blooded husband resents that.

Why do you think women dread passing forty?

If they have been active, they are afraid they will have to step out of the parade then, and miss some of the fun. Personally, I am looking forward to the next ten years—and even more to the ten after that! It will be like watching a play and really enjoying it, instead of having the worry of being one of the principal actors. My hardest work is done. I can enjoy my children, and my husband and I have more freedom to do the things we didn't have time or money to do in our younger years. (Continued on Page 124)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Kissing is no nonsense to U. S. husbands. Vast majority (79 per cent) replied "No" to the JOURNAL's question, "Are American women too demanding of kisses and other romantic attentions from their husbands after marriage?" Husbands and bachelors both (78 per cent) agree that married men are happier than unmarried. American women, too, think married people happier than unmarried, spend for such aids to romance as perfumes, lipstick, other cosmetics over \$300,000,000 yearly.

In the freshness of the morning

She "carries on" the tradition of
serene, morning-lit loveliness . . .

in the perfection of her toilet.

Exquisitely high-lighted by the
fresh, cool fragrance of Yardley
English Lavender, her winsome,
limpid loveliness owes much to
the "English complexion" care of
Yardley Beauty Preparations. . . .

Shy as youth, and as provocative,
Yardley English Lavender is ob-
tainable at fine shops everywhere.

This lovable fragrance is also
embodied in a complete range of
exquisite toilet articles. . . .

Let "Yardley" be the one-
word secret of your
irresistible charm!

His uniform indicates his rank:
Flight-Commander, R.A.F. Her
beauty indicates she knows the
secret of "an English complexion."



Yardley English Lavender . . .
"The Lovable Fragrance," answering
the problem of a perfectly light yet
lasting perfume \$1 to \$8.25



Yardley English Lavender Soap . . .
"The Luxury Soap of the World," in
hard-milled and unbelievably long-
lasting tablets for face and bath . . .
36c the single tablet . . . box of 3, \$1



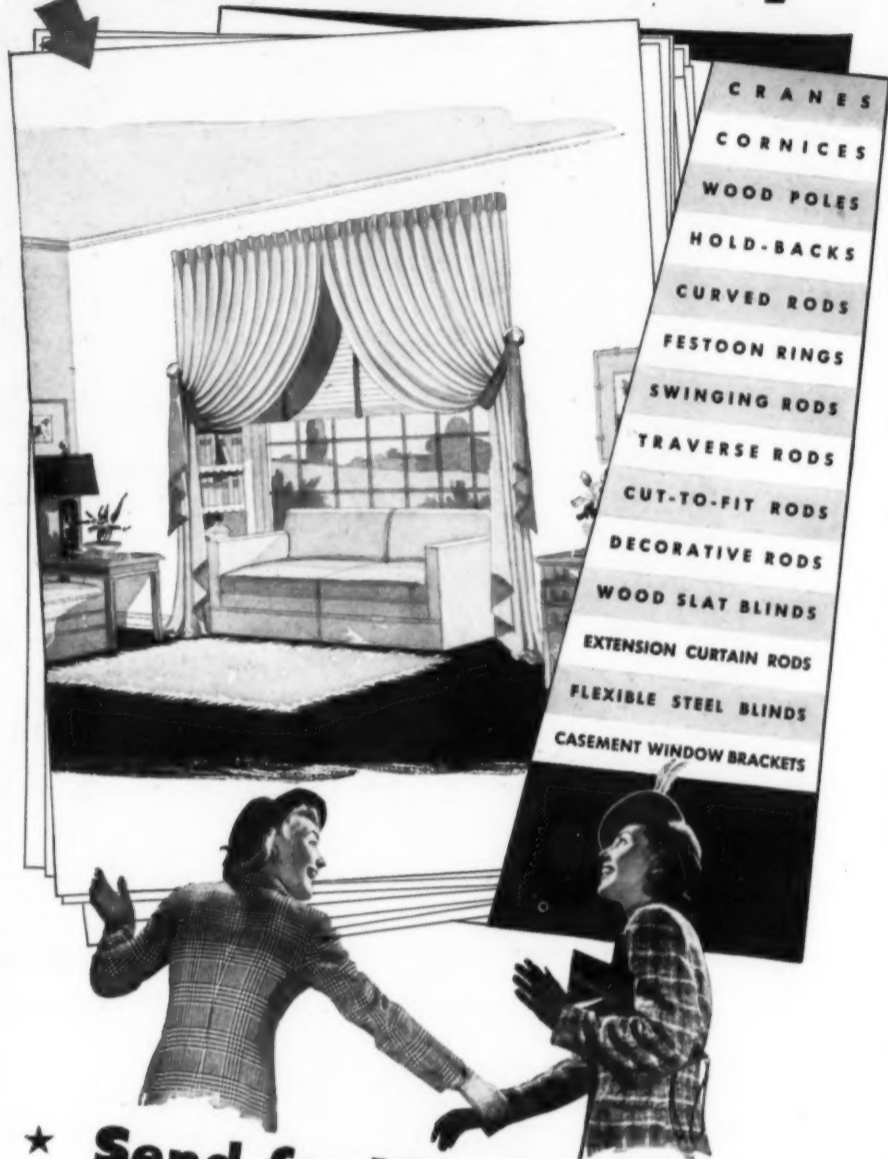
Yardley "English Complexion"
Cream . . . An all-purpose cream, for
a youthful complexion . . . \$1 the jar;
triple-size, \$2. (Also available, in the
Bond Street series for special skin care,
are Cleansing Cream, Night Cream,
Toning Lotion and Complexion Milk.)

Yardley

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GIVE AND TAKE

By Peggy McEvoy

HOLLYWOOD has the only station-wagon nursery school in the country. Teacher **Putman** ingeniously packs her perambulating school in a truck, holds class in a different home each day. The system, she says, develops better friendships, more poise in the children; and, with each mother taking turn as hostess and guest observer for a day, it teaches mothers more about their offspring than they ever learn from school visits.

"Get me some ballet dancers," ordered Director **Gregory Ratoff** after a frustrated morning shooting *Woman of Desire*.

"Ballet dancers?" protested his puzzled assistant. "The script doesn't call for any ballet dancers."

"I know," roared Ratoff, "but I want someone on their toes around here!"

Eavesdropping on two men coming out of his play, *The Beautiful People*, **William Saroyan** heard one say, "What this country needs is a good five-cent psychiatrist!"

James Stewart, who keeps Hollywood posted on Army life, just returned from a camp near Seattle filled with draftees from the Northwest farmlands—lads used to milking cows at four A.M. for their families, with little or no pay. Stewart asked one of them what he thought of Army life.

"It's great!" enthused the boy to the startled actor. "They give you twenty-one dollars a month—and let you sleep all morning!"

To make sure the actors in *Doctor Kildare* pictures handle themselves and the medical props with professional accuracy, M-G-M hired a doctor to stand by on the set. A young medico, short on patients, jumped at the chance to earn \$150 a week.

"Invest half your salary in publicity," suggested a press agent, "and I'll make you famous."

The doc agreed and overnight found himself in all the columns. Now they can't get him for movies any more. "Sorry," says the busy young man of science. "I've got too many patients!"

Exasperated at being known only as the husband of **Fanny Brice**, **Billy Rose**, when he opened the *Casino de Patee* in New York, decided to be famous on his own. To make the world Billy-Rose-conscious, he had a sign made, fourteen stories high, spelling out Billy Rose vertically. The night the sign was lighted for the first time, he had to stand off a block away to take it all in.

"Some sign, eh?" chummily commented a stranger standing next to him.

"You bet your life!" agreed Billy Rose proudly.

"Know who that fellow is?" volunteered the stranger. "That's Fanny Brice's husband!"

Novelist **I. A. R. Wylie** is very proud of her Princeton, New Jersey, farm which she bought complete with ancient family burial ground. Visiting in Hollywood with RKO's story editor, **Collier Young**, and his wife, Miss Wylie listened to the Youngs deplore the lack of security in the world today. Last week they received a letter from her. "This ought to solve your 'security,'" she wrote. "The enclosed will make you sure of a place to rest when you die." It was a deed to two plots in the author's private cemetery.

DARING

Harry Carey (*Shepherd of the Hills*) celebrated thirty-three years in pictures with a bang-up ranch party for all his cronies, the stars of the old silents. "I want you to meet **Al Jennings**, the famous train robber," Harry said, presenting a mild little Caspar Milquetoast of a man to me. "He held up fifteen trains and killed twenty men in his day."

"How did you get your wife to marry you?" I asked this terror of the West.

"I was too scared of her to ask her right off," he said. "I called her up on the phone."

David O. Selznick watched a cavalcade of famous silent movies at Harry Carey's party. The man who spent millions on the scenery for *Gone With the Wind* heaved a wistful sigh when they showed how *The Battle of Manila* was filmed many years ago. It was done with a tiny tank of water, an egg beater—for waves—some toy battleships, all for \$3.98!

STORK OVER HOLLYWOOD

With so many stars keeping up with the stork and their movie careers at the same time, the studio prop men have a word for it. One observant glance at a glamour girl's figure and it's: "Time to move in the piano, boys."

SHOW ME THE WAY TO GO HOME

His first day in Hollywood, **Orson Welles**—who lost the address—found his newly rented house by joining up with a "guide tour to the movie stars' homes"—staying with it until it reached **Shirley Temple's** house. He lived next door.

CINEMANIA

Actor **Charles Ruggles'** pet monkey, "Schlemiel"—now incorporated—worked in so many pictures last year he made more money than his owner. The Government is now suing him for back income taxes.

Spin Some Wild and Woolly Yarn

BY DAWN CROWELL



An advance photograph of myself in my favorite ski sweater. Indian influence in design and fringe. 1755, 3c.

DEAR SUSAN: School automatically brings on brainstorm. Mine's in fashion form. Heavenly hats! Spectacular sweaters! Miraculous mittens! Beautiful bags! Sensational socks! Don't flounce around for something to do in your spare moments—pluck two knitting needles from your favorite bonnet and go to work. When your beau admires your mittens, tell him you whipped them up over a soda—his eyes'll pop! Try these suggestions.



Sailor be-wear! Here is a white ribbed sweater with eagle emblem and real gob collar. It is knitted. 1756, 3c.

Right—sweetest sweater ever made. Front pulls up with a slide fastener. It is knitted in three colors. 1757, 3c.

Sweater set to be knitted in pastel shades. Embroider his and your initials on the pull-over. 1758, 3c., for the set.

A "queue" for your headgear. Red wool hand-knit hat with a long braided tassel. 1762, 3c.

Stocking cap, 1759; jerkin, 1760; and mammoth mittens, 1761—all yours. Each set of directions, 3c.

A winning team—tiny hat and big bag crocheted in bright-color yarn, ball trimmed. 1765, 3c.



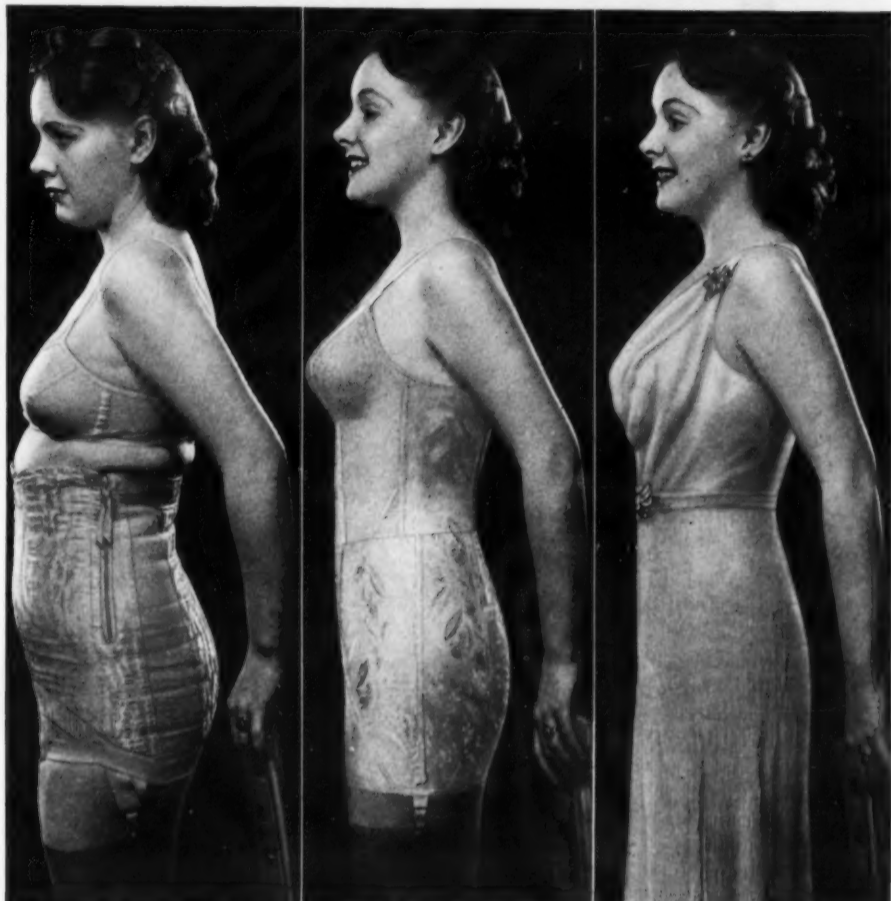
PHOTOS BY JAMES OGLE

Plain mittens—colored mittens—striped mittens—fringed mittens. Directions, 1763, 3c. Short socks—long socks, 1764, 3c. For yourself or give them as gifts.



You ought to do something about YOUR figure

PLAY SAFE! SEND US THE COUPON BELOW



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Note the lack of support to abdomen and back permitting unlovely bulges and a sagging of all the figure.

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Anne Spencer,
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Please send me your helpful booklet. I have checked my figure fault at right →



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Send a 3-cent stamp to the Reference Library, Ladies' Home Journal, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, for each direction sheet, ordering by number.



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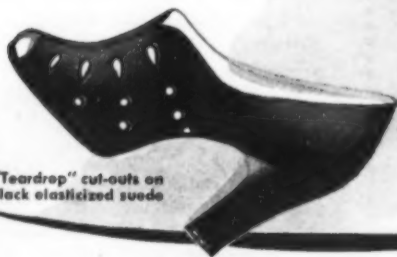


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"Teardrop" cut-outs on black elasticized suede



Antique tan elasticized, now extended sole

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"What Is Your Date Rating" Send for interesting free booklet. Find out how you rate with men.

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You Might Consider

fashion touches that will add another season to your favorite clothes.

By Ruth Mary Packard



MIDDY-BASQUE for a pleated skirt; make it of wool or rayon jersey. Hollywood Pattern 718, 15c.



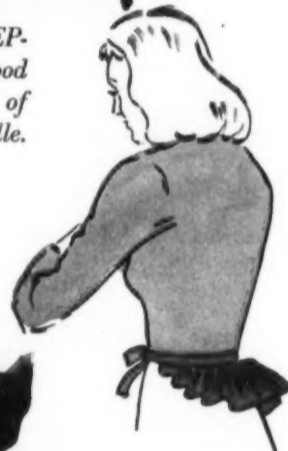
Buy a DICKY BRA of piqué or sharkskin to make a new neckline for a button-front dress.



Tie a PLEATED PEPLUM around your good black dress; make it of black taffeta or faille.



TINY COLLAR of velvet or wool, for a wool dress. Cut sleeves to three-quarter length and face with same.



ABUSTLE PEPLUM, fluted in back, tied in front; also of black taffeta for a black dress.



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BOX JACKET in velvet to wear with a tailored wool or crepe dress; bind with ribbon. Hollywood Pattern 637, 15 cents.



PARTY-DRESS JERKIN of velvet or faille in a gay shade to go over black taffeta. 1760*, 3 cents.

*Order from the Reference Library, Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

EMILY'S SO HAPPY

(Continued from Page 14)

"Wasn't it?"

"In a way, I rather wished he hadn't, just at first."

Emily turned toward him even more. Peter could feel it, though he wasn't looking. Every little move or gesture she made rushed upon his senses. He knew how she looked now, with that dark-blue thing wound closely about her hair, and her violet eyes catching bits of light and becoming radiant, and her almost golden skin setting off the dark red of her lips. They were going away together, and there was no pause or break ahead in their companionship that could be foreseen. Yet he felt restlessly that time could not possibly be long enough for their happiness.

"You didn't want the house, Peter?" It was an astonished, protesting question, and he was quick with reassurance.

"Oh, sure I did. I'm tickled to death. Just as much as you are. I think maybe it is the best time to feather your nest. While we can still lay our hands on a few feathers. Then if things should crack up, you'll always have that."

"What do you mean by things cracking up?"

HE LAUGHED. "Gosh, I started something. I don't mean a thing, as a matter of fact. I was just quoting from the old ravens who go around croaking. Nothing's going to happen—not over here, anyway, though money might get a little tight. But don't fool yourself about that house. I've got ideas about it myself. You know, Emily, that old house of ours was never much of a home, not after my mother died. Father wasn't there much. It was a kind of barracks."

He wants a home, thought Emily. He's been lonely for years, ever since he was a little boy packed off to military school when he was much too young. And all he had to come back to in vacations was that dreary, big old house and his father, who probably ate breakfast according to military tactics. Even when he was a younger man, Colonel Rhodes must have been very dictatorial. He's certainly difficult now.

"It's too bad your father never married again," she said.

Peter shook his head. "I guess he'd had enough. You know my mother was his second wife."

"Yes, you told me that."

"And he wasn't any chicken when he married her. He must have been fifty or thereabouts, and he'd banged about a lot around Panama and Honolulu and the Philippines. He was quite a fellow in the Army in those days—pretty well thought of, I guess. But he'd been in some tough spots and picked up some germs that it was hard to get rid of, and I think he was retired, or just about to be retired. Then he met my mother, who was a charmer and liked her fun, and so they built the house here and got all ready to give themselves a good time, and maybe a few more kids, when the war came on. Well, you couldn't keep my father out of that, no matter what was wrong with his liver. He went to France. I guess they needed officers as much as anything, and he got by all right—came back about as good as he went. My mother didn't have so much luck. She died when my brother was born."

"I never knew that was it."

"That was it. I don't know how I got talking about that."

"How much younger was your brother than you?"

"Not much. A little more than a year, I guess. I used to wish that he'd lived."

He's never had a home or enough love or anybody really close to him, thought Emily. He wants them so much. And he's going to have them now. Tomorrow, tonight, all the time—so that he'll be sure of them after a while and take them for granted.

"It's queer that your father kept that house."

"Oh, I don't know. I suppose he figured that it was just as easy to keep it as to find places to park me. He wasn't there much himself. He had to travel around, looking

for a climate that would please his liver. Having the house here solved the problem of what to do with me when I wasn't at school or camp, or had the mumps. We had some wonderful housekeepers. One of them was terribly religious. One used to drink, but I didn't know it at the time."

"Poor Pete."

"No, I was all right. They looked after me."

"How did it happen that you didn't go into the Army?" she asked. "Didn't your father want you to? He sent you to military school."

"It just didn't click. I always liked fussing around in the laboratory, even in prep school. Father was decent about it. I suppose he would have liked to see me in uniform. He suggested West Point and I reneged. There's a big battle to be fought in chemistry, and a living to be made too. No—those housekeepers didn't bring their boy up to be a soldier, and I'm not a bit sorry."

"I'm not either."

"You don't like men in uniforms? It gives them nice figures."

"You can tell about that in bathing suits just as well. And have more fun."

"I guess so. Say, what started me talking this way about myself? The old ego is certainly pouring out."

"I started it. I like to know about you. You never told me this much before."

"Maybe it's being married, feeling that you can talk things over with somebody who was willing to take the plunge with you. You're not beginning to be sorry?"

"Not just yet," said Emily.

"Am I boring you?" he asked, turning to look at her sharply.

"No—but you may kill me if you don't keep your eyes on the road."

"I wish we'd get there. It's only about twenty-five more miles. You know, I may do a lot of talking about myself, but what I really want to talk about is you. I want to know what's inside that pretty head."

"What do you think? A reference library?"

"Not much. Maybe your friend Anne has that."

"SHE has. She's clear on everything. She knows what she thinks, and why, or where to find out."

"You've got something a whole lot better," said Peter.

"What?"

"Instinct. You know what a man wants before he does. You know how to drive him crazy."

"Oh," said Emily in a breath, and for a minute they were silent while his heart beat unevenly and fast and she knew it even though the competent sound of the motor kept her from hearing his heart.

"Emmy —"

"Were you calling me?"

"I like to say your name now that I've got a property right."

"Is that the way you think of it?"

"Sure. Every man wants to own something."

"You've got a house."

"No, the house is yours. All I want to own in the world is you. Because nobody else might take good enough care of you."

"Pete, you're sweet."

"I'm a clumsy, stubborn fool. You'll find out. But what I was going to ask was what did you mean by what you said to me in the church? While we were getting married? Just before I put the ring on your finger?"

"Oh, that," said Emily. She made a little sound that wasn't quite laughter. "Oh, nothing. I was just excited, I suppose."

"You must have been," agreed Peter. "You said, 'Will you want me no matter what I'm like?'"

"I must have been in a panic. I was. Suddenly it seemed as if you might be letting yourself in for something. I mean that maybe you didn't know me well enough or thought I was different from what I am."

Exciting New Beauty in Three Minutes

.. FOR 5 OUT OF 7 WOMEN



Now select your cosmetics by this entirely new principle —"matched makeup"—created by Richard Hudnut to give you the added allure of color harmony in makeup!

● According to beauty experts, your powder, lipstick and rouge must "go together." They must flatter each other before they can flatter you!

Yet recent studies show that 5 out of 7 women use makeup that lacks this all-important color harmony.

Richard Hudnut has solved this problem by developing a new principle in cosmetics—"matched makeup." And based on this principle, Hudnut has created *Marvelous Matched Makeup*. Powder, Rouge and Lipstick in beautifully harmonizing shades that blend with each other and subtly enhance your loveliness!

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5 "Best by Comfort Test," say Registered Nurses who tried three nationally advertised \$39.50 mattresses.



2 Live, buoyant softness plus firm support promotes healthful sleep. You get full benefit from its patented, ribbon steel innerspringing.



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the Tiny Perfect Sleeper Crib Mat-
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"I couldn't answer you then," he said. "I had to go on with my piece. I couldn't interrupt the show."

"What would you have said?"

He gave a low, happy chuckle. "I know you pretty well," he said, "and you're all I'll ever want. You're sweet and gay and natural and full of feeling, and that's what a man wants—in one special woman. I know what's on your mind. I could tell last night at the bridal dinner when your friend Anne got to sounding off on the war. You wanted to say something and you weren't quite sure of yourself, and then you made a wisecrack and pulled us all back. It was the best thing you could have done. The war couldn't be settled then and there. Not that Anne hasn't got a good head on her shoulders. She was talking pretty straight."

"She always does. She has a grand mind."

"It's all right for her," said Peter, "but it doesn't make her any more attractive. You know, a girl with that sort of brain scares men off. Even with you, when I first met you and found that you were holding down a job with that foreign-affairs crowd, I wondered how I could break through or what kind of statistics I'd find if I did. Of course

I realized afterward that you were just killing time."

"No—it wasn't just that."

"I'm not running it down. It was all right, if you don't let it take you over."

"Maybe I could get that job again," she said.

"Maybe you could. But you won't be needing it. You aren't going to have any time to kill. Not with me around. And all those dishes to wash. I'll keep you busy."

"You liked me better when I gave up my job, didn't you, Pete?"

"Why, sure," he said. "I didn't want to be interfered with by any job. You don't worry about those intellectual dames, beautiful. You've got what it takes!"

Emily leaned forward. "Let's have music," she said, and turned the radio on. Peter touched a button and a man's

voice, sure, authoritative and rapid, said:

"The terms of the armistice handed to France by the German government will be secret until the fugitive French government accepts or rejects them. All signs pointed to demands for unconditional surrender, including German occupation of at least strategic points in France, including most of the Channel ports. And that's the news to the moment. For further news tune in —"

Emily pushed another button. Someone was in the middle of a cowboy farce. Another station told them that stocks were firm and trading light. The last button Emily pushed brought music.

"Hold that one," Peter suggested.

SHE reduced the volume of sound and sat back, not quite so close to him on the brown leather seat. The landscape fled by hysterically. She saw a herd of red cows, quietly feeding, a couple of old people sitting on a porch, a bright garden of zinnias, a Negro hitchhiker, another herd of cows. She thought, *I have just been married and France has surrendered. It's my wedding day. I mustn't spoil it. I mustn't let it be spoiled, not even by this. I must get hola of myself.*

"Not far now," said Peter. "Are you cool enough?"

"Plenty. I'm fine."

"Tough about France?"

"It's terrible, isn't it? I somehow can't imagine Paris being invaded, a lot of soldiers marching in."

"You've been there more than once, haven't you?"

"Yes. I was in school there for a year. Then later I went with mother—she was there a month, buying clothes and things, and I went around a good deal. The last time I was there was last summer, with Anne Morland, just before the war broke out."

"I remember you told me that. Was it pretty gay then?"

"No," she said, "not much fun."

"Playtime's all over there for a while, I guess."

"THE day before we sailed for home was the day they mobilized," she said, "and I don't think I'll ever forget it."

"Were you frightened?"

"Not especially. There wasn't anything much to be scared of unless they started bombing, and nobody thought they would. But it was so quiet. It was like going to a funeral and seeing all the people there that

you'd been having a good time with the night before, and now they didn't smile. It was a nice day, a really lovely day, and all the sidewalk cafés looked very neat and very deserted. I walked around the corner from our hotel into the Place Vendôme, and Schiaparelli's shop is on one corner, you know."

"No, I didn't know," said Peter. "How was she getting on?"

"There was a display in her window and I stopped and looked at it for a few minutes. It was a funny window. There were scarves and some crazy hats and the whole thing didn't make sense except in a kind of queer futurist way. I couldn't understand it. So I walked along, and on the Rue Royale, after a while, I went in and bought nine beautiful powder puffs in a shop I knew."

"Nine?"

"I thought I might not be able to get them again. All the shopkeepers were glad when you came in; and they were quiet, too, and wanted to know what we would do about it. And when the newspapers came out everybody rushed to the kiosks and you sort of fought to get one. It got pretty rough once, and finally a strange man and I had hold of the same newspaper, so we walked down the street and read it together and then he asked me if I didn't want a drink as we passed the Café de la Paix."

"And you did, I'll bet."

"Oh, yes. I wanted one."

"How did you get rid of him?"

"It wasn't hard. He explained to me that it was the end of an era and I said I knew all about that and it was why I was having a drink with a strange man in Paris."

"You seem to have had quite a day. Where were your friends?"

"Some of them were at the Ritz. I went in there later and it was just as it always was, except that the women were wondering if their clothes would be delivered all right. It was just as rich and cool and cocksure and American as anything you ever saw."

"Made you feel right at home?"

"I wasn't staying there. Anne and I were in a hotel over on (Continued on Page 110)

Blind Man's Song

BY

SARA VAN ALSTYNE ALLEN

April is the earth grown warmer
under the asking hand.

June is the lisp of waters over the
placid sand.

Winter is the cold kiss on the cheek
from the Arctic glass.

Autumn is the sharp wind over the
dying grass.

Night is the stillness shaped by the
moving leaves.

Day is the sound of birds in the
hidden eaves.

Life is the finger's touch, the curved
and patient palm

Receiving wisdom's balm.

Death is the soundless void, the
orchard's fragrance gone,

The luscious fruit grown tasteless
on the tongue.

Love is a door that opens in the night
To show the rising star . . .

The heart's returning light.



Sparkies & Peaches GO ON A HONEYMOON!

1 Don't Look Now, but we were followed on our honeymoon—by Quaker's delicious Wheat and Rice Sparkies! I liked one, Bill liked t'other—but we *both* yearned for Sparkies with peaches . . . who wouldn't?

They're an ideal couple—just like us. And Bill was *so* proud of me when I could actually show him, on our drive home, that our favorite crispy Sparkies *also* have a marvelous new health *bonus* of extra vitamins . . .



2 We Saw That Miracle in Cedar Rapids, when we saw the wonderful "Vitamin Rain" machine! That's the new miracle process that showers Sparkies with Thiamin (B₁), the

"spark-plug" vitamin everyone needs to release vital food energy—and with vitamins D and G as well! So no wonder, when Bill lifted me over our own doorstep, my arms held boxes of Sparkies!



3 First Breakfast At Home . . . "and drink up that glass of milk!" said I . . . "Because Sparkies plus Peaches need Milk give you, nearly *half* your minimum daily need of vitamins A, B₁, C, D and G!" "Five Vitamins!" cried Bill . . . "Am I being taken care of, or am I being taken care of *right!*"



4 My New "Mrs. Nextdoor" is even more enthusiastic about Sparkies than *we* are! "My youngsters love them," she says—"and, of course, *every* step of a child's growth and development calls for vitamins a-plenty!" So take this tip from a bride—order Wheat or Rice Sparkies for *your* family today!





I Bought His Love



"NOT for love or money!" I heard him say. No—Joe would never take a girl with dandruff to the party, and I had the worst case of dandruff in town. Yet, the very next day, he actually begged me to go with him! My white-flecked hair was transformed into a silken glory overnight. Joe saw me as a new and radiantly lovely person, all because I purchased a bottle of Fitch Shampoo at my favorite toilet goods counter.

I discovered that Fitch's Shampoo removes dandruff with the very first application. Its rich lather rinses out completely, leaving my hair shining clean. Actually, it penetrates tiny hair openings, helping to keep my scalp in normal, trouble-free condition. At the beauty shop or at home, I now insist on my weekly Fitch shampoo to keep my hair lovely and free of dandruff, the way Joe likes it. When I bought Fitch Shampoo, I bought his love!

GOODBYE DANDRUFF!

Fitch's is the only shampoo whose money-back guarantee to remove dandruff is backed by one of the world's largest insurance firms. Use Fitch Shampoo regularly each week—you'll find it an economical choice. It reconditions as it cleanses!



1. This photograph shows germs and dandruff scattered, but not removed, by ordinary soap shampoo.



2. All germs, dandruff and other foreign matter completely destroyed and removed by Fitch Shampoo.



3. Microphoto shows hair shampooed with ordinary soap and rinsed twice. Note dandruff and curd deposit left by soap to mar natural luster of hair.



4. Microphoto after Fitch Shampoo and hair rinsed twice. Note Fitch Shampoo removes all dandruff and undissolved deposit, and brings out the natural luster of the hair.

Fitch's
TRADE MARK
DANDRUFF REMOVER SHAMPOO

Des Moines, Iowa • Bayonne, N. J. • Los Angeles, Calif.



(Continued from Page 108)
the Left Bank, but we weren't together that day, for she had to go to see some people she knew in a suburb, and I wanted to see what was going on in Paris.

"I guess you squeezed all there was out of it. How many drinks did you have with that man?"

"One."

"We'll let it go at that."

"Jealous, Pete!" she exclaimed. She hadn't thought of that.

"Sure I am. I'm boiling right up."

"Oh, Pete, I was just trying to tell you how strange it was."

"O.K."

"And then, after that —"

Again a man's voice picked up the trail of the music on the radio: "This is from the newsroom. A bill for selective compulsory military training and service was under consideration today by the Senate Military Affairs Committee. The proposal would require forty million persons between the ages of eighteen and sixty-five to register for possible military service. Those between twenty-one and forty-five would be eligible for military training in the armed forces. The House is trying to wind up to a recess for the next week's convention."

"That sounds as if they might be paging me pretty soon," said Peter.

Emily turned off the radio. "Don't."

"Would you mind so much?"

"I wish it hadn't happened today," she said. "I wish we hadn't had to hear it. I wanted to do things so differently!"

"Look," Peter protested, "you mustn't feel like that. There's nothing to worry about, darling. Now you forget all that stuff. This is a wedding trip and you're going to be happy. You're going to be taken care of. Why, darling, don't you worry about that draft business. They'll fool with that law a year or two before they decide what they want, and in the end they'll call for a few thousand volunteers."

"What would you do then?"

He put his hand over hers, steered with the other. "I told you I didn't have any liking for the Army. I've stayed out of it so far, haven't I? Now, look—do you see what I see? That's the town of St. Bow. That's our first address. Down there there's a place waiting for us. They even know we're coming."

"What's it like? Tell me."

"It's a nice little hotel. Part of it is left over from an old inn, but they've built on a more comfortable addition. There's a garden—should be a lot of roses—and whatever we find there, it's our first home, so it will be all right, won't it?"

"It will be wonderful," said Emily.

THERE were, as Peter had hoped, a lot of roses. From her corner room Emily could look down upon the garden, beautiful in the moonlight, with the flowers trailing over archways; and though it was only ten o'clock the world seemed to have been sleeping peacefully for a long while.

Emily went to the window and stood there waiting for Peter to come in. She was wearing one of the perfect trousseau negligees which her mother had bought, white and soft and shining. The moon played with the roses, and even inside the hotel rooms there was a look of grace and comfort. On the radiator ledge stood the small portable radio which had been a final gift of someone. Emily looked at her wrist and at the radio. There was always news at ten o'clock. But Peter would be back at any minute from downstairs. He wouldn't like to have that kind of broadcast welcome him. She hesitated.

Downstairs in the little lobby Peter leaned on the desk.

"We can get something at ten o'clock," said the clerk. Peter looked at his watch. "Want a radio in your room? We could send one up."

"No, thanks. I don't want to bother my wife."

"Here's the news."

Just as he had imagined her, she was standing there by the window in something long and soft and white and, as he had hoped, she turned and she was glad he was there.

"Darling," he said, his words stumbling, "it's the first time I've ever come home. It's the first time I've ever had one."

"You'll always have one now," she told him.

"And nothing else matters."

"Nothing. Peter, don't let anything spoil it!"

They were promises.

II

WAKING, Emily thought instantly that there was something she must be sure to remember to do today. When she went to sleep she always put her thoughts right where she could get into them quickly in the morning. It was a habit she'd had for a long time.

What was it? She must get some fresh shrimps for tonight. That meant going to the market early, before they were all sold. But there was still something else she must do. Emily remembered. She must get in touch with Rosemary Pratt and tell her to bring along her guest tonight. Clare Austin—that was the name of the girl who was visiting Rosemary. She seemed very interesting. Even Peter had thought so, though of course it was her looks that had attracted Peter. *Ravishing—no one could say less of the Austin girl, thought Emily, getting out of bed. She looks mysterious, with those smoky eyes. Like a young, un battered adventuress. And what a lot she's seen at first hand, being right there in Holland when it happened. That was great luck.*

Peter was still asleep. He had come to leave the problem of getting started in the morning to his wife. He seemed very comfortable, and there was no reason why he shouldn't be. It was always cool on the sleeping porch. All the

breezes that were roaming about from any direction circled this quiet, shady side of the house.

Emily liked the sleeping porch. It had been her idea and had been made by roofing over an upstairs porch. It was furnished with fresh air, two of the most comfortable beds in the world and a low solid table between them. As for decoration, there were window boxes around the edges of what was almost all window space, with blue and white and yellow blossoms that looked as if they were playing together.

He's happy, she thought, looking down at Peter. She thought that every morning like a wish and a prayer, and it always was true and could come true again. Passing his bed, she kissed him and then, when he smiled rapturously, she pulled the pillow out from under his head and said, "Get up, you loafer! Get up and support me."

"Slave driver," he groaned. "What time is it? Don't run off."

"I have to. I have a whole lot to do today. I promised to play tennis at nine-thirty and I've got to buy groceries before then. We've all those people coming in tonight."

"What would you do if you really had to work?" he teased her, opening one eye.

"I do work. Being married to you is hard labor."

She had disappeared, but Peter lay there for a few minutes, enjoying his comfort and his thoughts. She didn't believe what she had just said. He knew. That wasn't what she thought. It wasn't what she had said last night just before they went to sleep. She was a sweet girl. The smile began to change to soberness. Sweet, and he must take care of her. *I mustn't put her up against anything,* he thought. *She doesn't know what it would be like to take responsibility or have things go against her. She's never had to think things through.* (Continued on Page 112)

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(Continued from Page 110)

When he went into their room she was ready for her morning. It had surprised Peter at first that his wife could dress so quickly. She looked clean and very pretty in a white tennis dress, as short as a child's.

He said, "So you're giving another party tonight?"

"Why not? People like to come."

"I never saw such a great girl for parties."

"You seem to like them all right yourself."

Especially when they're here in this house."

"That's the best thing about them."

They're more fun on the home ground. It's all right with me. Who's coming?"

"Most of the people who were at the Barnabys' house last night. I asked Anne Morland too. She hasn't been here yet."

"Hasn't she seen the place?"

Emily shook her head. "I tried to make a date once or twice," she said. "It didn't work out. The firm she's with does a lot of Canadian business, and since the war broke out it's kept her busier than ever."

"She's secretary to somebody, isn't she? At the paper mill?"

"Assistant to the man in charge of public relations."

Peter laughed. "That sounds better."

"It's true," said Emily. "She'll handle the whole thing someday."

"Until she meets her man," said Peter.

Emily stopped in the doorway. She had picked up her tennis racket from a table.

"That wouldn't stop her," she said. "Anne will go right on with what she's doing even if she married."

"Swell dish for her husband," remarked Peter in a carelessly critical way. "Have you got some man for her tonight?"

"SHE'S bringing someone. I asked her to. There aren't any extra men loose this week and we'll have an extra girl, so it's lucky Anne's got her own man. I'm asking Rosemary and Bob Pratt and that girl who's staying with them. The one who was in Holland when it was invaded."

"Say, she's pretty smart. You mean the one in the black bathing suit?"

"That's certainly a one-piece description. Yes, that one."

Peter held up his cheek to the shaving mirror to see what condition it was in. He tipped his head back into place and took a general look at himself. There he was, healthy, cheerful after a good sleep—he couldn't be better. He had a beautiful, loving wife and a nice house and a good job, a job that he liked and could get on with if he had time. If there was time. He wished that he could hold everything just as it was now—except, of course, the progress of the work in the laboratory. A whole lot of fellows must have felt that way, must have had to interrupt their work, give up their jobs, leave their wives—

"Say, Emmy," he called.

"What is it?" her voice came back from downstairs.

"I JUST wondered where you were. If you'd gone down," he yelled. "I'll be down in no time."

"It's eight-thirty. Better hurry."

By a quarter past nine the public market, which was an institution that the city was proud of, had yielded up provisions for thousands of meals. It was the best place in the city to buy perishable foods, and the women with baskets, who wore shawls over their heads, and the other women who had parked their cars on the other side of the street or who had chauffeurs waiting to carry their purchases, all knew that. The market was strategically placed in a big open square that much of the morning traffic of the city passed, and people who were not shopping there usually looked with interest at its busyness and bustle.

"Look!" exclaimed the handsome woman in a smart town car that was passing. "Stop a minute, Charles. Look over there. Do you see what I see?"

Charles Lenox did as he was told. He saw his daughter, and his eyes grew affectionate.

"It's Emily," he said. "What's she up to?"

"See how absorbed she is," said Mrs. Lenox, "bargaining with that little Italian

THIS IS A WATCHBIRD WATCHING YOU

THIS IS A WANTER

By Munro Leaf

THIS weepy-looking person is a Wanter. It is never satisfied with what it can have. It always wants something else. Right now this one is crying like a simple goose because it won't be happy with its doll and book and crayons; it wants the moon, and nobody can have that. It's just silly.

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in the fish market. Just as happy as she can be!"

"I hope so," answered her father. "You don't doubt it, do you?" "Oh, no," said Mr. Lenox. "No, of course not. She likes that fellow she married, I guess."

"She's mad about him. And she has everything a girl could want. I think it's sweet to see her here, shopping away. When there's really so much money. But it's all right. You handle servants much better if you can tell them exactly what to do and if they think you know the cost of things."

"It doesn't seem quite up her street," puzzled her father. "Somehow I didn't think she'd fall quite so hard for all this house-keeping stuff."

"She might not if she hadn't been properly directed," said Mrs. Lenox. "I think I can take a little credit myself for some of Emily's happiness." She gave a little high call and Emily turned. She waved, to indicate that she saw them and would be over to speak to them.

But for a second she turned back to the fish vender.

"Don't you worry, Giuseppe," she said. "None of it's your fault. And you're an American now. You've got your papers, haven't you?"

"Oh, sure," he told her with great satisfaction, "you bet I got my papers good."

"That was right. That was fine. And you tell your wife not to worry about her nephews. The war may not last as long as they say."

The Italian hoped not, with many gestures, and Emily picked up her basket of shrimps and hurried out to where her parents were sitting, watching her.

"Hello, darling. Did you make a good bargain?" asked her mother.

"All right, I guess. Poor Giuseppe! He's worried to death about the war. He's got nephews over there. Hello, mother. Hello, Charles." She had always called her father by his first name since they'd gone hunting together years before. They were friends, though they didn't hunt together any more. "How do things look, do you think?" she asked. "Do you get anything downtown that isn't in the papers?"

"Not much. They're pretty glum in the East. Naturally it's seething with defense talk. How does Peter feel about the draft?"

"We don't talk about it much. Pete's in an essential industry and pretty necessary in that laboratory. He probably wouldn't be called."

"I don't think he would," said her mother, "and of course he's married too."

"That wouldn't make any difference," said Emily.

"Of course it would."

"I could look out for myself."

"Now, darling, you won't have to," said Mrs. Lenox reassuringly. "They aren't going to take men like Peter in this draft anyhow, if they do have it. They're going to take a lot of these unemployed they've been talking about. And they should."

Emily's glance just touched her father's. "Getting along all right, are you?" he inquired.

"Oh, wonderfully. We're having a party tonight. That's why I have all the shrimps. Buffet. Nothing very fancy."

"Many people coming?" asked her mother.

"Eight. Nine, I guess. No, eleven with Anne and the man she's bringing."

"Anne Morland?"

Emily nodded. "Yes, she's coming."

"Have you seen much of her?"

"Hardly anything. She hasn't seen the house."

"Hasn't she?" Mrs. Lenox paused for a second on the question and then she went on: "I hope it doesn't disturb her to see you with all your lovely things."

"Disturb her? Why should it?"

"You innocent," said Mrs. Lenox. "Sometimes you don't see things that are right under your nose. I like Anne. I think she's a very fine girl. But I couldn't help noticing, at the time of the wedding, that little jealousy in her that would crop up."

"Oh, mother, what nonsense!" "I never noticed anything like that," said Mr. Lenox.

Mrs. Lenox laughed. "I hope you're both right," she said, as if she knew they weren't. "Do you need anything from our house for the party tonight, Emily?"

"No, thanks, not a thing."

"Well, have a good time. Where are you going now?"

"I've a tennis match. I'm late too."

"Then we mustn't keep you. Charles, we mustn't detain this child."

Charles Lenox took his cue and started his car. He gave a smile to Emily and a friendly wink and, when his wife next said, a half second later, "It's wonderful to have Emily so happy," he agreed as much as he could with a monosyllable. But he thought to himself that there really wasn't much way of knowing, that certainly Peter Rhodes was a decent young fellow, that probably it was all right.

It was queer to see her with her market basket, looking like a school child, too, with things in her head now that naturally she couldn't talk about. It gave a father kind of a shock, more than you got at the time of the wedding, meditated Mr. Lenox further. He remembered, with a little grin, the famous remark Emily had made once to him: "You know, Charles, when I grow up I may not have time to get married. There are so many other things to do." She'd changed that tune now. Well, probably his wife was right and this was the way it should be.

THEY were waiting for Emily when she arrived at the tennis club. She had no time to think about anything and she went from one pair of shoes to another and out on the court. It was a good game and she played hard. As she and Alix Manley changed courts Emily saw two new spectators standing outside the wire netting to watch the game. They were Rosemary Pratt and her guest, and Emily called out to them:

"Hello. See you tonight."

"I'd love to come," answered Clare Austin, her voice also above conversational level because of distance.

Rosemary put her cupped hands to her mouth. "She's fallen in love with your husband!"

"Good," called Emily. "Then it ought to be a really good party."

She played hard this time, too, but she wasn't quite good enough. Alix was the champion of the club and took the last set.

"But I never saw you play any better," said Alix as they came off the court, mopping their faces. "If you'd put your mind on it and do nothing else, you could clean me up completely."

"I doubt it," said Emily.

Alix dropped down on a bench, ready for talk. "Isn't that Clare Austin quite an addition to the town!" she said in flattering exclamation.

"Who is she, anyway?"

"Rosemary's cousin. She's lived abroad a lot with a mother or an aunt. I heard somebody say that she'd been married once already, but she certainly looks young anyway. And you know that she was in Holland when the war broke out there."

"She was telling about it last night. Where's she bound for now?"

"I don't know. I guess she's really a refugee, in a way. I heard that some publisher was trying to get her to write a book about her experiences, but she said that the future was what interested her, not the past."

"That sounds like sense. She knows what happened to her in the past. The future's clear gain."

Alix laughed. "You don't take anyone too seriously, do you? Or anything?"

"I won't tell you," said Emily.

"Oh, I know you take Peter seriously. I never saw such a pair as you two."

"It's just a light love story," said Emily.

"See you tonight."

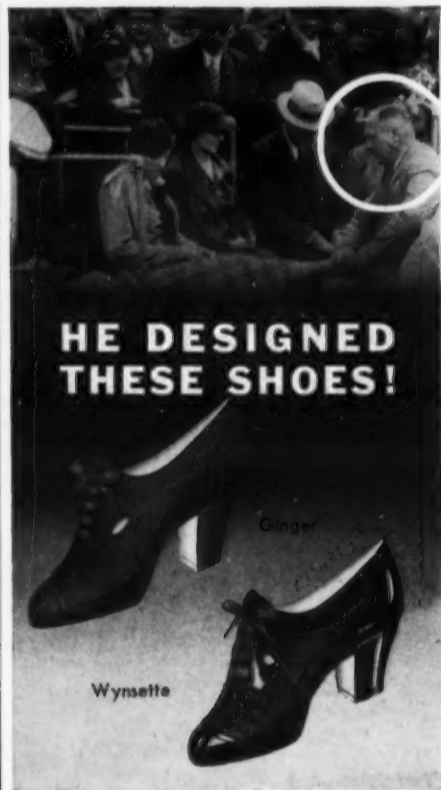
"Aren't you staying for lunch?"

"No, I can't."

She was telling the truth, though it would not have seemed like the truth to her friends if they had seen her drive straight back to



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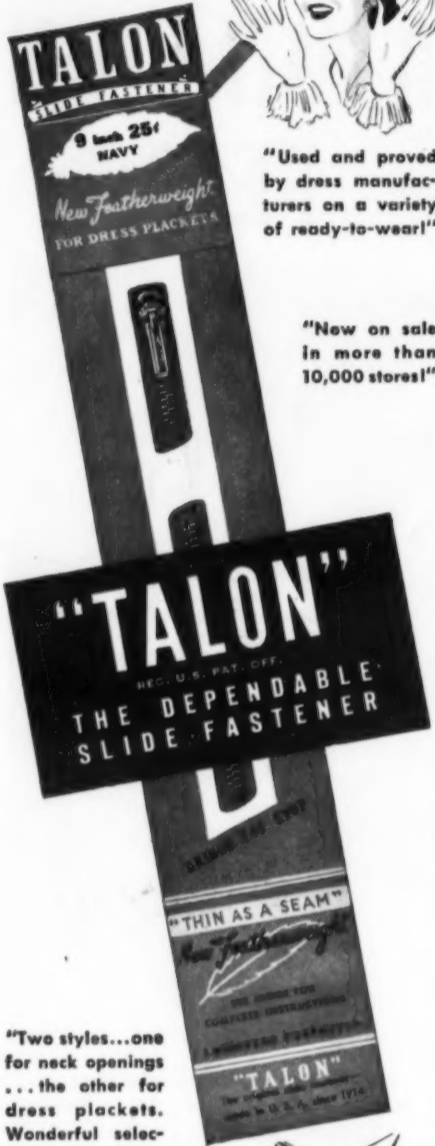
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her own house, where she had no engagement for lunch and nothing pressing to do. But it was true. She couldn't stay there at the tennis club for two more hours, going over all the same things they had talked about last night in the idle way they always did at lunch. That part of the day was the worst time for Emily. When she was playing tennis it was at least skill and exercise. When Peter was home or when they were out together, she was part of his happiness. She was giving him what he had always wanted, what he needed: a home and companionship and the love that had been denied him when he was growing up. It was all right when she was doing that. But the spaces in the day when she was idle, when there was nothing to do except fill the time until he came, were the hard ones.

It was so queer that he felt that way about having children. He didn't want any—not now, anyway. She remembered the things he'd said about that: "Don't you think I'm about all you can take care of?" He'd laughed the subject off with that question and then taken her in his arms. And he'd said, "I can use all the love you have to spare, and a whole lot more."

Only once, when they'd been quite serious, he'd said hesitantly, "Of course, Emmy, if you really want a child, that's one thing. But maybe we ought to wait and see how we come out. I mean it doesn't matter how I feel about it. It's really up to you."

It was obvious that he didn't like the idea. She'd said quickly, "I don't want to bother if you don't."

That was saying it badly and she felt it at the time. But at least it made it clear that she wasn't going to force responsibility on him. He'd not said much more, only, "You're happy as we are, aren't you?"

Of course she was happy. She must be. She had never known that it would be like this, that marriage could be such joy that you felt you had never known anyone, not even yourself, before. You wanted to do more, you wanted to be generous, to make sacrifices. Yet you wanted to hang on to it, to not give a second away, to be utterly selfish. That must be happiness. It wasn't like what you had thought it might be: to live clearly and lucidly with a person, telling him everything and having him understand it all. If you did that, you'd probably lose him. That would be the end of that. Men wanted to be charmed, to be petted, to be driven a little crazy.

Suppose I told Peter, thought Emily, that in spite of all we've had, in spite of the way we love each other, sometimes I feel a little degraded. Suppose I told him that when he's not home the house sometimes bores me, and that it seems silly and ignorant to spend so much money on a setting for two people. No, I couldn't tell him that.

SHE was turning into her own driveway now and, as often happened, at the first sight of her house her mood changed and it seemed to her that her thoughts had been ungracious and unfair. She was glad to get back. The place claimed her, almost as if it needed her. The changes she had made in construction, the colors she had chosen even for the veranda furnishings, all gave her back the sense of responsibility for her house and pride in what she had done to make it more pleasant than it could have been without her. The place was associated with incidents of love that no one knew about except Peter and herself. They had spent long happy hours in that big double chaise longue that could be moved around to catch the moonlight. To other people it was just a big upholstered seat, but not to Emily. To other people that was just a doorway in front of her, but she remembered the crazy mood of joy in which Peter carried her over it and how they'd

laughed and the toast they'd drunk in the hallway.

I've had so much, she thought. Then she heard someone move and realized that she had a caller. Colonel Rhodes was lifting himself out of one of the living-room sofas with an old man's slowness and a soldier's precision of attitude.

She went swiftly to him. "Hello, Colonel Rhodes. How nice of you to come."

"Not at all. I confer little pleasure on anyone by a visit these days. How are you, young lady?"

"Oh, I'm fine. When did you get back from Washington? Pete hadn't told me."

"I haven't told Pete," said the colonel. "I came back yesterday. Peter's all right?"

"He couldn't be better. He's gained a couple of pounds. That worries him."

"You've gained no weight yourself," said her father-in-law.

"I never do. Besides, I've just been playing tennis, and in this weather that keeps you down."

"You have made this place very comfortable. It looks vastly improved."

Mind Over Mater

BY PHYLLIS MCGINLEY

Of all the instincts in the breast,

Mundane, angelic or infernal,

I sometimes think the silliest

Is the maternal:

A passion blowing no one good

Save the obstetric brotherhood,

Dictators, dairies, toddle toys

And possibly the census boys.

Yes, honest as the bold Diogenes,

I swear I do not hold with progenies.

For look. You wed. With beaming face

You do your duty as a woman

And swell the overcrowded race

With one more human.

You can't let well enough alone, so soon you're

Having a sister just for Junior.

And to what end? That you, at best,

May lose your figure and your rest

Tending, with fervor apostolic,

Teeth, tantrums, diapers and colic;

That on your satin couch may linger

The sticky hand, the buttered finger,

And on your ears may hourly beat

The horrid sound of little feet;

Your days beset, your nights made hideous

With voices infantile or kiddy-ous;

That for two decades at the inside

What you'll be handed is the thin side:

The zoo instead of Belmont's races,

And from the dentist golden braces

Running four figures and a comma

In lieu of diamond rings for mamma.

They're reared. But do you live in clover?

No, no. They try to make you over.

They criticize the drinks you mix,

Your hair, your friends, your politics,

Professing that their souls are cankered, too,

By the dull home that they are anchored to.

And what's the final meed you draw?

You end your days a mother-in-law.

Of all the passions that the breast

Allows to roam about at large in,

Maternity's the silliest

By quite a margin:

A pretty piece of nomenclature

To hide the shabbiest trick of Nature.

Yes, progeny's a plague and bore.

I wish I had a dozen more.

"Oh, you must see it!" exclaimed Emily. "You must let me take you all through it. We love it—and we wouldn't have it except for you. You'd like to go around and see what we've done, wouldn't you?"

"Very much. If I'm not keeping you from something."

"I've not a thing in the world to do. And I love to take people through the house and brag. This living room is pretty much as it was, except that we painted the plaster and got rid of that drab look and put a door in that archway, because it seems to me that rooms should be rooms on their own and not all exposed to one another."

"My idea exactly," approved the colonel.

"Except for the rug and the two sofas, nearly everything's a wedding present in here, and the sofas were old ones mother had discarded and were in her storeroom. I had them fixed up. Do you like them?"

"I've been enjoying that one half an hour."

She led him to the dining room. "Now this room is remarkable because it can be little or big. You just have to tell it how to act, give it a cue, squeeze the table together—"

The colonel was looking at a picture at the end of the room, a small oil portrait. He walked closer to it. "Where did you find this?"

"The picture of Peter's mother? He'd had it among his things for a long while. He said it was in his room at your house, and I had some things done to it. Not to change the likeness, but just to bring out the colors. It had been pretty badly taken care of—I mean, there was dust ground into it. Of course pictures get that way. I like it. She had such a sweet face."

"Yes, she did."

"Is it like her?"

"Very much." He sounded a little grim now and she hurried him on.

"We almost always eat out-of-doors on this porch—it's convenient to the kitchen. This is the door to the pantry. Our pantry's magnificent—so electric that all it needs is a robot. Thora, this is Colonel Rhodes, Mr. Rhodes' father."

Thora said she was glad to meet him. She was a large Swedish girl and Emily's friend as well as maid of all work. Her glance questioned Emily as to whether this meant a guest for lunch.

"Colonel Rhodes, you'll have lunch with me?"

"No, thank you. I mustn't stay that long."

"Then how about a drink anyway?" He looks as if he needed something to cheer him up, thought Emily. "I know what would be good," she told him. "A long drink of quinine tonic water with lots of ice and a fresh lime."

The old soldier chuckled. "Now what made you think of that? It's a drink of the tropics."

"It's one of my pets in hot weather. And a very good hostess drink. You see, you can look just as uproarious as you need to, and nothing happens. Thora, you fix up two of those, and a plate of the English biscuits. And we'll have them when we come down from upstairs."

She showed the colonel all the house. The tiny study, with its simple functional desk and the two big chairs and the map pinned behind the door.

He noticed that at once. "That's a good map."

"I make a few marks on it every day. I wonder—Colonel Rhodes, aren't they bound to fight over here in Africa?"

His lean bony finger touched the map with knowledge. "Certainly. This particular territory is still French." She listened with absorption and he talked as if he were lecturing to a military college. And then he broke off. "I mustn't weigh you down with details, but

(Continued on Page 116)

Why Jenny Wren swore off men!



1. "Men or no men!" I heard Jenny mutter. "This is the *last time* I'm going to pull up this sloppy slide fastener!"

2. "Don't give up the ship!" I whispered. "Anyway—not before you investigate my wonderful new Talon skirt fastener. It's got an *exclusive automatic self-lock* that's a honey!"



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(Continued from Page 114)

you see what I mean. This is a useful little room. You have a good many books."

"Yes, I had rather a lot."

"Do you and Peter spend much time in here?"

"We haven't. Of course we mean to—we shall, probably, when winter comes." Or would they? It came over her that this was the first thoughtful and impersonal conversation she had had in this room which she had called the study. It was a good room for a bridge game, if people were talking in the living room. "And now the upstairs," she said. "You must see it all."

It was on the sleeping porch that he paid her a compliment again. "May I say, young lady, that you understand the essentials of living?"

She laughed. "You really think the house is all right?"

"I think it's delightful."

"It's been fun to do. We've seen it all now—the whole works—and we can go down and have our drink."

IN THE living room again, the colonel lifted his glass to her. "To a very charming hostess."

"Thank you," she said, and the little sigh that came out with the words surprised her. "It's very easy in a setting like this, and for that I have you to thank. We're both very grateful, Peter and I."

He waved that away. "I'm grateful to you, child, for making the boy happy. For giving him what I never could."

They were silent for a moment, both thinking of that and why it had been so. Then Emily said, "Colonel Rhodes, are they feeling very serious in Washington?"

"Very."

"And the draft is going to go through?" she asked.

"Oh, yes, beyond a doubt."

"And then what happens?"

"It's impossible to say. There are lines of action and development indicated, of course, but they'll have to be predicated on events and conditions we don't know about yet—the strength of Germany, the determination and cohesion of England, how far Japan feels she can go."

"There's no chance that things may be settled soon?"

"I think that's hardly possible."

"Then Peter may have to go?"

"He'll have to take his chance, of course."

The colonel looked about the room and spoke reassuringly. "But you mustn't worry about that. You'll be all right, in any case. We'll take good care of that."

The words burned her. Why did he think she was worrying about herself? She said an outrageous thing: "Was your wife all right when you went off to war?"

He stared at her, angry and stabbed. His curt voice answered, "My wife died. The cause of her death had no connection with the war, however."

"I shouldn't have said that," said Emily. "I don't know why I did. Yes, I do know. I mean that if there's war and Peter has to go, what good is this house to me? Or any house?"

"You mean that you don't want him to go?"

She turned her face toward him, but she did not look at him. The colonel always remembered her like that, the thin, golden-skinned, thoughtful and beautiful face looking at things hidden in her mind. She was thinking of Peter, of what he had said on their wedding trip: "Those housekeepers didn't bring their boy up to be a soldier"; and "I've stayed out of the Army so far, haven't I?" She was thinking of the military school he'd gone to when he was too young, and she remembered that this man, out of his grief and his ignorance, had made Peter miserable and lonely when he was a little boy. She thought, *And now that Pete's just begun to be a little happy, his father thinks it's all right to smash it up again.*

Aloud she said, "Peter doesn't like uniforms. He thinks there's a battle to be fought right in his own work, in the industrial laboratory. He's very useful right where he is."

"In time of war," said Colonel Rhodes, "men can't make their own decisions as to their duties."

"I suppose not."

"Of course," her father-in-law went on in a less harsh voice, "it's asking a good deal to expect anyone—especially a woman—to realize the present predicament of the world."

"Don't you think some of us know?" asked Emily.

"Know what?" he questioned, demanding proof. "How does all this look to you?"

She lifted her eyes and met his glance. She began to talk. She told him what she believed, and it was release. He was not, for the moment, Colonel Rhodes and her father-in-law. He was a person who had asked her what she thought, and it was all there, ready to tell. She had wanted to put this in words: her fears, her sense of the strength of the opposing forces, her feeling that under the immediate battle was the fact that the whole world was quick with ambition, choosing between ideals, being forced to choose. And the colonel, who had never asked a question like that before of a woman, nor dreamed that a woman could have a reply worth his attention, sat and listened.

She finished, breaking off with a repentant "I didn't mean to say all that, but it's what I really think."

He said, "I am glad to know what you think. In great measure I agree with you, Emily. Does Peter feel as you do?"

Her expression changed again. It lost its free look, thought the colonel. "Peter?" she said. "We don't discuss it. We never talk about it."

He looked puzzled. "You don't?"

"No. You see, Colonel Rhodes, Pete doesn't like women to talk a lot. I mean about things like this. You know—he's like most men. In that way."

"No doubt. But I shouldn't say you were like most women."

"I'm not so special," she said, and again the little sigh that kept running after her words caught up with them.

The colonel rose. "I've taken too much of your time. But it's been a very delightful and illuminating call."

"Colonel Rhodes —"

"Yes?"

"You won't say anything to Peter about the things I've been talking about, will you? I wouldn't want him to think I was disturbed or worrying or anything. He's pretty happy. And I want him to be that way while he can. He's never had any too much of it. You don't mind my saying that, do you?"

"Of course not. You love the boy, don't you?"

"Oh, yes," she said.

The colonel took her hand and brought it to his lips. It was not merely a formal gesture of courtesy, but more than that. For twenty years and more he had not kissed a woman, and this was as far as he could go in affection. It was a long way for Colonel Rhodes.

"Good-by, my dear. And always rely on me to be your friend."

"I do thank you for the house," said Emily.

One of his heavy eyebrows went up. "I may have blundered in that," he said, "but I would like to tell you this. Your mother said you wanted it. And I've seen today what I've always dreamed of—a home for a man and a woman. I fumbled once, trying to make one; didn't know how, I guess." He paused again and ended: "I like your dining room. I thank you for that."

She knew that he was thanking her for giving the picture of his wife a home.

III

THE party was going very well. Emily knew that, for the guests weren't even waiting until the end of the evening to tell her so.

"Emmy, you've got a gift for parties. Nothing ever goes as well as this at my house," Rosemary Pratt declared in complaining praise. "The food was perfect and your house looks lovely and everyone always has such a good time here. You've certainly found your vocation."

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They were in Emily's little dressing room, after supper, Emily, Rosemary and Anne. Emily was very conscious that Anne was listening to the flattery and not adding to it. She laughed, a gay laugh that went with a summer evening dress of yellow chiffon and a party of her own.

"It's great fun to have you all here. Have you found everything you want? Powder? Lipstick? Are you all fixed, Anne?"

"Thanks, I've got everything," said Anne. Rosemary tinkled on. "Don't you adore Clare Austin?"

"I like to look at her," said Emily. "She looks like such a wonderful material to feel."

"The men think so. She simply mows them down, doesn't she? You should hear some of the experiences she's had. Of course she knows everybody. She's up on everything that's happening in Europe. But what I like about it is that it hasn't left her morbid or anything like that. And when you think she had to escape in a cattle truck —"

"Would anything have happened to her if she hadn't escaped?" asked Anne.

"Why, anything might have."

"Or maybe nothing."

Rosemary's round face looked surprised and rather shocked. She wasn't quite sure whether it was honest discussion or mockery and, not being sure, she knew she was better out of it. Besides, she could not understand what Emily saw in this girl who lived here in the city and apparently didn't know anyone.

"I must go and see if Clare's all right."

"If she's not, it's Peter's fault," said Emily. "He has her out on the porch."

"I'll tell her you're jealous!" cried Rosemary. She went out, and for the first time that evening Anne and Emily were alone together.

"That's just the way she talks," remarked Emily. "It's a kind of young matron's patois. She's got twins at home and plays swell tennis."

"I hope I wasn't rude to her."

"No—just bewildering," said Emily. "I like that Evans Jones you brought with you tonight. Is he in love with you?"

Anne said, "I doubt it. Not since he's seen you."

"Don't be silly. He's at the university, isn't he?"

"In the political-science department. I thought that would be right up your street. He has a good mind."

"We didn't talk political science at supper." Anne's clear glance covered her friend, and Emily said, "What's the matter?"

"I was just wondering if you meant any of this," said Anne quietly.

"Meant what?" Something in Emily quivered. Something went on guard.

"All this layout."

"Don't you like the house?"

"It's very pretty," answered Anne; "it's charming. You know that."

THE unaccented remarks seemed like insults to Emily. She resented them. She resented Anne, too, for making the house seem so unimportant, for that cold, impersonal judgment. "It's been a lot of work," she said, almost defiantly. "What with decorators and upholsterers and painters, I haven't had time to think of anything else."

"But you can't be happy doing this sort of thing. Are you?"

No one had any right to say that to her. No one had any right to put the thing in words, to spy on her, probe below the mood she chose to show. "Happy? Why, I've never been so happy in my life. I never knew what happiness was."

Anne didn't quarrel about it. She said, "I see."

But Emily wouldn't let it go now. "Some-day you'll understand, perhaps —"

Anne interrupted that. She said, "Yes, your mother told me that, too, on the day you were married. Maybe you're both right. But I don't think so. I don't think you can whittle down happiness to what you want for yourself." She stopped there and Emily did not answer, for they both heard a voice they recognized. Mrs. Lenox was coming in and they didn't know what she had heard, if any of it.

"HELLO, children," she said. "Hello, darling." She kissed her daughter. "I just stopped in to see your party for a minute. I'm going on to the Restalls' for bridge, but I couldn't resist a look. They all seem to be having a beautiful time and your house looks adorable. How are you, Anne? You look very well. Who's the pretty girl that Peter just introduced me to? I can't quite place her."

"Clare Austin—she's staying with Rosemary."

"She's attractive, isn't she? And it's just like old times to find you two serious-minded children up here having a committee meeting on the universe. With a party down below!"

"We're going right down," said Emily.

She went first. She could hear the other two back of her, her mother's voice calling attention to little details of furnishing and to effects, Anne answering in polite monosyllables. On the landing Emily took a long breath, moistened her lips and looked at her party. She looked for Peter. She wanted him—to justify her somehow, to drive away this sense of wasting time, of doing too little.

There he was, inside the house again. He was in the dining room standing by the table with Clare Austin. And Clare Austin, with her back covered and her breast deeply bare and her black-and-white look, was smiling at him very personally. He must be able to smell those tuberoses she was wearing on her shoulder.

It's like a silly picture of seduction, thought Emily. But it doesn't mean a thing. It's stock stuff. Why does he want to make a fool of himself by concentrating on that girl all evening? What's he thinking about her, anyway?

"We were wondering if you'd left the party entirely," someone was calling to her, and she turned and saw Evans Jones.

He's Anne's man, Emily said to herself. Anne might even be in love with him. But Anne doesn't believe it's important. It would serve her right. Emily knew she was jealous, that she was cruel. She went downstairs to bewitch Evans Jones, to trouble him, to make him wonder what he had missed.

Mrs. Lenox did not stay long at the party. She moved about the room, looking at a little distance almost as young as Emily's friends. For a few minutes she stood talking with Clare Austin, deeply interested in the answers to her questions.

Then she took Peter's arm. "I must run along. Are you walking out with me to the car?"

"I certainly am."

They went down the walk and turned to the drive where her car, chauffeured tonight, was waiting. All the way Mrs. Lenox was full of praises and admiration. "I love to see my girl so happy," she told him with an affectionate pressure of his arm.

"She's getting on all right, isn't she?" he agreed cheerfully.

"Yes, and she loves her house. And its one permanent occupant."

"I don't know how sure a fellow can be of that today."

"Don't worry. Of course they wouldn't take you." He didn't answer, but Mrs. Lenox hardly noticed that. She had something else on her mind. "I see Anne Morland



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is there at the party. Does Emily see much of Anne?"

"No, I don't think so."
"Anne's a lovely girl," said Mrs. Lenox. "I'm sure she's very intelligent. But I sometimes wonder how good her companionship is for Emily."

"They've always been pals, haven't they?"

"Hardly that. It was a college friendship, you know. Anne exerted a kind of influence over Emily. Peter, you won't let anything worry my girl, will you?"

"Not if I can help it."
"I want her to be happy."

"That's my idea, too," said Peter. "It's the big idea."

"Well, just remember that she's apt to take things too seriously. She's very sensitive."

He said, "I think I know what you mean, Mrs. Lenox. I'll try to take care of it."

When he went back into the house he looked for Emily. But she was enjoying herself very thoroughly. She and the professor whom Anne Morland had brought along were thick as thieves, and they weren't talking philosophy. They were out in the dining room, doing a trick with matches and glasses.

She'll twist that Phi Beta Kappa into a bowknot, thought Peter, rather amused. But she didn't have to get as close to the fellow as that. Of course Emily didn't mean anything by it; but after all, she was married, and she must know by this time that men were male.

He left her at her trick and went to talk politely with Anne Morland for a while. Anne was a nice girl and everything she said was right down the alley, but she knew too many answers. Peter looked around to see where Clare Austin had settled down.

It turned into a late party. Nobody wanted to go home. Anne was the only one who had suggested it by midnight, and Evans Jones said that maybe they'd better have one more drink and then it was two o'clock. Rosemary heard the clock strike and told them all so.

A group in the study was still playing bridge, trying to pull one player out of a bad hole. In the living room Clare Austin was sharing one of the little sofas with Peter, and Anne and Evans were on the other one.

Emily was sitting on the large morocco hassock, close to Evans Jones. They were talking, of course, about the draft, about the war, about the best way to preserve democracy.

"A lot of fellows at the university," said Evans, "aren't convinced that you can preserve it by war. I understand why they feel as they do. I've not been out of college ten years, and they used to teach us that it couldn't be done that way. They think highly of their freedom, and that's why they're skeptical about compulsory service."

Bob Pratt, who had just cut out of the bridge game, now cut into the conversation. "Everybody's skeptical about war but Hitler," he said. "That's what's given him a free hand, and he'll have it until we call his bluff with an army that can knock the stuffing out of him. That's what we've got to have, and soon."

"But we have to know what we're fighting for," said Anne.

Clare Austin said slowly and dramatically, "I think perhaps I can tell you. If you had seen, as I have seen, an old grandmother hunting desperately for the mattress that meant home to her, children wondering where their parents were, little ruined towns that had been beautiful a week before, you'd begin to see what —"

Emily said, "That would only show you the result of an invasion. Not what to do about it or where to begin to destroy the philosophy —"

"Emmy, you interrupted Clare," said Peter. "She hadn't finished what she was saying."

"It didn't matter," Clare said politely.

"I'm sorry," said Emily, "but I meant that no cause of war ought to be reduced to sentimental —"

"Come, come, darling," said Peter. "What was in that last glass you had in your hand?"

Emily flushed and grew rather pale. Anne remained pale. Evans Jones picked up the talk with, "I think I understand what Emily means, perhaps."

When did he get to calling her Emily? Peter wondered. He saw how pale Emily was. She does get all stirred up, he thought, just as her mother says. He leaned toward her, pulled the hassock closer to himself, threw a husbandly arm around her and interrupted

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And they grew up strong and straight and tall, Able to cope with the world and all; They married them beautiful husbands and wives, And are now leading fruitful and interesting lives.

But Mrs. O'Leary who lives down the block,

At science she'd scoff and at science she'd mock; She thought the requirement for rearing a brood Was an instinct for telling the bad from the good. Her children ran wild from the morning till night, Their language was slangy, their grooming a fright; They ate quite whatever they wanted to eat, And their playground, as likely as not, was the street. They never had schedules, they never took naps, Their discipline ran to occasional slaps; And as to life's pitfalls, the things they should dread, Old Mother O'Leary would shout, "Use your head."

And they grew up strong and straight and tall, Able to cope with the world and all; They married them beautiful husbands and wives, And are now leading fruitful and interesting lives.

Jones. "If you understood this girl as well as I do, you'd know what we need right now is a little music."

Anne said, "I'm sorry, but I really have to go."

"Yes, it's time," said Jones.

"We all must go," said Clare, like oil on troubled waters. "We'll have to talk about this again."

Emily said nothing. She let them say good-by to her, and her smiles were hardly smiles.

"You certainly froze the crowd out at the end," said Peter, putting the chain on the front door. "What's the matter?"

"You figure it out," answered Emily.

"Were you sore because I said you cut Clare off? I didn't mean to hurt your feelings, but, after all, she was saying something she knew about from actual experience."

"She wasn't the only one in Holland. You'd think she was."

"By gum, you're jealous," said Peter. "Well, think of that."

"You made yourself pretty conspicuous."

"I wasn't any worse than you were, trying to corrupt the campus for the last two hours. That fellow doesn't look any too human, but maybe he is. And if I were you I wouldn't wade into this speechmaking too deeply. It's not your line, darling."

"Nothing that I say is of any importance, is it?"

"Oh, look here, Emmy, I don't mean that. Why, everything you say is important. You're the sweetest kid in the world. All right, if you want to take it that way —"

Later, in the dark of the sleeping porch, after time had swept by so long that it seemed to make days and months and years of misery, she heard the clock strike four. And she heard Peter speak:

"Emmy—you awake?"

"Yes."

"I can't get to sleep. This is terrible."

"You've been asleep. I heard you."

"Just for a few minutes. Don't be sore at me, darling. I don't know what it's all about anyway."

"I know you don't."

"We just had too much party. You know, this is the first time I've been miserable since we were married."

"I'm spoiling it for him, she thought. I'm not even making him happy now."

"You do love me, Emmy? It's so lonely when you don't."

"Of course I do."

"Then come and tell me."

IV

SOMETIMES, in those last few days of discussion, the matter of conscription seemed like the report of a big game when it came over the radio. Everyone knew what the betting was and how it was going to come out, but, as long as there was any opposition, the people on the differing sides could be talked over. Peter and Emily did that now and then. Not often, but just enough so that the subject wouldn't be noticeable because of their silence in regard to it.

The usual summer parties spun on. Alix Manley won the tennis tournament, but nobody cared very much that she had added another silver cup to the row on her mantel shelf. There was a good deal of swimming and not so much dancing among the people who were close associates of Peter and Emily. There was less drinking and a good many wisecracks about the condition you had to be in to get in the Army. A few men Peter knew who were in the National Guard went off to camp.

Peter was working hard. His job, which was in the research department of a chemical industry, could, as he told Emily, be just about as hard as he wanted to make it. There was the routine work, of course, which had to be done. But in addition there was a leeway of time allowed him for experiments, and all at once he had begun to be impatient about the fact that he didn't have time enough to get done the thing that he wanted to do.

"I thought you weren't going to begin that experiment until fall," said Emily one night when he came home tired.

He seemed surprised that she remembered that. "Well, I really didn't intend to," he explained, "and then I got started on the thing and it began to develop. When a thing is on the fire you want to finish it."

"I suppose so."

He walked up and down their room. Emily was at her dressing table, brushing her hair, for they were going out for what was called a picnic supper, though it would be served by a butler or two.

PETER said, "You see, right now there's a tremendous interest in new alloys, in all new methods of refining metals. Any little trick you can add to the game is so much to the good. It's one of the most important things there are, because there's always a chance that some of our imports might be cut off, and then, if we're ready with substitutes, we're sitting pretty."

"Of course."

"But I needn't bore you with all that, need I?"

"You weren't."

"Weren't you wishing you had a husband who'd come home and make love to you the minute he entered the door?"

"He makes love to me soon enough."

"Often enough?" asked Peter, taking the brush out of her hand and running it down her smooth hair.

"Well—Pete, why don't we telephone that we're not coming? You call them and say you've got the mumps. No—then you couldn't go to work tomorrow. You call and say I have them. And we'll just stay home and you can get a long sleep and feel very fine and experimental in the morning."

"It sounds like a very good plan." He put his head down close to hers, kissed her cheek and straightened. "No—we said we'd go. We'd better not back down. It probably will do us good and we can get away early. You want to go, don't you?"

"It will probably be a good party."

"On our way, then."

That was the night when Emily couldn't find him when she thought it was about time to go home, since he'd said he wanted to leave at an early hour. She asked a couple of people, "Where's Pete, do you know?" but nobody seemed to have any idea where he was. Of course they must have known and not wanted to tell her or give Peter away. She guessed that later. For as she went down toward the swimming pool to see if by any chance he could still be there, she met him coming back from it, walking along slowly with Clare Austin.

In the still night his voice carried. "You don't know what a relief it's been to have this talk with you, Clare."

Emily got out of sight. There were some big trees and great shadows and she was glad her dress was dark blue. She stayed behind a tree until they had passed and she thought, *This is really degrading. I'm hiding from my husband. But if I don't, he'll think I'm spying on him.*

Clare Austin was staying on in the city. There seemed to be no end to the stay, no other destination. She had taken a little apartment for herself and everyone said she was writing. There had been one little description of her experiences published in the evening newspaper. It had a very large accompanying picture of Clare, a beautiful photograph.

Emily took the paper out to Thora in the kitchen that night and said, "And when you've finished with it, Thora, you'll have another newspaper to wrap the garbage in."

She had never guessed she could be like that, so trivial, so mean, so jealous, and now she was hiding behind a tree! And their friends must see it all. They always knew this sort of thing. They knew that Peter was tired of his wife and that she was trying to hold him and not making a very good thing of it. But what they knew did not bother Emily very much. The worst of it was to live with what she knew about herself: that when she went home with him tonight she would try to make Peter believe that she was lovelier, more charming, more desirable than that other girl—the one with whom it was such a relief to him to talk.



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He was very kind to her on the way home, so kind that she knew he must be trying to make up for some lack that he, too, felt. *He's trying to take an interest in me*, thought Emily, and wanted to laugh hysterically. "What have you got on your mind for tomorrow?" he asked. "Or perhaps he has a date and wants to be sure I won't be in the way," she said to herself. "I'm going out to the university." "What's happening there?" "It's that same course that Evans Jones gave at summer school. I like to hear him talk." "He's quite a talker, isn't he? What's his subject?" "Revolution and the World." Peter laughed and swore. "That's the world," he said. "I wonder what that bird would do if he came right smack up against either one of them." "He'd do very well," said Emily. "Look who's risen for the defense!" "There's no point in making fun of him. You hardly know him, Pete." "You've only seen him once yourself." "No. I've gone out to hear him several times since that night at our house. He asked me to come."

"He did, did he?" Peter's voice indicated an argument and then it dropped. He said, "Well, I suppose that's your business. But it's gypping education. His mind can't be on his work."

Peter was wrong. As far as Emily could see, it made no difference to the thinking of Evans Jones that she was in his class. He knew she was there, of course. He always had a quick smile or nod for her, and sometimes his glance would turn in her direction and she was sure that out of the array of faces he was seeking hers to see if she agreed with what he said. He spoke brilliantly, with logic and conviction. To Emily it was like rescue to be able to put her mind on something that was impersonal, that was bigger than her own emotions, that took no account of them and refused to think that they were important.

But Peter's laugh had made her self-conscious, and after the class was over next day she hurried away, counting on the students who usually swarmed about his desk after a lecture to detain Evans. It didn't work. He evaded them or pushed his way through them. She was just unlocking the door of her mother's small car, which she had borrowed so that Peter could keep his own, when Evans caught up with her. He looked very embarrassed and boyish in a scholarly way, and she liked him for it.

"It was a wonderful lecture this morning," she congratulated him.

"Was it clear? Did you think so?" "Every word."

"I wanted it to be. It's the kind of subject you don't want to muddle with today. If you could just interpret the indisputable facts in such a way that we'll have an out no matter what happens, a new way of using them in case of emergency —"

"Yes," said Emily. "I know people who are trying to do that in chemistry too. It's a matter of being self-sufficient in one way or another, isn't it?" "Exactly."

"I must think that over. I must try to get it through my head," she said.

"It's really not hard. Not for a mind like yours. Won't you have lunch with me one of these days? I'd so like to talk to you. It would be such a relief —" He stopped because she was laughing. "Did I say something funny?"

"Just the word 'relief.' It was so funny in that connection. Yes, I'd love to have lunch with you. Perhaps next time I come."

She took the car back to her mother's house, ran it into the garage and walked into the house. "Hello, mother," she called. "I brought your car back."

Mrs. Lenox came out of the little conservatory. She was, as always, doing something clever and intelligent. "I've been fussing with the succulents," she said, "but it's hot in there. Sit down and talk to me."

Emily said restlessly, "I can't stay. When are you and father getting off to the shore?" "Tomorrow. He must go. I wish you could come along."

"Oh, I couldn't." "No, I suppose you want to stay with Peter. The first year, breaks are hard to make."

"Do you think they come easier after that?" "They won't for you," said her mother. "That boy adores you."

"Will there be a good crowd on the island?" "The usual people," said Mrs. Lenox. "Emily, you're not like yourself today. Is anything wrong?"

"Why, of course not." "You're feeling all right?" asked her mother in a significant way.

"If you're asking me whether I'm going to have a baby or not, the answer is no."

"I just wondered," said her mother. "You're so thin. And it often begins like that. And you're so restless, Emily. You know, darling, you mustn't think I'm interfering, because this is absolutely your own business—yours and Peter's—but why don't you?" "Why don't I? Have a baby?"

HER mother went on quickly, plausibly, "Of course I know how so many of you young people feel about taking your time and not spoiling your fun. But after all, these aren't normal times and I don't know, of course, what this draft will do if it comes. Peter's married and certainly they won't want married men, but if you had a baby, too, it might be so much surer. And then, as someone was saying the other day, with all this death and devastation abroad —"

"Please, mother," said Emily, "drop it, please."

"But you will think it over?" Emily faced her mother. Mrs. Lenox had never seen her look quite like that. It wasn't just pallor. The child looked sick. "No, I won't have a child to keep Peter out of war. I won't have a child anyway. Peter doesn't want any. And neither do I—neither do I—do you understand?"

"Why, Emily—don't speak like that."

"I'm sorry. But please never mention it again." Emily's voice was calm again. "Have a good time on your trip. And take good care of Charles."

"Don't hurry, Emily—let me send you home in the car."

"No, thanks. I really want to walk."

Mrs. Lenox, putting a few things in still more perfect order, wondered if she should tell her husband about Emily's explosion. No. It would only bother him. The child was probably upset about the conscription bill, and perhaps too—even without her knowing it yet—something was wrong. Or quite right.

The first year means such an adjustment, Mrs. Lenox said to herself. *Even with a girl like Emily, who has everything*. She wondered if Emily was seeing much of Anne Morland and if Anne was putting ideas into Emily's head about not having children. Those radical girls had such abnormal ideas. But there was no better way to hold a man. He always fell in love with his wife all over again when she had a child, if he was the right kind of man.

That afternoon they heard that the conscription bill was passed.

"Well, at least they've stopped battling over it," said Peter at dinner. "Of course, everyone knew it would pass. It was bound to. You couldn't do it any other way." He looked at Emily, scrutinizing her face, which was very serene and pretty over a low centerpiece of flowers. "This isn't bothering you, is it, Emmy? I mean this draft law."

"Oh, no. Everybody said that they were going to pass it. I suppose they had to. And it will be a long time before they get to you."

"Sure. You don't even have to register before October sixteenth."

"That's a long time. Over a month." "You can get a lot of work done in a month," said Peter almost to himself.

"And have a lot of fun too. I want you to have a lot of fun, Pete."

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"Crazy little Emmy," he said teasingly and fondly, "she is always thinking of fun. She knows how to make it too. You're looking very pretty tonight."

"I've been working on it," she said, laughing. And that was true. You have to work on tear-reddened eyes to make them shine.

Nothing changed the next day or the next. Once Peter said to Emily, "Say, by the way, I had lunch with Clare today. I hope that's all right with you?"

"Of course," said Emily. "Why shouldn't you? Do you think I'm primitive?"

But he only told her once. Perhaps he thought they had made a blanket agreement. Or perhaps he thought that nobody else would tell Emily about the times when he dropped in for a snack at Clare's apartment.

A day or two later his father telephoned and asked to see him.

"Why don't you come around and have dinner with us?" asked Peter.

"No," said the colonel, without more ado, "you come here. I want to have a talk with you."

About what? wondered Peter and hoped that the old boy's liver hadn't given up, once and for all. He explained to Emily that his father had something on his mind and had asked him to come around that night.

"Give him my love," said Emily. "It's pretty hard to give the colonel love," chuckled Peter, "even yours."

"You might try."

"Can you amuse yourself?"

"Of course I can. I'll ask somebody in if I feel lonesome."

"Be good," he advised her. "Behave yourself."

The house where he had been officially brought up, at least during early childhood and later vacations, had been closed for part of the summer and it smelled like that. Peter found his father in the only room in the house that ever seemed comfortable, though Peter also associated it with discipline, too, for more than once he'd been called in here to give an account of himself. It was a big room, half library and also sleeping room, for the colonel had never gone back to sleep in the room where his wife had died. There was no fire in the coal grate. It looked black and not cool.

He ought to get out of here, thought Peter. Still, I suppose he doesn't notice the difference. I didn't myself until I began to live in a decent house.

They were glad to see each other, in an undemonstrative way.

"You're looking very well, sir," said Peter.

"I'm well enough. Well enough for any use that can be made of me," answered the colonel. "Sit down. How's your wife?"

"She's fine."

"Good. She's a delightful lady."

"She sent you her love," said Peter, wondering how that would go down.

His father surprised him. He made a little bow. "I am very appreciative of that. I dropped in to call on her one day before I went away."

PETER had almost forgotten that. He recalled that Emily had said so, casually. "Yes, so Emily said. I hope you liked our place."

"Very much."

"We're grateful for it. Emily needed a place for all her stuff, and the way things look now, I'm glad she's got it."

"That's what I wanted to talk to you about. This business of conscription. Have you made any plans?"

"Can't make any. You just have to wait and see whether it's red or black when the number comes up."

"Is Emily disturbed about it?"

"She's pretty cool. Emily doesn't take things too seriously."

"I see," said the colonel. "As I recall, Peter, you never wanted to be a soldier. I couldn't get you to go to West Point."

Peter laughed and stretched out his legs. "No. I didn't want to go. I remember I thought that soldiering was an obsolete business. I certainly was all wet on that."

"I could have told you so at the time," answered his father. "If you'd taken my advice you'd be an officer today."

Peter hoped the old argument wasn't going to be reopened and hashed over uselessly. He said, "Well, sir, I've learned a whole lot of things in the meantime. Some of them pretty useful."

"I concede that," said the colonel. "If I didn't concede it I wouldn't be making this suggestion to you."

What suggestion now? wondered Peter, and waited, for he knew that any attempt to hurry his father slowed him down.

"WHEN I was in Washington I had an opportunity to study the various departments of national defense," the colonel went on. "There is the Army, the Navy—both of these with many branches, both active and inactive. There is the department of aviation, in which you are not concerned."

"I like to fly," said Peter.

"Yes. But especially you are interested in chemistry."

"That's right."

"The Government recognizes research as a branch of defense too."

"The Government's right," said Peter. "You bet it is."

"We're agreed on that. That makes it simple. I have information that there will be an immediate effort to co-ordinate the various branches of chemical activity in this country which might be useful in defense or contribute to it." He paused for a moment. "I can get you into that," he said.

"I am in it," Peter said. "What do you think I'm doing all day?"

"I mean," repeated his father, "that I can get you into recognized defense work in your own line. The kind of organization which will be directly under the Government and from which you wouldn't be transferred. And if

you're going to do that, I'd like to have you do it before you register. Then there will be no question."

"What you're getting at is that I wouldn't be drafted off that job?"

The colonel looked stern. "I want you to get this clear," he said. "If your abilities didn't justify this I wouldn't lift a finger. But after a good deal of thought there seemed to be no reason against it. As you say, you don't like the Army."

"No," said Peter. "I never hankered after life in one of those Army posts, anyway. But thanks very much, father; I guess we'd better drop that idea. I'll just go along and see what happens in the lottery."

"It's not at all necessary," his father said rather sharply.

"It is to me," answered Peter. "I'm a chemist and all that. But the way this would work out would be to give me a soft, safe job at the wrong time. No—I can't see it. If my number comes up, I'll go."

"You'd be deferred, of course. You're married."

"Not me, on that account. Emily would be all right. She's got her house and her people. And I've got something saved." He laughed rather grimly, but there was a little adventurous note in his voice as he said: "I'm not sure I don't want to go and get in shape to get into this fight. Some of those fellows over there have done some things I personally don't like. I'm not going to rush out and volunteer. But if they say it's my turn I won't do any dodging."

The colonel got up stiffly and walked across the room. He walked back. He looked less old, less tired.

"Well," he said, with satisfaction that he couldn't disguise, "you seem to have done some thinking about all this. Your mind seems to be made up."

"Yes, sir."



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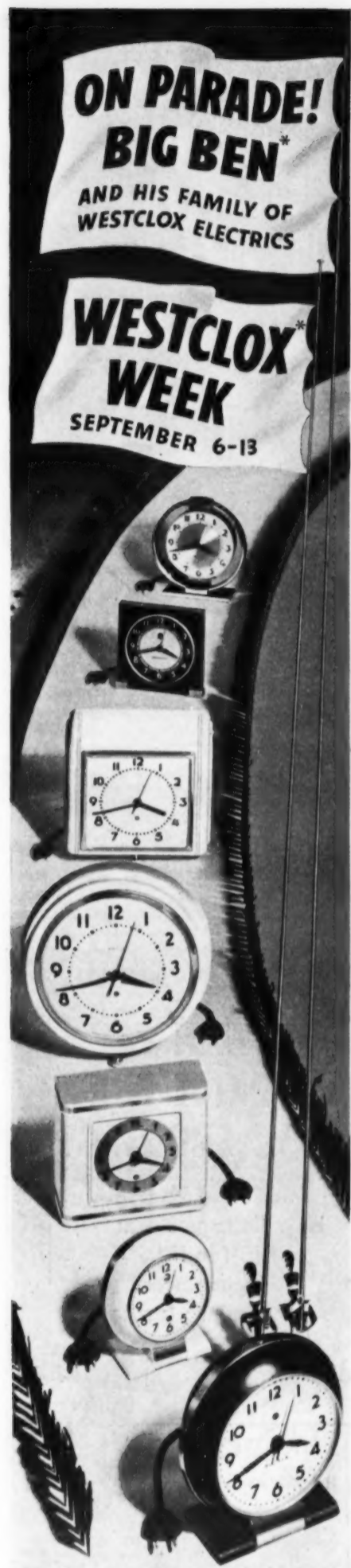
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"How does your wife feel about it?"
"Emily? Why, I don't know. We haven't talked about it."
"That's odd. That's odd."
"No. You don't know Emily. She's a lovely girl. She's a wonderful girl. But it's better not to bring this up until it's necessary. No use in worrying her."
"Maybe she is worrying."
"No. She's quite happy. I don't think she realizes how serious things are. I kind of like to keep her that way as long as it's possible."
"But suppose you had to go. You say you would."
"Well, it would be a jolt. But she wouldn't have to be thinking about it in advance."
"She'd be pretty lonely."
"Oh, I don't know. I'm not much to do without. And she's bound to have company."
"What do you mean? There's to be a child?"
"No. Not that."
"Might be a good thing," said his father.
"It didn't work out very well for my mother."

The room was silent.
"No, it didn't," said the colonel with a sadness that seemed very tired.
"That was a hard thing to say. I was only trying to remind you that it can be tough for a woman. And for the kids. And mother died—no, I couldn't put Emily up against that. Not against that chance. Emily's the most living thing in the world. But you've got to take care of her. You can't talk to her about these things, about what's going on in the world. She doesn't get it."

The colonel opened his mouth and shut it again. He remembered a promise he'd been asked to make.
"Of course I'd like Emily to have a child. But she'd have to be persuaded into it, seen through it. Look at the way it worked out for you. I don't mean to be cruel, but one child died and the other scrambled up. And mother herself —"

"But she wanted them," said the colonel, and his proud voice held no regret. He crossed the room and put his hand on his son's shoulder. "I'm glad you answered me tonight as you did, Peter. I'm proud of you. The other solution was honorable enough. But this is better. You're not just a chemist. You're a citizen. And I'm glad to know you're not afraid. I never thought that was what kept you out of the Army."

"No, I just thought the Army was a lot of baloney," said Peter.
"And when you go home, talk it over with Emily."
"I don't know," said Peter. "I might at that."

HE WASN'T sure that he would, but after his talk with his father it seemed much more possible. All the way home he thought of things to say to her, ways to explain, ideas that he wanted her to know about. It was a disappointment to see a car parked outside the house and realize that he wasn't going to have her alone at once. He went in to see who was calling.

If she hadn't looked so pretty it wouldn't have been so bad. If she hadn't looked so utterly desirable and that professor fellow so obviously worked up, he wouldn't have gone off the handle. *I haven't been gone from the house an hour and a half and she has to call this bird in,* Peter said to himself bitterly. *And both of them look as if I were interrupting. I suppose I am.*

"Hello, how are you," he said civilly enough to Evans Jones, and shook hands. To Emily he said, "I just stopped in to tell you I might be a little late."

"You're going out again!"
"Yes, I have a date. You don't mind, do you? I'll see you again, Jones."

Emily followed her husband to the door. "It's ten o'clock. Where are you going?"
"That's all right. It's a late party."
"At Clare's?"

"Yes," he said, "I'm dropping in there for a while. Now you know."
"Please," she said, "why do you?"

The disappointment stung him. Why did he? "Because I want to. Because I want to

get out of here, for one thing," he told her brutally, and left the house.

V

EMILY woke and reached out for the thought which had dropped from her exhausted mind. It was right there. She didn't need to search for it this morning. This couldn't go on, this marriage which mocked at love. No, it was a love that mocked at marriage.

He had come back to her that night. At least he had tried. He had made the gesture, gone through the motions of return. But it was no use. Even when they forgave each other, even when he took her in his arms, she was so lonely that she guessed how he must feel. She could hear him breathe and she didn't stir because she didn't want to wake him. He must be very tired and he'd wake to a sense of things gone wrong, of a burden. She herself was the burden.

Lying there, she thought of how it ought to be with two people who were married like this, how free and sweet and full of confidence. They'd pretended it was that way but it never had been true. From the very start she'd been pretending, from the time her mother had told her how to act and she had tried to make him love her. She'd done it by pretense, by temptation, by not being quite herself, not all of herself. And what he loved was that least part of her, and she had let him marry her, knowing that.

But of course she couldn't keep him in love with her. He was already tired of her. He knew in his heart, without admitting it, that he'd made a mistake or he never would have turned so quickly—with relief—to someone else.

I wonder if she would make him happy, thought Emily. I don't like her. But still, if he can talk to her, if he likes her, if she brings out in him the things I can't, it doesn't matter how I feel about her. I think she's fake but she can't be more fake than I am.

He'd been a desolate little boy and now he was a desolate man. War was closing in on him and he hated war. He didn't want to go. It would be just his luck to be drafted first—soon—and that would be the end.

I ought to let him go now. I ought to get out of his way, she told herself. But he wouldn't agree to that. He'd think he had a duty. That was what had brought him back this time. And there was the house, holding them both. If I could get rid of the place, if I could get a job, if I could show him that he fell in love by mistake, with someone that he didn't really know and wouldn't have loved if he did know her, we'd be back where we were in the beginning. No, I wouldn't want to be. I couldn't give up all I've had. There have been times when it's been truth, for me at least.

She could feel the tears begin to sting her eyes again. She brushed them off. *All I do is pity myself,* she thought, *instead of going to work and being honest.*

Peter was sleeping lightly, for he stirred even at that gesture. Emily slipped quickly out of her bed and went into the house. She didn't want to be there when he awoke. It would be easier at breakfast, and there mustn't be any more awakenings like this. There was so little time. *It's already the twentieth of September,* she thought.

It was the twenty-fifth of September very soon, and on that day in his laboratory Peter Rhodes was beginning to think of going home. He wanted to go and yet he didn't. In late afternoon it was always like this. Perhaps he'd stop in and see Clare and let her smooth out his mood. She was good at that.

"There's a letter for you, Mr. Rhodes, just came by messenger."

"Thanks," he said; "let me have it."

He looked at the envelope and turned it over. This was funny. What was Emily sending to the office? It was her writing. He took it back to his desk and opened it and, as he read, the whole pattern of life changed. It wasn't possible. This couldn't be. They hadn't been happy lately. But this—this was loss. She didn't mean this stuff. She couldn't. She wouldn't put the house on the market like that. She hadn't gone.

"You leaving now, Mr. Rhodes?"
There was no answer. Peter had already gone.



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Their house was empty. It was the emptiest house he had ever been in, though every piece of furniture was there. Emily had written him that she thought it should be rented furnished, and that the agent already knew of someone who wanted a year's lease; that she could live on that. It was queer that she had suddenly become so definite and practical, so able to manage. Or was somebody else back of this?

It's just a joke, he thought, wandering through the rooms where the furniture was covered with sheets. *It's a threat, to make me see that if I don't make her happier she really will go.*

The place was ghastly without her. All he could think of was how happy they'd been. Here. There. He slammed the door as he left the house again. He wondered if she was at her mother's. He wanted to see her again, no matter what.

Mrs. Lenox was aghast. She refused to believe it. "But this is some kind of joke," she protested. "Emily wouldn't do that. Why should she? Emily's so happy."

"Yes, she must have been," said Peter bitterly. "Then she didn't talk this over with you either?"

"Why, no—she never said a word. Peter," said Mrs. Lenox, getting very much calmer, "I'm sure it's just a prank. Or it might be—possibly—a little touch of hysteria due to— Is Emily quite well?"

"Yes," answered Peter, "quite well."

"Then I wonder if Anne Morland has anything to do with this."

"Why should she? What's Anne got to do with it?"

"She's been jealous—I'm sure she's been jealous—and she's had a great deal of influence over Emily."

"I'll go to see her."

"We must find Emily."

You say she's left the house?"

"Left it flat. She's put it on the market."

"But not her lovely things?"

"Things and all."

"But you must prevent that. You must stop it. I'll go over to the house myself. I'll take charge."

Peter looked at her. "No," he said, "it's Emily's house. If she doesn't want to live in it she can do what she wants with it."

"But where is she?"

"I'll try to find out," said Peter. "I'll try to find out if she's safe, anyhow."

He had the good luck to find Anne still at her office, for she was working late. She was very much surprised to see him. "Hello, Peter," she said. "I'm glad to see you. Is Emily here too?"

"That's what I want to know."

"Why, what's happened?"

"You're not kidding me? You don't know where she is?"

"I haven't seen her in weeks."

"Well," said Peter, "you may as well know. She walked out on me."

"Oh," was all Anne said.

"You don't seem much surprised."

"Oh, Peter, I'm so sorry. But I don't believe I am surprised."

"Why not?"

She looked at him with pity and friendliness. She liked Peter.

"Well, tell me," he insisted.

"She wasn't very happy," said Anne.

"Her mother says she was."

"Her mother wanted to believe that. What do you think?"

"I DON'T know," he said miserably, pacing the floor. "I don't know. I thought she was. I did my best. I thought she loved me too."

"She loved you more than I ever saw anybody love a man," said Anne, "but she was putting up an awful bluff too. She wasn't being herself. I knew it couldn't last like that. Emily's far too honest."

"Why wasn't she being herself? How do you know?"

"I lived with her for four years in college," said Anne. "Emily's not just a little

flirt. She's clever. She's one of the most competent people I ever have known. Why, I used to rely on her like the Rock of Gibraltar. And she has a good mind. But that night at your house you made fun of her when she tried to get into the conversation. You acted as if she were a complete fool."

"Not a fool. I didn't think that. But Anne—if it's true—I never saw that side of Emily."

"I know you didn't," Anne told him flatly. "Her mother warned her not to show it to you. She said it would scare you off, that men didn't want to marry girls with brains. And you see Emily wanted you. Very much."

"THIS is all crazy," he said impatiently. "She wouldn't do a thing like that. She couldn't."

"Emily could do pretty nearly anything she wanted to. She's got persistence and skill and self-control. And beauty, you know. And charm." There was bitterness in the last words, but no malice. Anne thought for a minute and then said, as if it were dragged out of her, "I wonder if Evans Jones knows anything about it."

"If he does I'll break his neck," threatened Peter.

"It wouldn't do you any good. Besides, there'd be no reason for it. He's shy and she's decent. They'll wait for a divorce. But I know that she's been attending his seminar. He's been seeing her when he could. And thinking about her all the rest of the time."

"Where do I reach him?" inquired Peter. "You might call him up." She gave him the number of Evans' phone.

The cultivated voice of the professor was reticent. He seemed reluctant to divulge any information. But he did not deny that he had some.

"I'll be out there in ten minutes. I want to see you, Jones."

"I'm very sorry," said Evans Jones, "but I shan't be able to see you tonight. I have several students coming in for conference."

"I can't help that. I want to know about my wife. If you won't tell me I'll find a way to make you!"

"I will tell you. She didn't ask me not to do so. Your wife has applied for one of the research assistantships in the department of political science, and she's been well recommended."

"And where is she?"

"I can't help you on that point. I understand she will live in one of the dormitories. Perhaps if you call the resident dean in the morning you can get the information."

"You see, he's a strong character too," said Anne a trifle mockingly, as Peter hung up and ground his teeth. "Peter, give it a chance to cool. Emily may have figured out what will make her happy. She's really a student, you know, and she's awfully interested in what's going on in the world."

"Well, so am I," said Peter.

But he knew Anne was right. There was nothing that he could do now except make scenes, and all of a sudden, now that he knew she was safe, he was tired. Tired and bitter. He left Anne, with a few words of thanks, but he didn't know where to go. Not back to the house, of which he still had the key.

He stood for a few minutes before the building where Clare Austin was living. She'd be up there, for he'd called to find out. She'd be beautiful and smooth and soft to the touch and respondent to the mood, and she'd give him a couple of drinks and then he'd feel better.

It was nine o'clock. He had spent several hours on Emily's trail. There was a night ahead. Every night for months, now, she'd been there in the same house with him. And he'd never known what was going on in her head. But she had been there. No matter what Anne might say or think, he knew better than Anne did how Emily had felt. She

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hadn't been unhappy always, no matter what they said. They'd been happy. What was he doing here? He didn't want to see Clare Austin.

The old house of his father's seemed drearier than ever when he opened the door. But it was better than a hotel and the colonel wouldn't mind. He'd make some excuse.

"Hello, sir."

"Well," said the colonel, "glad to see you."

"I was wondering if you could put me up for the night."

"Why, of course. I'll call Mrs. Field and have her fix your room up. Nothing wrong at your house, I hope?"

"No. But Emily's not home and the place is closed up for a bit."

"Is she going to be away long?" the colonel asked.

"Not long—I don't know." He felt his bluff fail completely.

The astonishing thing was that his father showed no surprise. "Sit down," he said. "You've probably had no supper. Mrs. Field can fix a sandwich."

Much later, out of a mutual and rather sad quiet, the colonel spoke. "About Emily. If you'll excuse my saying so, I think you were wrong about not talking to her more freely about everything. She's a very intelligent girl. Charming hostess too. Very well, I'll not talk about it."

VI

EMILY looked up from her work. She had a tiny cubicle of a room in the library where she and her books were cut off from everything else, and the best hours had been when she could lose herself in them. She had been able to do it. Now and then. But when she was interrupted it took time to get back again. She had to watch herself, for all sorts of unexpected things hurt: the sight of a boy and a girl together; the inquiry as to whether she was "Miss Rhodes" or "Mrs. Rhodes." She wondered who was tapping at the door and hoped it wasn't Evans. She wanted to be nice to him. He'd been so good. But when he tried to come closer, to make love to her, that seemed to hurt more than anything. For the words had no meaning when he said them. But what she needed, she told herself, was to go right through with it—divorce, remarriage, new husband. Otherwise she'd always live with ghosts.

"Come in," she said, not very cordially. But at the sight of her visitor she stood up. "Why, Colonel Rhodes—I'm glad to see you."

"I'm glad to see you," he replied. "I wanted a look for myself. I've heard sad stories of you from your mother. They don't seem too accurate."

"I've given her such a bad time, and I am sorry."

"Don't be sorry," he told her. "It's your life. You must use your judgment. May I sit down?"

"Oh, please do."

He looked at her and waited.

"Peter's all right?" she asked.

"Oh, yes."

"He got quite a low number. I saw it in the paper."

"Yes. He'll be one of the first to be called for service."

"But they'll exempt him."

"I don't know why they should. He's got no one dependent on him."

"Because of his work."

"His work can get along without him for a while."

"Oh, dear," she said, "he'll hate being a soldier. Can't you get him off?"

"I could. I offered to a while ago. Before he was registered. He wouldn't accept a good job in his own line under Government auspices."

"Why? Why on earth?"

"He thought he ought to do what the rest did. He seemed to think there was something a man ought to fight for."

"He never said that to me."

"No. I know he didn't. He wanted to keep you happy. He didn't want to worry you."

"You're not telling me this just to make me believe —"

"I want you to have the facts," said the colonel, "that's all."

Emily said, "He hasn't called me, written me or tried to get in touch with me since that first time."

"He won't again," said the colonel. "He thinks that you don't want him."

"He's probably stopped caring."

"He never will."

She stood up with sudden eagerness. "Thank you," she said, "thank you for coming and giving me all the facts—father. You gave me a house once to live in. But you're giving me Peter now, and that's much better. Peter—to live with anywhere, anyhow. Where can I find him?"

"Where shall we stop?" asked Peter.

"Oh, anywhere. Let's not drive too long."

"There's a town ahead but it doesn't look like much."

"It's all right. We've only got a few days together, Peter."

"I know. Snap on that radio and let's hear what's going on."

A voice came through: "— and continued bombardment went on through the night. In our own capital the strengthening of the national-defense movement is apparent."

"That's because I'll soon be in," said Peter.

"There's nothing else that the United States can do," said Emily, "until we get control of both oceans."

"Don't talk so much," he told her. "What do you know about oceans? And come a little closer. Like a lady."

"What do you know about ladies?"

"I know plenty. I know they are very delightful. And extremely intelligent. And they love men, but just one apiece."

"That depends on the men."

"And they have children."

"I've heard that too," said Emily. "Oh, Peter, I'm so happy!"

(THE END)

FACING FORTY

(Continued from Page 102)

Do you have plans?

Yes, indeed. We want to travel, to get in our car and drive to some of the wonderful places we have heard about. There will be time to read more, too, and to go on excursions looking for more antique glass to add to our collection. We like to do that and my husband never "heckles" me when I want to spend a whole day wandering from antique shop to antique shop.

At forty, do you think one should give as much time to grooming as at twenty?

Twice as much, for there is twice as much to do. I have regular weekly appointments with the hairdresser and manicurist. And just now my husband and I are both going on a new diet, for we realize we are acquiring too many middle-age curves. Now that I am doing my own work, I get more exercise and don't gain so easily. Incidentally, I sleep better, too, which is another good mark for housework.

Do you take any special care of your hands?

Yes, I use good soaps for everything, and I keep hand lotion on my kitchen shelf as well as in the bathroom, and never fail to use it after having my hands in water.

Is your husband interested in your clothes?

He is. And I am interested in his too. We usually accompany each other on our shopping expeditions, and try to buy clothes the other one likes. After all, there is no one we care so much about pleasing as each other!



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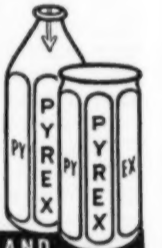
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Baby eczema, like other disorders, should be treated for causes rather than for symptoms.

Baby Eczema

By Dr. Herman N. Bundesen
President, Chicago Board of Health

COMMON baby eczema is one of those troubles that look much worse than they really are. Even so, it is a distressing condition for the baby—with its itching, scratching and loss of sleep. Then, too, it tries the mother's strength and patience.

There are certain facts, however, about eczema in infants which should relieve the mother's worry about the persistence of the disease. For instance, it is almost certain that the baby will be entirely

cured of the disease before he is two years old. And the mother can also be sure that the trouble will clear up without leaving any disfiguring scars.

It should give a mother some satisfaction to know that the baby who has eczema is healthy otherwise. He is perfect inside and just a little irritated outside. If the advice of the doctor is closely followed, there is no danger of infection or blood poisoning. Fortunately, eczema is not contagious.

Eczema is the name of a number of troubles which cause skin inflammation. Some forms of the disease are produced by mold infections similar to ringworm. Occasionally we see a child with eczema caused by the use of a certain kind of soap, or which is due to a cosmetic used by the mother and to which the child is sensitive.

THE most common form of eczema in babies, however, is the type caused by sensitivity to some substance breathed in, or taken as a food. This hypersensitivity seems to run in families. When the doctor studies the case of a baby with eczema, he may ask whether or not any members of the family (parents, aunts, uncles, grandparents) are known to be allergic, or sensitive, to any substance. If the baby is breast-fed, the doctor will want to know what foods the mother eats. He will probably inquire about the kind of pillows and mattress being used by the baby, and whether or not the family has a pet. Any of the things mentioned may be the cause of the eczema.

Often a baby develops eczema just after he is weaned, when he begins to take cow's milk. Cow's milk is a frequent cause of baby eczema, although milk boiled for a long period (two hours) may give no trouble. Evaporated milk, therefore, is often substituted for cow's milk. Goat's milk and milk substitutes made

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DOG MEDICINES

of soybeans are often used for babies who are sensitive to milk.

Wheat and wheat products, as well as other cereals, are often guilty of causing a baby's eczema. It is easy to substitute nonsensitive foods for these substances.

Egg is another common cause of eczema. The doctor will tell the mother to omit egg, as well as other suspected foods, from the baby's diet in order to find out to what food or foods the baby is sensitive. Milk, wheat and egg are the chief offenders, particularly in young children. But, of course, as the diet becomes varied, other foods and substances may be the cause of the eczema.

To find the cause of the eczema, the doctor may make certain tests. The one commonly used is the scratch test. Preparations are made from suspected foods, or any suspected material or substance, and scratched below the skin. If the child is sensitive to this substance, a swelling or wheal will result. Up to one year of age, the preparations are applied by the patch test. Instead of scratching the skin, the suspected substance is put on the skin and covered with linen and adhesive tape. Within forty-eight hours, itching and inflammation will develop if the infant is sensitive to the substance being tested. The patch test is not effective in a child over one year of age as an aid in determining what causes baby eczema.

The fact that baby eczema often runs in families can be used to advantage by the expectant mother to help keep her baby from getting eczema. If there is a history of allergy or sensitivity in her own or her husband's family, the wise mother will take certain precautions. These may not always work, but they do work very well in many instances. The mattress and pillows used by the baby should be carefully sealed with a rubberized-cloth covering. Linen and cotton should be used next to the child's skin. Neither wool nor silk should be used, because babies who are allergic are often sensitive to the proteins in wool and silk. The baby's room should be kept as free as possible of things which collect dust.

FROM what we know about the sensitivity of infants to cow's milk, it is especially important that the baby who has an allergic inheritance be breast-fed. When such a baby is ready for milk formulas, evaporated milk should be used;

or it may be necessary to use some milk substitute, such as some apparently successful soybean preparations, which the doctor may recommend.

Wheat should be avoided in any cereal feeding. Trials should be made with other cereals, substitutes for wheat, such as corn, rice or tapioca, which may be found to give no undesirable reaction.

It must be kept in mind that a baby born of parents who have a history of allergy has a very sensitive skin. For that reason, he must not be cleansed with soap, although a bland soap is sometimes used to remove oil and crusts from the scalp. The doctor will suggest a soap substitute to be used in giving the baby his bath.

EXTREME care must be used in washing all clothing and bed linen used by the baby. They must be thoroughly and repeatedly rinsed so that no trace of soap remains in them. It is especially important that baby's diapers not only be free from soap, but that they be soft and loose.

Baby eczema, like other disorders, should be treated for its causes rather than its symptoms. Yet by treatment of the skin inflammation, much can be done to make the condition an easier one for the baby. The face and scalp are most commonly affected. The doctor will suggest an oil for softening the crusts so that they can be removed. He will also suggest certain types of ointments which contain sulphur or mercury or tar. Sometimes just plain tar is painted over the inflammation.

Parents should not become discouraged because of the slow improvement in the child with eczema. Without the local treatment the doctor suggests, the condition would be much worse for the child. By co-operating fully with the doctor, baby eczema can almost always be a much less severe disorder than it would be otherwise. The doctor has various means at his disposal for studying and treating the condition: elimination of suspected foods or materials or substances coming in contact with the baby; tests to find out what things may be possible offenders; and well-tryed and satisfactory forms of application to the skin to relieve the itching and inflammation. Finally, it is always well to remember that baby, mother and dad will probably all be relieved before baby reaches the two-year mark.



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MARRIAGE IS A PRIVATE AFFAIR

(Continued from Page 29)

But I saw he didn't. He thought I was just trying to cover his father up. Tom, Senior, the most honest man that ever lived."

"Oh," Phoebe said. She put her hands out to the table's edge. Her mind was beginning to understand what Mrs. West had found out, and what it could mean to Tom. *So he's had this too*, she thought.

Mrs. West was going on. "But that's not the worst," she said. "Something else Tom said was the worst. Tom said, 'Why do you want to make such a self-sacrificing hero out of father?' He said, 'Father got playgrounds for the city, sure he did, but he had a good time out of being looked up to as a great public servant. Father was only doing what he liked doing, helping himself to some glory. I know because I've found that out about myself.' Phoebe, that's what he said, what Tom said." She blinked as if to clear her eyes of some obstruction. "Now that's not Tom. Not our Tom."

PHOEBE looked at the green leaves of lettuce on her plate. "No," she said. "No, it's not."

Mrs. West picked up her fork and cut a piece of chicken and put it down without eating it. "If you knew the tremendous cases Tom, Senior, refused to take because they meant too much of his time, too —" She stopped. "There's no use going into all that," she said as if she dismissed it with an effort. "I don't care about most people. Let them think what they want to think. But I was brought up to believe, and I brought Tom up to believe, that the finest thing a human being can do is think of others before he thinks of himself. And now Tom calls that 'helping himself to some glory.' It's not real, it's not true to call it that. How did people come to think that about the good life, Phoebe? How did they?"

"Well, they—they —" Phoebe said, flushing slowly, trying to find a way to explain complexities to a mind and heart too simple to grasp them. "It's a sort of general feeling—perhaps the psychologists started it—a general feeling that when a man, when a person lives a wonderful life helping others it's because he gets attention and pleasure out of it, because he'd rather do things that way and be known as a good man than not be known at all."

"Phoebe," Mrs. West said, "what do these psychologists —" She stopped and began again. "Phoebe, if people don't believe it's finer to be generous than it is to be ruthless, what's the use of anybody being generous at all?"

"I—I don't know, Mrs. West. But the other—sometimes the other does lead to a kind of martyrdom that's—that isn't healthy."

"MARTYRDOM?" Mrs. West said. Her eyes were baffled but dogged still. "I don't know," she said at last. "Maybe I'm too old to understand. My father taught me to believe there isn't anything better than mud in human beings except that one thing: that they do get joy out of sacrifice. He believed it, and his father believed it, and his father's father." She looked up and her blue old eyes sought for strength. "And now Tom doesn't believe it, he doesn't believe a good man's any better than a bad one. Phoebe, how can Tom, how can anybody want to live and work for a world like that?"

Phoebe looked down at her lap. Without seeing them, she knew the blue old eyes, stricken and frightened for a worshiped son, were holding to her face for a comfort and a strength she did not know

how to give. She swallowed. Then, "Tom will come through," she said strongly; but the strength was only in her voice.

XXXIII

ALL the long walk home Phoebe saw the blue old eyes, bereft for the first time of courage and of hope. She did not want to be dramatic about Mrs. West, she was too tired, worn and bare to want to be dramatic about anything any more. But her mind was clear and in its way relentless. *Before he found out about Lang, Tom would have laughed at any such story about his father*, it said; *and now he can't laugh, he believes it. So Mrs. West must pay for my act too. How wide will the circle spread?* She walked on, and the effort to hold her head high and her body proud grew more and more difficult. At last she realized that this was not solely emotional tiredness but a physical tiredness too. She thought *It's too hot. I should have taken a taxi, I shouldn't have walked.* But she was in a side street now, far from any taxi's beat, and she walked on because it seemed less effort than to go out of her way for a cab.

When she reached the gray stone steps of home she forced herself up them, and once inside the house she leaned for a moment against the front door, gathering strength for the stairway. But when she moved toward it she was stopped by Sissy's voice from the sitting room:

"Phoebe, what are you sneaking in for? Have you just robbed a bank?"

Phoebe went and stood in the door. "Hello, Sissy," she said.

Sissy's creamy little face changed. "There is something wrong, Phoebe." She got up quickly and came over and caught one of Phoebe's hands. "Is there anything I can do? Tell me, please."

"Heavens, nothing," Phoebe said. She pulled her hat off and smiled. "There's nothing wrong except it's so hot out and I walked too far."

"Oh," Sissy said, looking relieved. "All the same, you'd better sit down."

"Yes, I will." Phoebe made her way over to the old white chair and dropped into it.

Sissy moved competently. "I'm going to be the perfect guest and go home. And when I go you're to march yourself upstairs to bed." She caught up her hat and put it on in front of the mirror. "I'll be quick about what I came for," Sissy said. "Ted and I went to a League for Democratic Processes meeting last night. It was really exciting, Phoebe. Everybody was so worked up, and when it was over Andrew Fisher asked me to speak to you about joining. The idea behind it is to make Europe see there's an articulate body of public opinion in this country against Hitler, and of course that's terribly important. It's two dollars, which isn't very much when you think how every one of us needs to work to keep democracy going now."

"I—I don't think I want to join, thank you," Phoebe said.

Sissy's brows quirked up. "Why in the world not?"

"I haven't time," Phoebe said, looking down at the floor.

"Time?" Sissy said. "Darling, a few evening meetings is all it would be."

Phoebe said, "Still, I—I —" She touched the hat that was still in her hand. "I suppose I mean I don't really think clubs and leagues and things like that get much done. I suppose, Sissy, I've come to think they're just a lot of talk."

"Phoebe West! They certainly can't do anything if people don't join them,



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but if enough people join them they can do worlds."

"Tom," Phoebe heard herself say doggedly, "Tom has done more all by himself to make democracy work than all the clubs and leagues and committees in the city. And he's never talked about democracy. Perhaps if we slaved at some more of our problems the way Tom's slaved at housing, we wouldn't have to worry about democracy working—perhaps it just would work."

Sissy picked up her gloves. "That may possibly be true," she said. "But we can't all build houses, and for those of us who can't, who only —" She lifted a querying face. "The leagues are something," she said. "Aren't they?"

"Oh, yes; yes, they are, Sissy, they —"

"And you don't build houses, so why don't you join?"

Phoebe put her hands down the sides of the chair. "Because—because I want to stay home."

Sissy peered at her blankly. "Phoebe, darling, what's happened to you? Are you turning Victorian on us?"

"No," Phoebe said quickly, "it isn't Victorian. I just don't want to get tied up in things outside of home again. Not for a long time."

"Oh, I see," Sissy said, turning back to the mirror, and Phoebe realized suddenly that what she had just said was tactless and cruel.

"I didn't mean what that sounded like, Sissy," she said in confusion. "I didn't mean anything to do with you. All I meant was that I can do more, I think, by being first a wife and mother than I can by—by trying to be something else."

She could see Sissy's big eyes, attentive in the mirror, and from sudden passionate need she could not fathom she wanted terribly to make them see, make them understand. "I mean, a long time ago someone tried to tell me—and I didn't believe it, but I do now—that this time of life we're coming to, the family time, is the big time, the tremendous time, and people like me who—who try in one way or another to hold ourselves away from it, whether it's because we want to stay young or because we want to be self-reliant and have interests and little careers and jobs and things to hang on to—all of us who do that, Sissy, I think now we're making a mistake. I don't mean an artist like you, I mean just plain everyday women like me who—who —" Her voice faltered. "Do you understand, or—or have I made it sound like something else?"

"Why, yes," Sissy said, "I understand, only"—she turned and smiled in an odd way into Phoebe's eyes—"only I'm afraid it doesn't move me much. I've never been the domestic type. So I can't imagine anyone else wanting to be."

"AND I never have been either," Phoebe said quickly. "Only now when I'm getting middle-aged, when —"

"Phoebe," Sissy said a little sharply, "do you have to use that phrase? Can't you say 'adult' or 'mature' or something pleasant like that?"

"But I don't mean those words," Phoebe said, putting her hands behind her. "I—I don't like them, I don't think they're real. It's middle age I like; I like what I've come to think it means. I want it more than anything I've ever wanted in my life. I want to bear Tom's children and bring them up and work for them and for Tom and make a family. That's what I want," she ended passionately, and silence came. It was a long silence.

"Phoebe," Sissy said gently at last, "do you realize that if I didn't love you

very much I'd be laughing at you now? And that I'd go out and tell all this as a funny story, a scream?"

"But you won't," Phoebe said. "And even if you did I—I wouldn't mind."

"Then go and take a rest, darling," Sissy said. "You look as if you had a fever and you're talking like something out of the Dark Ages."

"But I don't think it's the Dark Ages. I think it's the future, I think —"

"You go upstairs and lie down for an hour." And she led Phoebe to the foot of the stairs and pushed her up the first one.

"Go on, darling," she said. "Good-by."

"Good-by, Sissy," Phoebe said.

By the time she reached the second floor she felt queerly that Sissy had meant this good-by as a real one, in every but the physical sense. It did not seem to matter, at any rate not now, perhaps because the tiredness had come back. She went into the bedroom and lay down on her bed. In a moment she reached out and pulled the yellow puff up over her, for she found that she was shivering in spite of the heat. *The children will be awake soon, she thought. I mustn't go to sleep.* But the heavy shivering tiredness was too much for her; her eyes closed and she was asleep.

XXXIV

PHOEBE felt strangely about the new baby. She wanted to be sure that there was to be one, and yet did not. Thus she put off day by day going to Doctor Bates until, after a week had passed, Tom said politely at dinner one evening:

"Have you found out about the baby yet?"

She answered quickly, "I'll try to get an appointment tomorrow."

So the next day she walked again under the familiar catalpa trees of Garth Road. The August sun lay heavy and hot on the pavement below, on the broad, dusty, green leaves above. As Phoebe walked she counted months and said to herself, *Late March or early April, probably. That's when it will be.* And perhaps because of the hope the mere thought of spring can bring, her heart lifted a little. *Perhaps by then things will be better with Tom and me. Perhaps.*

So as she sat in the waiting room, as she followed the nurse into Doctor Bates' office, as she smiled, talked, as she went into the examination room and once more came out, there was in her a first eagerness for the moment when Doctor Bates would say in his brusque comfortable way "Yes" or "No."

But when the moment came, and she was sitting beside his desk waiting, he said neither. He rubbed his reddish-brown moth-eaten mustache roughly and stared at her and said, "How long have you had that cough?"

"Since the beginning of summer. Doctor Bates, am I pregnant?"

"What started it?" he said.

Phoebe said, "I had a cold; it's the tag end of a cold. Doctor Bates, please tell me about the pregnancy."

"It's early, but I think you're pregnant," he said, and in a sudden completely unexpected welling up of happiness Phoebe sank back against the chair and closed her eyes. She sat there in the happiness and she could hear that Doctor Bates was going on but she did not have to pull herself from the happiness to listen; she knew that he would be saying again that it was early, of course, but still everything seemed to indicate a pregnancy. When she did open her eyes, she was smiling; and it surprised her that Doctor Bates was not. "— make an appointment for you this afternoon," he said. "Of course it probably isn't anything at all, but even a very slight lung condition isn't helped by a pregnancy.

Have you any preferences about doctors?" When she only stared at him he reached for the telephone and said into it: "Call up Doctor Rogerson and see if you can get an appointment right away for Mrs. West." He put down the receiver. "We might as well know straight off," he said, "because if we do decide it's more sensible to interrupt the pregnancy, the earlier we do it the better."

"Interrupt?" Phoebe said. "What are you talking about, what —"

"THERE'S no reason to worry. At worst a few months in a good climate. The lung men know their stuff."

"The who men?" Phoebe said. "The — the —"

The telephone rang and into it Doctor Bates said, "Yes. . . . All right, thanks." He put it back and said, "If you take a taxi down, Doctor Rogerson will see you between patients. Come back here when you get through, will you? I'll be here."

Out of the cold trembling that came upon her Phoebe said, "Doctor Bates, are you telling me that I have tuberculosis?"

"I'm only telling you I want to find out," he said. "I'm also telling you if you have it there's nothing to worry about. It responds to treatment when it's caught early. I'm not even sure you have a lung condition at all. So there isn't a chance anything will go wrong."

"I—I see," Phoebe said. The chill trembling inside her grew suddenly and terribly worse. "I'm—I'm to go now?" she said, and Doctor Bates said easily:

"Four twenty-five Armor Street. Might as well, then we'll know where we are."

She wrenched her eyes from his. She stood up. She said, "I'm to come back afterward?"

"Yes." "Thank you, Doctor Bates." Then she turned and walked out of the room and into the elevator and from the elevator out to the street. "Taxi," she said to a uniform and a taxi came. She was inside it. "Four twenty-five Armor Street," she said and the taxi moved.

I perhaps have tuberculosis, she said to herself in a whisper, and put her hand across her eyes. But then she had to open her eyes and fasten their gaze to the reassuring ticking meter, the round haircut on the back of the driver's neck, the blue snout and chromium trim of the sedan just passing. This was a little help, a little, but not enough; and swiftly her mind seized upon another and far better aid: Camille, it chattered, Camille; remember everyone laughs now at Camille. These things don't happen except in romantic plays, remember, remember!

SHE did remember, and she was still clinging hard to this assurance when she walked into a waiting room and a nurse asked her to come to the examining room, please. She took off her clothes and put on a white linen shift and lay obediently on a table and a door behind her opened and the doctor came in.

He was a big man with a big leathery face and pleasant eyes. "I've been talking to Doctor Bates," he said. "He thinks there may be a little condition we ought to check up on."

"Yes," Phoebe said. He did not move. "Do I look healthy to you?" he said.

"Oh, yes. Yes, you do." "I'm an ex-lunger," he said, "just remember that," and smiled.

Phoebe looked at his healthy face, his pleasant eyes. "I will remember it."

He did not seem to hurry, and yet it was quickly over. A careful listening to her breathing and to a requested cough;

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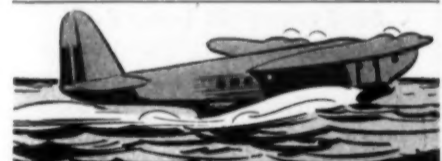
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a swift X ray; a temperature and blood count taken. Then he leaned on the table and looked down at her again. "I can guarantee it's nothing we can't fix," he said. "I can guarantee it."

Phoebe held onto the table's side. "You mean I have it?" she said.

"I mean," he said, still looking down at her, "that when the X ray's developed I think it will show a spot on the right lung. A spot we can clear up in a year," he said, and he said it so confidently that Phoebe's relief was a welling within her, a heavenly easing and welling. "Now," he said, "there can be no question of letting this pregnancy go through, of course."

"Of course," Phoebe said eagerly; "oh, yes, of course."

"We'll get Doctor Bates to attend to that. Then we'll pack you off to Trudeau and let them put you to bed. And inside of a year you'll be home again with nothing but a little reasonable caution necessary to keep you there. It's as simple as that. Now you trot back to Bates. I'll come around and see you at the hospital." He held out his hand and shook hers firmly, and left the room.

IN THE spell of his confidence Phoebe put on her clothes and left the building and found another taxi. "Ten Garth Road," she said, and got in and sat smiling confidently at the back of the driver's head. She sat there smiling, and twice coughed in the way that was so habitual to her now that she did not notice it. But after the second cough she suddenly, freezingly thought, *My lung, my right lung, the spot, the —* Her fingers caught at the smooth leather buttons in the seat, her whole body grew tight, defiant. At that instant inside her a question flung itself above the tumult of the fear: *Tom; what will happen to Tom because of this? Her breathing stopped. With me always beside him now, and disease latent in me so that even if he grew in the end beyond wanting to keep me he could never escape. Hungry for freedom from memory and hate and yet bound to me, roped — And if I died? If I died, a whole new life, a wife he can trust, a widening family, love instead of hate.* Her breathing began again, although queerly. There was a feeling inside her like sleep. Like a wall of sleep.

"Forty-five cents, please," the driver said.

She got out, paid him and walked into the building and the elevator. In Doctor Bates' rooms she had to wait only a moment; then she was following the nurse into his office.

"Well," he said, "I've talked to Doctor Rogerson. We think we'd better put a stop to this pregnancy just as a precaution. How about getting it over with tomorrow morning? Could you get to the hospital tonight?"

PHOEBE said slowly in a voice she did not recognize, "Doctor Bates, is a child born of a tubercular mother necessarily tubercular too?"

"Tubercular?" he said. "Oh, not at all. It isn't a question of the child, it's a question of the mother. The child may inherit some slight tendency toward weak lungs, but that can be watched. No," he said, "it's just a—well, a question of the mother, that's all."

"And," Phoebe said, speaking slowly, "if I were to have this child I would quite possibly never recover, but the child would be normal?"

"Yes," Doctor Bates said. His eyes were growing puzzled. "You understand there's no question of my permitting you to have this child."

Carefully Phoebe said, "That is, any tubercular patient who was pregnant you would, you would —"

"Abort," he said. "In plain English. Unless she were well along, say three or four months."

"And if she refused?"

Doctor Bates began to look very still. "I should refuse to take the case."

"But if she were several months along, you would take the case?"

"Yes," he said, watching her.

PHOEBE said, "I see." Then, carefully: "I see. Thank you, Doctor Bates. And since the next few days aren't convenient for me to go to the hospital, may I let you know when I —"

"Just a minute, Mrs. West. Just a minute. Are you planning to have this child?"

Phoebe's fingers closed on her bag. She made no answer.

"Perhaps you don't understand," he said, "that in your case it amounts to suicide. But it does. Doctor Rogerson found a moderately advanced —"

"I understand everything."

"Is it because you have scruples against abortion?"

"No." Silence.

Doctor Bates thrust his hands behind him and said, "Melodrama is something I don't like to get mixed up in, Mrs. West. I didn't expect it from you."

Phoebe said, "I'm sorry, Doctor Bates."

His squarish honest face was darkening to heavy red. "First you diet yourself down past resistance level," he said, "then you —" He stopped and stood up straight. "I'm not equipped to handle this kind of thing. I insist that anyone who is so eager to attract attention that she will pay for it with her life is in need of psychological help."

"I don't need a psychiatrist," Phoebe said. "Good-bye, Doctor Bates. I'm sorry to lose your good opinion."

"I shall get in touch with your husband at once, of course. Possibly he can deal with this matter."

"Oh," PHOEBE said, stopping dead. "Oh, I—I didn't think of that." She moved back and sat down at the desk. "Doctor Bates," she said, "I love my husband very deeply. I have smashed his life by being—by being the most miserable kind of creature. He was going to do great things; he had already done some. It was possible for him because he had faith, because —" She bent forward over the words, struggling harder. "But I ruined his faith and now —"

"Now you want to kill yourself because you're ashamed," Doctor Bates said briefly.

Phoebe said with great effort, "It's because every time he sees me he remembers, because every time—because I am destroying him."

"Why don't you divorce him, then?"

"Because he won't let me."

"All you want to do," Doctor Bates said between thin lips, "is get out of a tough situation and be a heroine at the same time. Well, you're no heroine to me."

"I don't want to be a heroine to you," Phoebe said. "I don't want to be anything except sure you won't tell Tom."

"You expect me, a doctor, not to try to prevent needless death? Of all the asinine —"

Phoebe made her last effort. "I expect you not to reveal the most important medical secret in your patient's life," she said. "That's what I expect of you as a doctor."

And now perhaps she had him, perhaps, perhaps; for he looked at her with rage and did not answer.

Phoebe pulled herself up. "You see, I have to trust you," she said. "Think

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anything you want of me as a person, only—only don't tell Tom." He still did not speak. She left the silent room.

XXXV

WHEN Tom came home that evening Phoebe was in the little sitting room. She said, "I've been to the doctor, Tom. We're having a child."

Tom reddened. "I'm glad to hear it. I hope you are."

"Yes," Phoebe said, and some instinct allowed her to meet this moment with naturalness. She made a face. "I'm happy. But I'm cross, too, because there's some kind of small internal oddness that means I have to spend the whole time in bed. Isn't that fiendish?"

Tom turned, tobacco pouch in hand, and stared at her. "What do you mean?"

Phoebe's hand brushed lint from her skirt. "Don't you remember how Norah Climes had to stay in bed for nine whole months? It's because something isn't hitched together exactly right or something, and they're afraid of a miscarriage. I think I'll get a million nightgowns and negligees," she said crossly, "and charge them all to Doctor Bates."

Tom stuck his hands in his pocket. "That makes me feel fine," he said, "perfectly dandy. Since it's my drunken fault you got pregnant at all. We'll have it stopped."

Phoebe did not move. "No, Tom. I want this child."

"At a price like that?" he said. "You didn't want the first two when they came easy. Why do you want this one?"

"I—I suppose because I've changed."

Silence, and she knew he was looking at her. After an instant, "Yes, you have," he said, and there was another silence into which she was unable to speak. It was Tom who broke it. "You've changed," he said, "and I hope I change too. I don't care for myself much these days." He turned on his heel and left the room. The rapid thuddings of his feet retreated up the carpeted stairs and were renewed, amid cries of welcome from the children, in the living room overhead.

The next morning Phoebe got up, dressed and, turning the children over to Ethel for the day, took a taxi to the library. Here she spent three hours with a pile of books, taking notes. These notes she sorted and from their contents made a list of regulations by which she must abide for the next eight months.

THE list finished, she went into a booth and telephoned to a school of practical nursing. To a cool voice she recited the bare fact of her bedridden pregnancy, and then said, "And since I'm to be with the nurse for nine months, I want particularly to interview her, to choose her myself. Could you have several nurses at your office for me to see in an hour?" The cool voice demurred in a shocked tone. "Please," Phoebe said, "please. It means a very great deal to me." At last the voice, chilly and disturbed, agreed.

Phoebe hung up. She found that she was tired but she pointed out to herself, with justice, that she had been tired for weeks; and descending the wide steps of the library, she took another taxi to the nearest department store. She bought sheets, blankets, towels and pillow slips which it would be impossible for Ethel to confuse with any of the others at home; and then came out and rode in a very ancient, rattly taxi to the nursing school.

The office was small, darkish; at one side a woman in a white uniform sat behind a desk; on the other side, in a row on a large sofa, sat four other women in street clothes. The woman behind the desk said, "Mrs. West?"

"Yes," Phoebe said. "Are these —"

"Yes," the woman said. "I'm afraid you'll have to talk with them here. We have no facilities for interviews."

Phoebe said, "I see," and then, turning, looked at the faces at the other side of the room. An elderly, gray-haired woman on whose face was a motherly smile; an angular, bony woman of thirty with sandy hair, a long nose dominating a short homely face; a well-dressed merry girl in blue; an undistinguished brunette—these were the four. And from these to choose instantly the single one whom one could trust, from these to pick — Phoebe's arm tightened on her purse, she crossed the room and to the long-nosed, sandy-haired one said, "I should like to have you, if you'll come."

The girl rose. "My name's Miss Herty. I have to get my suitcase first."

"Fourteen Ross Square," Phoebe said. "Please come as soon as you can."

She was too tired to think in the taxi, too tired when she arrived home to put any dramatic construction on the simple act of going to bed. She went into the guest room, pulled the blinds, put on the nightgown which she had left on the bed on her way out in the morning and crawled—with such indescribable weariness!—into the depths of the bed.

WHEN she woke the nurse was sitting in the chair, in a pink uniform with a white cap and apron, reading. Phoebe closed her eyes again and lay motionless, gathering strength for the long speech she must make. Then she opened them. "I'm glad you're here, Miss Herty."

Miss Herty rose and came and stood by the bed, taking Phoebe's wrist between her bony fingers. "Your pulse was fast when I came," she said.

"I must say something to you before anything," Phoebe said. "Miss Herty, I picked you because it seemed to me you looked as if you might not make a fuss, as if I could trust you. Will you listen very carefully to what I say, because I'm still tired and if you will listen then it will all be over with, you will know."

Miss Herty took out her watch and went on holding Phoebe's wrist. "Go ahead," she said.

"I have a small spot on my right lung, Miss Herty. The doctor doesn't approve of my having this child; he wanted to perform an abortion. I desperately want the child. I realize I'm taking a slight chance of—of perhaps not getting well, but I want the child. Above everything, my husband mustn't ever know that I have tu—that there is a spot on my lung; he must not know. No one but you and I must know, no one. I have to have a nurse because I have to stay in bed and the children have to be kept away from me. I can't go to the doctor for four months because up to that time he will refuse to take the case unless I let him take the child." She paused a moment, carefully, for breath. "I realize the chances perfectly, Miss Herty," she said, "but no one must know, no one. You know what my husband would want if he knew—you can guess. So I have only you that I can trust. I wouldn't have told you if I didn't know that, being with me all the time, there are certain precautions you must take."

"I KIND of thought you had a lung condition," Miss Herty said. She dropped Phoebe's wrist and put her watch away. "You coughed while you were asleep, and your coloring's high."

Phoebe looked at her. "And will you stay, will you help me?"

Miss Herty straightened a fold of the sheet. "Now you've told me, I shouldn't do it," she said. "I'll be liable to the doctor if anything happens to you; he can keep me from ever getting another case."



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But it just happens," she said, lifting Phoebe forward and plumping grimly at her pillow, "it just so happens I don't hold with going against the will of God. So I'll stay," she said, letting Phoebe down into the bed again, "and I'll pretend like you never told me a word."

"Oh, bless you, Miss Herty." Miss Herty drew a thermometer case from her pocket. "Let's see what kind of temperature you're running."

Phoebe's tongue curled over the cool tube, she lay gratefully resting. Miss Herty went into the bathroom, leaving the door ajar, and Phoebe could see her arranging towels. In a moment she came out and took the thermometer and disappeared.

The room was very quiet. Phoebe gazed at the delicate lime-green walls and yellow curtains. *It's going to be so long*, she thought, and began to tremble. *No, it's not going to be long, it's going to end now. I'm going to put an end to this craziness, telephone the doctor. I don't want to die and leave Tom and the children, I want to live and be with them. I don't want this cheap would-be heroism that's only an escape; I want to live, to —*

Miss Herty was beside her, holding out a glass of milk. "I guess you ought to eat a lot," she said. "I'll look up diets when I go home tomorrow, but I kind of remember milk's a good thing for lungs. Here, drink it down."

Phoebe took it, trying to speak. But she could not, her mouth would not. Miss Herty had scarcely left the bedside with the empty glass when the wall had rebuilt itself; she was quiet behind it, sinking into sleep.

XXXVI

PHOEBE had been in bed about a week when the news about the German-Russian nonaggression pact came out. Tom read the paper at the breakfast table, and then went to pay his regular brief, polite morning call on Phoebe. Climbing the stairs, he had an empty feeling which he suspected he must be sharing with every newspaper reader in the Western world that morning. He knocked on the guest-room door and went in.

Phoebe's nurse vanished into the bathroom and Phoebe folded the paper she had been reading and dropped it on the floor. Her coloring was so high and her eyes so bright these days that she did not look sick at all.

"Good morning," Tom said. "I suppose you've seen the news."

"Yes," Phoebe said. "Yes, I have." "It sits well with breakfast."

PHOEBE's gaze touched his for an instant, and then dropped to the sheet. Her fingers picked up the hemstitched edge and began to pleat it with immense care.

"Or doesn't it bother you?" he said. "Well, it —" Phoebe's fingers stopped their pleating and then resumed it.

"When I read it," she said slowly, "I was frightened, and then I remembered what you once said about something like it—Spain or something—how it was only a result, not a cause, and how the thing to do was work harder to make things healthier over here, to —" she looked up—"to make this country strong and successful by work and good will instead of by work and hatred, to —"

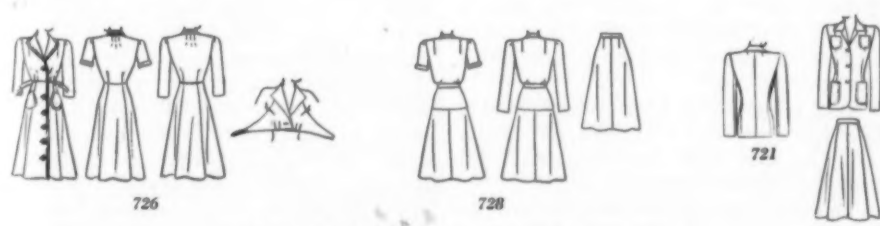
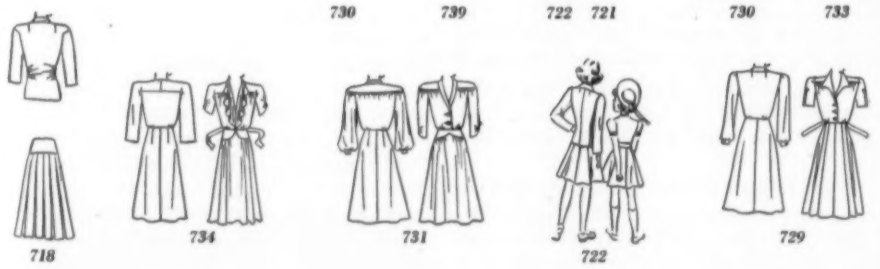
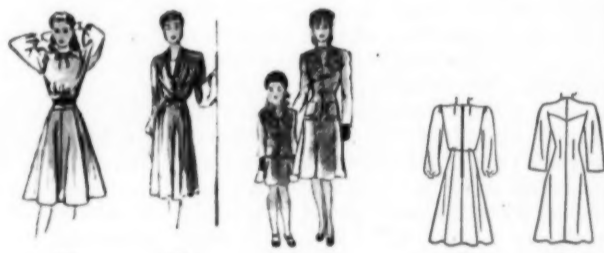
"To smile, brother, smile, in other words," Tom said harshly. "I remember. Excuse me if I don't pour out the sirup with such a liberal hand any more." He was sorry as soon as he had spoken, not for the words but for the tone. "I'd better go along," he said. "Even I don't like my company this morning. See you tonight." And he shut the door behind him and walked down the stairs and out of the house.

When he reached the office Joe was sitting beside his desk. He did not answer Tom's greeting, but when Tom came around to his own chair and sat down in it Joe's eyes met his. "Well," Joe said, "I suppose you're crowing."

"What about?" "The pact."

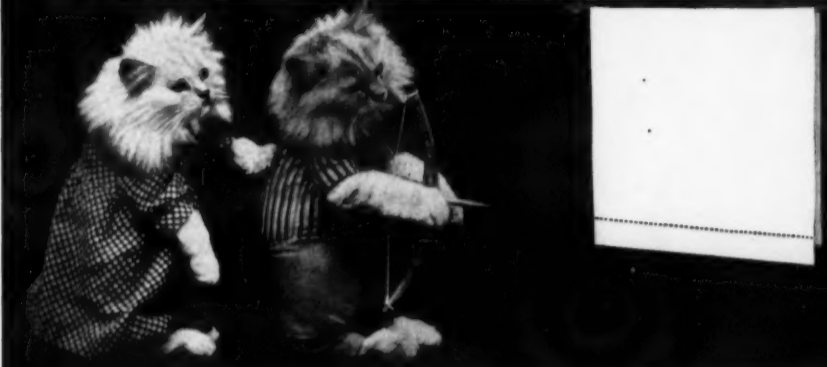
"Why should I crow?" "Because I was a sucker," Joe said, without moving. "Because I was fool enough to believe in even one thing in the world. Because I thought the Russian boys meant what they said." He broke off. "Do you know how much I've

Other views and sizes of patterns on pages 26 and 27. The small drawings give you other versions of these patterns.



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given the Communist Party in this country?"

"Plenty, probably," Tom said.

"Nearly three quarters of a million dollars," Joe said. "Now it's going to help win the world for the Nazi doctrines I thought it was going to destroy." His dark gaze, not hot today but unfamiliarly bare, left Tom's. "I used to think if you could kill off all the men like my father—the men with the money motive—I used to think if you got rid of those wolves, the world would right itself. What do you think of that for dewy-eyed innocence? Isn't that a laugh?" he said, but he did not laugh.

Tom found it hard to think of a decent answer. "You don't know Hitler's going to win the world," he said. "Besides, you did your best, you did what you thought was the right thing."

"The right thing," Joe said, and this time a species of laugh did come through his lips. "Tom, what is the right thing in this stinking world? Listen. Last night when the news came out I happened to be with some of the Marxist boys. At first they were just as rocked as I was. And then do you know what happened? They started telling each other it must be all right because Stalin had done it and Stalin could do no wrong. They told each other if Stalin was for Hitler, then Hitler must be all right. I'm through kidding myself about anything. I want to go out and kill somebody," he said softly. "The trouble is I don't know who."

Tom knew what he meant; the same terrible desire was beginning to get him by the throat. They sat there in silence, not looking at each other.

After a moment the door opened and Nick came in. "Hello," he said. "I seem to be the late one today. What are you two mulling over?"

Joe did not turn. "The end of innocence," he said.

Nick's face changed. He hesitated and then, putting his hat down in a chair, made his way over to them. "You feel bad about this Russian thing, Joe?"

"Yes," Joe said. "I feel bad, all right. That's one way of putting it." The telephone rang sharp across his words.

Nick went to answer it. "Yes," he said into the instrument. "Yes. . . . May I take the message?" He turned to Tom. "It's a lady who says she's secretary to a Doctor Bates. She wants to know if you can come and see him for a few minutes sometime this morning."

Tom stiffened. "Doctor Bates? Say I'll be up right away."

Phoebe, his mind said. *There's something wrong with her.* He reached for his hat and was out the door before Nick had stopped speaking into the telephone. *What's wrong with her,* he thought, running down the long, old-fashioned stairs, *what's she got? What's wrong with me?* he asked himself, slowing down to a walk. *The doctor said come at my convenience, didn't he? If it was an emergency he'd have told me over the telephone, wouldn't he?* By the time he reached Garth Road he was quieted down, at least on top.

HE HAD NEVER been in an obstetrician's office before, and when the nurse let him in he sat down in the most inconspicuous corner available. After a considerable while the nurse came rustling toward him in the folds of her starched white uniform. "Doctor Bates would like to see you now," she said. They walked toward the door together, and the nurse opened it and said, "Mr. West, Doctor Bates," and Tom walked in.

"How are you?" the doctor said, rising from his desk and holding out his hand. They shook and, as they did, the tele-

phone rang. "Excuse me a second, sit down," the doctor said, and reached for the instrument. While he talked Tom eyed the blunt, thick face which he had seen only twice before. To obscure a certain jumpiness that was getting hold of him, he reached in his pocket for his pipe and began to fill it. "Good-by," the doctor said and hung up the telephone, and swiveled around toward Tom. "Well," he began, and Tom suddenly wanted to say, "For heaven's sake, what did you want to see me about? Get it off your chest!" At the same time another part of him wanted to seem calm and collected. So he did nothing, and waited until Bates should say or do something on his own.

Bates was a long time getting to it. He picked up and put down a pencil on his desk, rubbed his reddish mustache, and at last said, "I can't think of any tactful way to put this. In plain English, your wife's got a spot on her lung. She ought to be in Saranac this minute."

Tom's pipe dropped, clattered off the chair seat to the silent rug. "A sp— You mean she's got TB?"

"I mean," Bates said, "your wife's going to die of pulmonary tuberculosis if she goes through with this pregnancy. If she gets some sense in her head and doesn't have this child, we can shoot her off to Saranac and they'll fix her up in maybe a year. But if she goes through with the pregnancy, the chances of her surviving a month after she's been delivered just don't exist."

Tom's voice croaked from his frozen throat. "What are you waiting for, then? Do whatever you've got to. What have you waited a week to tell me about it for; why didn't —"

"Because," Bates said slowly, "your wife won't agree to an abortion. Your wife has some half-wit idea in her head she wants to die, and she tried to keep me from telling you about it at all. That's why."

TOM stared. "Come on, now," he said. "You can't tell me—my wife's a perfectly normal woman. You can't have approached her in the right way, you must have —"

"I tell you," Bates said, "your wife's got some bee in her bonnet about how she's destroying you and she says you'll be all right if she dies. She sat right where you're sitting now and told me she'd done something terrible to you and destroyed you. I was supposed to think that was a good reason for her to die. She tried to make me promise I wouldn't tell you. She said I'd be betraying a patient's secret if I did. That's not a nice spot for a physician to be in. So I waited a week, hoping she'd see sense on her own hook. Well, she hasn't. So"—he pushed with his knees against the desk and thrust his chair back on its rear legs—"so now it's up to you," he said. "I've done all I can."

Tom's shocked mind seized upon the only possibility it could envision. "Is she—do you think she's gone out of her head?"

"No, I don't think she's crazy. If you want it plain and ugly, I think she's trying to take the easy way out of some mess and be a martyr at the same time; I think —" He stopped. "It doesn't matter what I think. All I care about is having you get her to a hospital where I can save her life."

Tom's legs stood him up and headed him for the door. "Thanks for telling me," he said over his shoulder. "I'll bring her to the hospital tonight."

The next thing he was conscious of doing was walking through a red light on Garth Road. So that he must have gotten out of the office and the building somehow, only how? He contemplated

this for an instant and lost it in the sudden shocking resurgence of Bates' story. *She wants to die, she wants —* Anger began to roar upward in him, beating time with the strides he was taking along the pavement. *Tie me to her tighter than I'm tied now, that's what she thinks she'll do; pull the martyr act, get out of a mess, that's what she thinks.* In blind choking rage he walked as fast as if he were in a race, passing apartment buildings and people, not feeling the heat or the too bright light of the August sun. He had to keep going because there was a shaken, jumbled, dubious feeling that was gaining on him every second like some kind of disease, leaving the terrible rage and the anger up somewhere above him where he could not hold on to them, weakening him, slowing his muscles until all of a sudden he had to stop, he had to stop and lean against a lamppost.

AND as soon as he had done that he was finished; the rage and the anger were lost to him, there was nothing but this feeling, this shaken feeling that what Phoebe was trying to do was familiar to him, an old and commonplace story grooved deep and ineradicable in race and personal heritage. He leaned there and he fought to bring the anger back; he produced its words and all its phrases over and over again, but they did not armor him. For the shaken place, which was perhaps his heart, was grooved with a pattern into which Phoebe's act could fit as simply and cleanly as her loving hand in his; a pattern at once wonderful, pitiful and dignified; essentially human, essentially inexplicable except in terms of what foolish, erring and eternally upward-struggling human beings basically and divinely are.

Tom found no longer any words in which to think. He only felt this pattern coming clear in him again, offering haven once more for the story of his father and the half-remembered stories of a thousand men and women, little or great. It was the pattern in which his mother saw life, the pattern in which he himself had seen it until a few months past. For its essential outlines were formed by belief, not in ideas or in passing causes or in systems or in the infallibility of the intellect, but by belief, simply, in the past, present and future of the human spirit itself. To have it thus returning to him was so tremendous to Tom that it was like being born again, like the struggle out of darkness into light.

HE LEANED there for a long time, accepting that in the wife who had ruthlessly torn apart his world there was also capacity for nobility; and as he accepted it to be in her, so he accepted it to be in all men, even in himself. For the reality, the absolute fact of giving up life, of saying for any reason a voluntary good-bye to the passion and tumult, the comedy and absorbing, slow-paced tragedy that is living, became at these close immediate quarters a generosity so final, so complete that no ironic, unbelieving words could distort its meaning. Thus close, Phoebe's individual act illuminated and made real again for Tom the thousand stories he had believed to be rubbed by disillusionment from his heart.

He leaned there in the August heat against a lamppost and, at last, turned and walked steadily and rapidly back the way he had come, back along Garth Road to No. 10, into it and past the elevator to the stairway, up that and through the waiting room past the startled patients and the nurse who tried to catch him. Pressing by her, he wrenched open the door.

Someone was with the doctor, a woman who turned and stared at him, but he did

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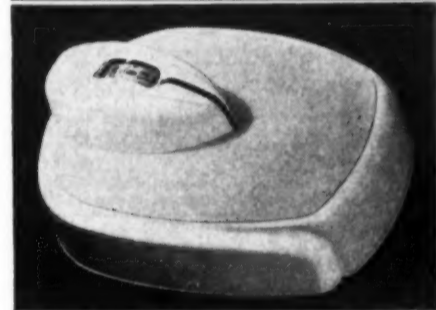
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not care. He said steadily to Bates' eyes, "Can she get well?"
"Yes," Bates said. "Yes, if you can make her see sense."
On those words Tom turned and headed for home.

XXXVII

WHEN Phoebe looked up from her book and saw Tom standing there looking at her so intently, she felt fright flying up from her heart to her eyes and cheeks. She said, "Tom, what's wrong, what—" He stood looking at her and not saying anything. "Tom," she whispered, beginning to know.

He came over to the bed then and picked her up in his arms and held her gently. He said at last, "Phoebe, I've seen Bates." And, although she had known before, her body began to shiver in his arms.

He laid her down on the bed and threw himself beside her. She was shivering and could not stop. He took her face in his two hands, gazing and gazing at it, smoothing her cheeks with his thumbs.

"I'm taking you to the hospital tonight," he said, but she did not dare to look up from her tight-clasped shaking hands. "Phoebe," he said, "don't shake like that. Don't. It's all over, sweet."

"OUR DINING ROOM BRINGS THE FAMILY TOGETHER"

(Continued from Page 93)

snow-white walls would make the most charming background for old furniture woods and accent the fresh pattern and color of our fabrics. Then, a rose ceiling—today's touch. It casts a warm glow on the walls and makes everybody better looking. The border between the wall and ceiling, a wallpaper in simple classic pattern.

It is my guess that many a dining room in this country is due for a thorough overhauling, and would be used oftener for happier family meals if a little thought were given to it. Times like these make one wish to draw the family circle closer, to give children a sense of security, to let them share in our typical American "good talk," to acquire gentle manners and a feeling for home. It simply can't be done by desultory snack-and-run eating in the kitchen or by the haphazard breakfast-nook habit.

That freshening up can be accomplished without professional help, and expenses may be cut to anything you like. Gay fabrics are everywhere these days. Keep an eye on bargain tables, and don't overlook dress-goods counters for ingenious ideas.

The three windows in the Potter dining room had ordinary proportions, curtained and draped in a way we used to call "simple." But draperies go out of style, like hemlines and hats. Mrs. Potter liked the flowery-print idea, so it materialized in the gala Chelsea Rose design, rayon and cotton faille, you see in the picture.

If you have a pair of windows like the Potters', you may want to try this treatment, for it is simple enough to do with no help but a job carpenter or the man of the family, if he's handy at plain sawing and hammering nails. To get all the possible light and airiness, the draperies are hung over onto the wall. Inside, they cover only the window trim. The effect is much more dramatic and the two windows are framed like a charming picture window. Above, the cornice boxes are covered with the Chelsea Rose and banded with cotton moss edging. The glass curtains are sheer white rayon, crisp

"I wouldn't have gone through with it," she said above the shivering. "I wouldn't ever. It was just a question of what day I got sane enough to give in, and if I'd given in sooner you never would have known, but now, but now"—she got her shaking hands under the bed-covers—"now you're tied to me for life. For life."

"Don't, Phoebe," he said. "I'm not tied, I'm holding you." He laid his head on her breast. "It's the idea of your trying," he said.

"I wasn't trying," she said, and the shivering grew worse. "I was trying not to. It was something inside me and it kept making me lie here. Tom, it wasn't me that was crazy, it was something inside me; I couldn't get up."

"That's just it," he said. "The something's just it."

She looked up then into his eyes. There was no guard there any more.

When she had realized what that meant, the shivering in her faltered, gave way slowly to joy and humbleness. "Tom," she whispered, "Tom, I —"

"Look," he said, "don't talk any more. Except to tell the nurse what to put in the suitcase. Don't talk any more. I'm taking you to the hospital. You're going to get well."

(THE END)

and fresh for summer. In using cornice boxes, you know, curtains and draperies are hung on rods as usual, and after they are in place the finished box goes over them.

We plucked the wide old-style radiator out from under the third window, installing a new narrower kind, and designed a simple wood cover. Now the draperies hang gracefully to the floor on either side. Flowered chair-back covers snap on and off. So do the chair-seat covers, for the seats are removable.

Since Mrs. Potter was such an enthusiast, we planned two sets of draperies: the Chelsea Rose for summer, and others, warm rose-red, for winter. Having two sets of draperies, only a mild extravagance, the room keeps pace with the seasons, gives one a lift like a new hat in season, and has the family in a glow of excitement.

Those mirror cornices for our winter scheme, and the window box, are inspirations. We cut expenses and got our effect by simply using ten-cent-store mirrors. (The Chelsea Rose cornice-box coverings are summer-dress slip covers removed in the winter to reveal our shining glass.) We chose the five-by-seven-inch size for our purpose, but you can get them in a variety of sizes. Edges are beveled and need no finishing. Save cutting by making your cornice and box a multiple of the mirror width or length. If mirrors are five inches wide, make cornices thirty-five, forty or forty-five inches so you come out evenly with nothing left to cut off. You use glue and fasten them onto surfaces in an even row. The felt-back kind adhere beautifully.

And here is an idea for using pairs of your old treasured milk-glass bowls as tiebacks, or you can pick up imitations that are inexpensive and most effective. We used these in the winter scheme by whittling out a U-shaped opening in the end of a two-and-a-half-inch strip, which in turn is fastened to the window frame. The little rim at the foot of the bowl is inserted into the strip, where it is held firmly.

You should check Perspiration

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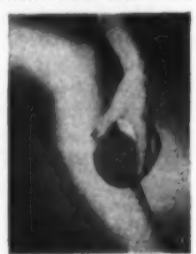
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Be Kind to Your Tires

By Paul W. Kearney

KEYSTONE VIEW CO.



H. ARMSTRONG ROBERTS



● Before you throw in the clutch and step on the gas for Labor Day—or any other—week end on the open road, take a look at your tires. You can go far toward avoiding the hazards of blowouts and skids and the annoyance of "flats" by checking your tires as carefully as you check your oil and your motor. Many a driver, punctilious about motor, gas tank and shine, will neglect the four wheels that determine the measure of his safety.

DE PALMA

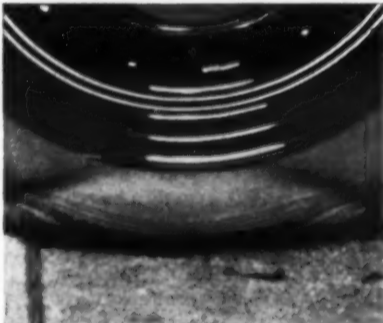


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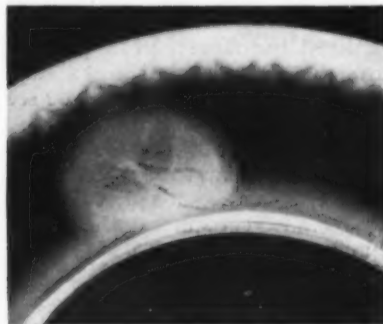


● The average car owner throws away one fifth of the life of his tires by seldom asking for the one thing that's free—air. Driving on tires which carry less than the manufacturer's recommended air pressure is not only costly but dangerous. Besides increasing tread wear, underinflation makes a tire more vulnerable to strains. Striking ruts and curbs with a soft tire damages the side walls and the inner tube. Next time stop at that "Free Air" sign.

BLACK STAR



● Underinflation and motoring over hot roads create the phenomenon known as "build-up." During a day of hard driving tires pick up three to five pounds over original pressure. It's a general misconception that "build-up" can be offset by beginning a trip with two or three pounds less than prescribed pressure. Engineers say it doesn't work this way. A soft tire flexes more than a hard one; flexing generates heat and heat builds pressure.



● Another thing: Are you driving with your wheels out of alignment? If the misalignment is slight you won't notice it. Yet a discrepancy of half an inch will cause a sideways drag of eighty-seven feet in every mile. Enough to wear a tire almost completely bald in one long trip. Your tire manufacturer's service station is a good place to go for a wheel-alignment check. He'll X-ray your tires for internal flaws, too, without taking the shoe off the wheel.

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Brown strips of left-over beef in butter. Remove beef. Heat Veg-All in same pan. Serve Veg-All garnished with beef.

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50 CARDS WITH NAME \$1

ALL IN ONE... ONE FOR ALL

(Continued from Page 31)

and regret because I was never able to eat all I wanted. And so, when I set out to show you on these pages a few good things by way of "refreshments," I have applied my version of modern streamlining and have given you four rather simple but, I think, delicious plate meals. The kind where you get all in one and where any one might do for a lot of occasions. Reading from left to right, as they say, the first meal is a soup-and-salad combination.

Mushroom-Tomato Soup. Use two parts condensed mushroom soup to one part tomato. Mix with cream and milk, half and half. Season with a slice of onion, a small piece of bay leaf, crushed, and salt and pepper. Heat in a double boiler. Serve with Melba toast.

Pineapple-Lace Fruit Salad. Perhaps you've noticed the return of some of the lace and embroidery that our grandmothers knew. It seems to be going around in fashion circles, so why not in food? That's really the idea of this salad, if you get it. To achieve this effect we used a large ripe sugar pineapple and cut it crosswise into the thinnest, most delicate slices possible with a very sharp knife. These slices were laid around the edge of our platter and served as the base of each serving of salad. Lace was never more beautiful. Another pineapple shell holds part of the fruit for the salad. It's decorative, that's what it really is. For fruits use the fresh pineapple, orange and grapefruit sections, apricots and cherries and any other fresh and canned fruit. You are the artist. You can paint your own picture. Serve either a lemon French dressing or a cream-and-mayonnaise dressing, and let the Melba toast carry on. Coffee may be hot or cold.

AN AFFAIR that's definitely in the checked-gingham class calls for such good homely fare as Plantation Shortcake with buttered Limas, broiled tomatoes with carrot sticks, pickled onions and fresh radishes—to provide both pep and color—with a peach-fig-and-gelatin salad.

Plantation Shortcake. You know where this comes from and how they cook down there! Split squares of hot corn bread or johnnycake. In between put several slices of chicken and some rich chicken gravy. Frizzle sliced cooked or thinly sliced raw ham and arrange it on top of the corn bread. Chicken gravy goes over all. Yas sah!

Broiled Tomatoes. Try spreading the tomatoes with mustard butter before broiling. The mustard flavor is good with the ham and chicken.

Peach-and-Fig Salad. Drain 1 No. 2 1/2 can of peach halves and 1 No. 2 can of figs. To 1/2 package of pineapple-flavored gelatin and 1/2 package of lemon-flavored gelatin add 1 1/4 cups of hot water. Stir until dissolved. Add 1/4 cup of lemon juice and 1/2 cup of sirup drained from the figs or peaches. Chill until thick and sirupy. Rinse out individual molds with cold water. Put a little gelatin and 1 whole fig in each. Chill until partly set and then put a peach half over each fig and fill up the molds with gelatin. Chill until set. When turned out it will look as if the peach half is stuffed with the fig. Any small molds are all right to use, just so they are wide enough to hold the peach half. This quantity makes eight to ten salads,

according to the size molds used. Serve with any fruit-salad dressing.

ON ALMOST any September day anywhere in the country, this luncheon should appeal to both eye and appetite. This is what it is and all it is:

Macaroni Casserole—Corn on the Cob
Tomato Stuffed With Wilted Cucumbers
Ripe Olives—Bran Muffins
Iced Watermelon—Iced Coffee

Macaroni Casserole. Cook 1 package of macaroni in boiling salted water until tender. In the meantime, cut 6 slices of bacon into pieces and slice 1/2 pound of mushrooms. Start the bacon in a skillet first and then add the mushrooms and a little chopped onion. When the bacon is crisp and the mushrooms are cooked, make 2 1/2 cups of thin cream sauce with the pan drippings, flour and milk. Cook until thickened and add 1 cup of grated cheese. Season well and mix all the ingredients together (bacon, mushrooms, onions, macaroni and cheese sauce), and then pour into individual casseroles or one large casserole. Bake in a moderately hot oven at 375° F., until a golden brown and bubbly. This will serve six to eight.

SLIGHTLY more on the elegant side, and suitable when the social items tell us that "Mrs. Roger Jones, of Maple Street, gave a luncheon for her cousin, Mrs. James Middleton, of Wisconsin," is this meal which is mindful of the sea. The menu on this occasion:

Creamed Salmon and Asparagus
in Potato Puff
Fruit Fritters with Currant Jelly
Rhubarb Chard Greens
Cucumber Fingers—Sliced Egg
Rolls, Butter
Honeydew Melon With Cantaloupe
Iced or Hot Coffee

Creamed Salmon and Asparagus. Take 1 pound can of salmon, drained; 1 cup of drained, canned green asparagus tips. Flake the salmon in rather large pieces—add 2 cups of thin, rich cream sauce. All this goes into duchesse potato rings, baked until a golden brown on a greased baking sheet. Make these rings with a pastry bag, using beaten mashed potatoes.

Rhubarb Chard Greens. This is the vegetable I've told you about. Cook it as you would beet greens. And it's mighty good for you!

Fruit Fritters. Mine are apricot. Here is the recipe that I'm sure you all know—but just for sure: Beat 2 eggs until very light. Add 1 cup of sifted flour, a little salt, 1 teaspoon of sugar and 1 tablespoon of salad oil. Beat in 2 tablespoons of lemon juice. Now beat in enough cold water to make a batter about the consistency of heavy cream. Beat until very smooth. The apricots should be well drained and dusted with flour very lightly before dipping in the batter. Fry in deep fat, drain, dust with powdered sugar and decorate with currant jelly or not, as it pleases you.

Melon Dessert. Cut small honeydew melons in half. Remove the seeds and peel the rind down to the flesh so that all the white part is removed. Cut out honeydew balls and in their place put cantaloupe balls, cut by the same method. A melon-ball cutter will help you here.

If you bake at home, use

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Take two cakes daily

Surprise and Delight Your Family Today!

Try This New

Cookie Recipe!



COOKIES

PEANUT CRUNCH COOKIES

1 1/4 cups flour
1/4 tsp. soda
1/2 tsp. baking powder
1/4 tsp. salt

1/2 cup butter
1/2 cup Peanut Crunch
1/2 cup white granulated sugar
1/2 cup brown sugar
1 egg, well beaten

METHOD: Cream butter and Peanut Crunch together. Add sugar gradually and cream thoroughly. Add well beaten egg to creamed mixture. Sift flour once before measuring. Sift flour, soda, baking powder and salt together and add to creamed mixture. Chill dough on lightly greased baking sheet. Flatten with fork dipped in flour, making criss-cross pattern. Bake.

TIME: Bake 10 to 12 minutes. **TEMPERATURE:** 375 degrees F., quick, moderate oven. **AMOUNT:** 4 dozen cookies.

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Peanut Crunch

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An Improved Peanut Butter

Golden, crisp cookies with an "oh, so different" taste! But be sure you use genuine Peanut Crunch, the improved Peanut Butter, made from specially selected peanuts extra rich in flavor! Ask your grocer today for a pound jar of Peanut Crunch.

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It's full of crunch, chewy bits of fresh, roasted peanuts. Healthful! Energy-giving! Fun to eat! An amusing card-a-toy on every jar.

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SABEL WILTS NOT— NEITHER DOES IT SHRINK!*

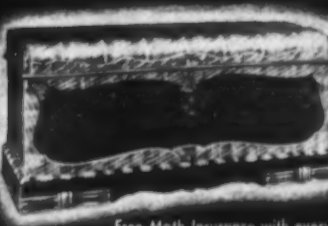
Imagine curtains with no more than a *2% average lengthwise shrinkage according to Federal Wash Test CS59-41. Curtains that don't need stretching or starching — and only a light ironing to put them in shape to hang after laundering! ... Curtains that keep their perk, crisp appearance even after washing! You can buy such curtains, now. Ask for Sabel — available ready made or in piece goods — at better stores. Mail the coupon for Home Test Kit.



KENDALL MILLS, 32 West Street, Walpole, Mass. In Canada: Postal Station K, Toronto. Send me a free HOME TEST CURTAIN KIT. Name: Address: City: State:



When I first met Joe I thought he was just another nice boy to give me a vacation thrill. But when the week-end was over, we both knew it had been more than a summer flirtation. "It's for keeps, Sally," he said to me that night. "Yes, Joe, for keeps." I guess it is, because yesterday he bought me a Hope Chest—a West Branch Hope Chest—The Present with a Future.



WEST BRANCH Cedar Hope Chests The Present with a Future WEST BRANCH CHESTS, MILTON, PENNSYLVANIA

INDEX OF ADVERTISERS

September, 1941

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JOURNAL'S END

By Ann Batchelder

HOLLY HILL

AT LONG last I have found the house of my dreams. Not that I have seen it, even. But I have seen pictures of it, and I have had it described to me so that I know this is the place—or should I say one of the dozen or more places?—where I shall spend the evening of my life.

First of all it has a dungeon, and some say that smuggler's gold is buried deep under the rough stones in the floor. Secondly, it is old—seventeenth century, and only a tiny bit restored. They call it Holly Hill, and therein you will find the third reason for my choice: because the name would forever evoke the warm and comforting glow of a hearth at Christmastime, when yule logs burning vie in tenderness with the flame of candles on a tinsel tree.

I told you it was all a dream, and well it might be, for how could I ever be so fickle as to possess an old mansion in Southern Anne Arundel—I, who have my roots hard and fast among the hills of Vermont?

Nevertheless, Holly Hill is one of the most fascinating of Maryland's early houses, and not the least of its charms is a round-backed fireplace, thought to be the only one in the whole state. Built in 1667 by one Richard Harrison, the house consisted of a single room, entirely of wood. Those were the days when the Indians were hardly the friendliest of neighbors, so that Harrison put a heavy iron bar on the door—just in case!—and the bar exists to this day. Here was the round-backed fireplace, and here the paneled walls; here, too, a trap door that led into a secret tunnel. Ten feet in length, it came to a dead end in the dungeon, where the occupants of the house could huddle in safety until the Indians had returned to their lodges. For ten years Harrison lived in the one room, until he yielded to the need for a kitchen, which he added as a wing.

About 1704 the original framework was covered with brick inside and out, but here and there you have a glimpse of the old romantic walls of oak. What tales laden with drama and romance would the old oak whisper to me at twilight, were I to become the mistress of these treasured relics? Who fled, once, through these rooms, carrying an armful of stolen gold to be secreted in the dark and fearful dungeon? And who shared with Richard Harrison the long evenings by the round fireplace, when the sun had set over his land? Strange stories indeed might I learn when the oaken panels creak and sigh in the night!

Upstairs—for in later times another floor was added—there are great beams cut from the same oak, fastened with ancient wooden pegs, and a curious window that looks into a tiny secret passage through which, once, you reached the priests' hideaway inside the nine-foot chimney. And now at last I have told all, for the hideaway explains my irresistible yearning to call this house my own. Can't you just see me, on a dark and spooky night, creeping up to this room, and to the window, and by a ladder made of rope swing myself down to the low and narrow door behind the chimney? Only one as thin as a sylph could squeeze through; and I,



from this aperture, would slide along the smooth brick lining, down, down, until my feet reached the bottom of the ghostly hiding place. Br-r-r-r!

Did I call it "house of my dreams" or did I say "nightmares"? Well, it doesn't really matter. The house is not for sale.

POETRY AND PLOWING

I'M NOT a person who goes through life with a foot rule in my pocket. No—or a yardstick either. I believe that ideas and words and situations are all elastic and that no measuring does much good. My education didn't originate in a hopper or a chopper. It was handmade, mostly by myself. Oh, yes, I was exposed to the so-called liberal education, but it didn't take very well. It left little, if any, scar. So I go about doing whatever I like to words and having fun. And to ideas too.

I've often wondered if poetry was so far removed from the fields and woods that it wouldn't come in handy during the spring plowing. I think a working knowledge of Walt Whitman, for instance, would help a boy over many a hard row and ease up many a crooked furrow. Why, it seems to me that I couldn't do half so much, with all I have to do, if I didn't know and love poetry. I read it a lot. When I can't find any about, I write some myself, and read that. Sort of keeps my hand in.

Swinburne and Rossetti and Edna Millay are often helping me. You wouldn't believe that, maybe, but it's true. Their deathless rhythms tune my mixing spoons and egg beaters, and to their immortal singing I set my hands to many an appointed task. Yes, poetry helps with all the homely household things. Many a woman, I'm sure, has stitched her bedroom curtains to the cadences of Shelley's Skylark, and it would be interesting to know how many rolls have been shaped and baked while Keats' Ode on a Grecian Urn whispered its unheard melodies in the ear of the cook.

Then there's the beauty of certain everyday fruits and vegetables. Look at a head of sculptured lettuce and tell me if it's not beautiful. Or the ardent tomato. Few works of man can equal that in pulchritude. A purple fig, or grapes glowing like the decoration of an emperor. These things are beauty, and poets have sung them.

I guess it all boils down to the idea that seeing things with the eye inside as well as outside is what gives life its chief charm. People who plow and people who cook or wash or make beds or sweep the garden paths—what difference does it make? Just so long as they see these things through the best lens.

EPITAPH

SARA—WIFE OF EBEN SPARKS
1813-1833

How peaceful it will be,
Under the sod with thee,
With the blue flax overhead
Unknowing us—the dead.
Blue as the summer skies,
As your appraising eyes,
But somehow nearer me.



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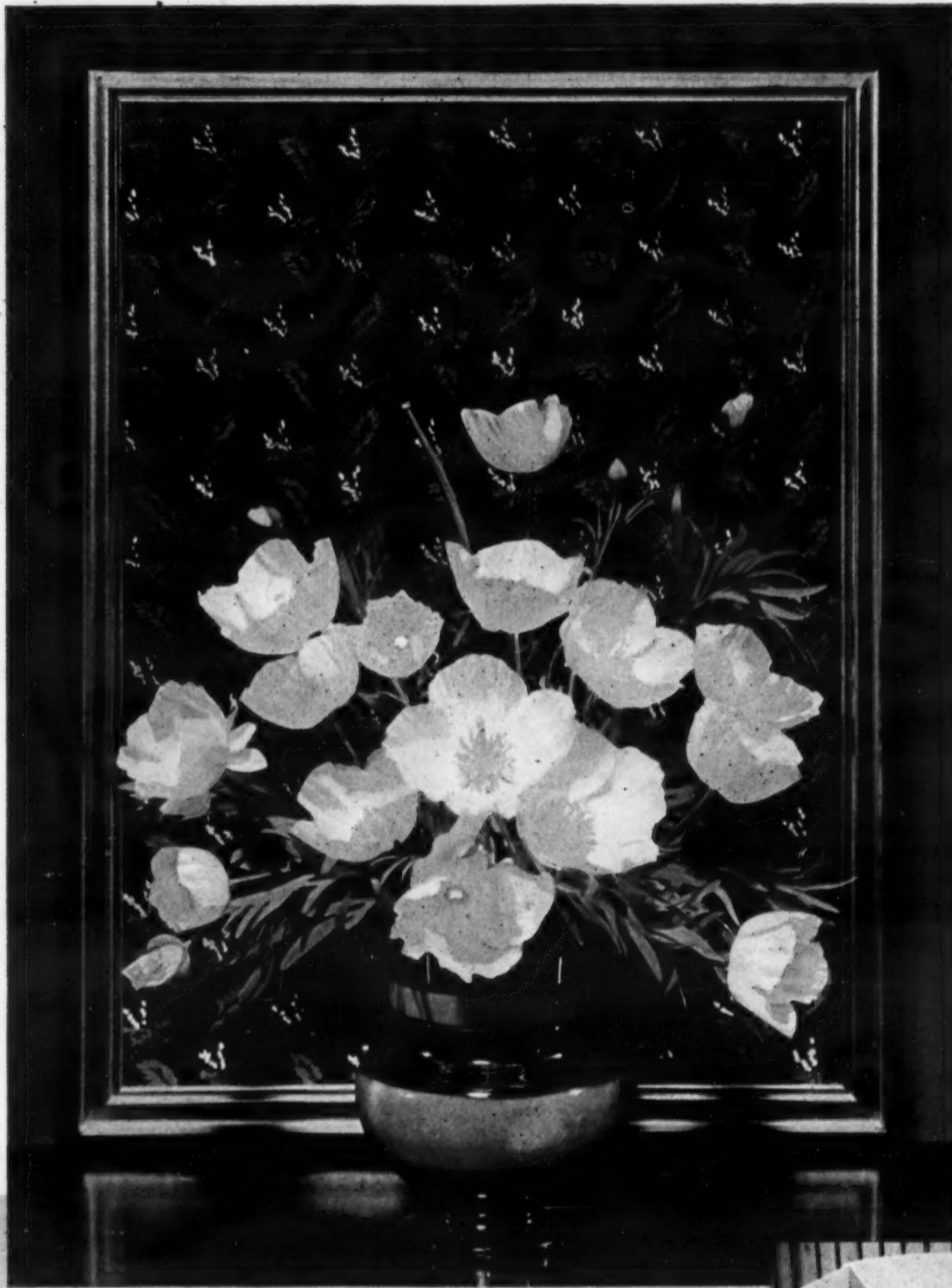
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